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ANNA KARENINA

BY LEO TOLSTOY

VOL. I

ANNA KARENINA

A NOVEL

BY

LEO TOLSTOY

TRANSLATED BY

LOUISE AND AYLMER MAUDE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

WITH A PREFACE BY AYLMER MAUDE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
HUMPHREY MILFORD

MODESTO JUNIOR COLLEGE

LEO TOLSTOY

Born, Yasnaya Polyana, Tula
August 28 (old style)=September 9, n.s., 1828
Died, Astapovo, Riazan
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ANNA KARENINA :—

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PREFACE

Anna Karenina, the second of Tolstoy's great novels, was begun in 1873 when he was forty-five, and its publication was completed in 1877, when he was passing through the spiritual crisis described in his *Confession*, a book for which the last chapters of *Anna Karenina* may serve as an introduction, and which was the next work he wrote.

Besides being a splendid novel, *Anna Karenina* is of great autobiographical value. It was Tolstoy's way to put much of himself into his characters, but in none of them has he so frankly depicted himself as in Levin, the hero of this story. The description of Levin's estate is largely drawn from Tolstoy's own patrimony, Yasnaya Polyana. The character of the old servant, Agatha Mikhaylovna, is drawn from a retainer of his. Nicholas Levin is Tolstoy's brother, Dmitry. The way in which Levin proposes to Kitty, by writing only the initial letters of the words he wants to say, was an incident in Tolstoy's own courtship of his wife. Levin's contempt for the Zemstvo (of which, like Tolstoy, he was a member for only a short time) expresses the author's own feeling, as does Levin's censure of the Russian Volunteers who joined in the struggle between Turkey and its Christian subjects in the days preceding the Russo-Turkish war of 1877.

On that matter Tolstoy opposed what appeared to be the prevalent feeling of the Russian nation, and he did the same on the yet more fundamental problem of marriage. Russian divorce law was extremely rigid, but the general trend of the Russian Liberal movement, both in life and in literature, for a generation before *Anna Karenina* appeared had been opposed to regarding the marriage ceremony as a sentence for life. This book was therefore considered reactionary, and its author was, for a while, classed among the Conservatives. It is, how-

ever, absurd to blame a novelist for depicting a happy marriage and a disastrous illicit passion, for certainly such things are met with in real life, and no one need generalize from a particular example.

The book contains one incident the credibility of which has sometimes been questioned. It is said that Vronsky could not have broken his horse's back in the way depicted in the steeplechase, but I am informed by a very competent authority that just such accidents have actually occurred. A rider by sitting back when jumping a ditch may jerk up his horse's head and so cause it to drop its hind legs into the ditch, thus breaking its back. It is, moreover, just at *narrow* ditches, as in Tolstoy's description, that this is most likely to occur.

Readers of Tolstoy's books often wish to know something of the author's life. I may therefore perhaps be allowed to mention that Messrs. Methuen are just publishing a short life of *Leo Tolstoy*, condensed from the two-volume Life of him which I wrote just before he died.

As English readers are sometimes in doubt where to place the accent on Russian names, a list of characters with the names accentuated is supplied, as also is a list of the Russian words, weights and measures mentioned in the book.

The translators desire to express their thanks to the friends who have assisted them with advice and information during the preparation of this work, and in particular to thank Mr. Benjamin Grad for his kind co-operation.

AYLMER MAUDE.

26th January, 1918.

LIST OF CHARACTERS MENTIONED IN PARTS I, II, III AND IV

With stress-accents marked to show which syllable should be emphasized

Oblónsky, Prince Stephen Arkádyevich ('Steve').
Oblónskaya, Princess Dárya Alexándrovna ('Dolly'), *his wife; eldest daughter of Prince Shcherbátsky.*
Matthew, a valet.
Karénina, Anna Arkádyevna.
Karénin, Aléxis Alexándrovich, *her husband.*
Matréna Filimónovna, *servant at the Oblónskys.*
Tánya, *Oblónsky's daughter.*
Grísha, *Oblónsky's son.*
Nikítin, Philip Ivánich, } *colleagues of Oblónsky's.*
Grinévich, Michael Stanislávich, }
Lévin, Constantine Dmítrich ('Kóstya').
Koznyshév, Sergius Ivánich, *Lévin's half-brother.*
Shcherbátsky, Prince Alexander.
Shcherbátskaya, Princess.
Shcherbátskaya, Princess Catherine Alexándrovna ('Kitty'), *their youngest daughter.*
Shcherbátsky, the young Prince Nicholas.
Lvóva, Princess Nataly Alexándrovna, *Prince Shcherbátsky's second daughter.*
Lvov, Prince ('Arsény').
Lévin, Nicholas, *Constantine's brother.*
Prokófy, a servant.
Mlle Linon, *governess at the Shcherbátskys.*
Vrónsky, Count Alexis Kirílich.
Countess Nórdston.
Countess Vrónskaya, *Vrónsky's mother.*
Karénin, Sergéy Alexéyich, *Anna's son* ('Serézha,' 'Kútik').
Lavrénty, *major-domo to Countess Vrónskaya.*
George Korsúnsky, *dirigeur at the ball.*
Lída Korsúnskaya, *his wife.*
Kritsky, *an acquaintance of Nicholas Lévin's.*

Mary Nikolávna (Másha), *living with Nicholas.*
Ignát, *Lévin's coachman.*
Agatha Mikháylovna, *Lévin's housekeeper.*
Kuzmá, *Lévin's man-servant.*
Vasíly Fédorich, *Lévin's steward.*
Prókhor.
Annushka, *Anna's maid.*
Mariette, *the Karénins' governess.*
Countess Lydia Ivánovna, *Karénin's friend.*
Kondráty, *the Karénins' man-servant.*
Princess Elizabeth Féderovna Tverskáya (Betsy).
Lieutenant Petrítsky, *Vrónsky's friend.*
Baroness Chilton.
Captain Kameróvsky.
Démin, *Colonel of Vrónsky's regiment.*
Prince Alexander Vrónsky.
Titular-Councillor Wenden.
Prince Kédrov, *Vrónsky's fellow-officer.*
Princess Myágkaya.
Prince Tverskóy.
Nicholas, *a cowman.*
Vasíly and Míshka, *hired men working on Lévin's estate.*
Ipát, a peasant.
Ryabínin, *a dealer.*
Yáshvin, Captain Prince, *Vrónsky's friend.*
Teréshchenko, *an orderly.*
Bryánsky.
Cord, *the English trainer.*
Makhótin, Prince Kusovlév, } *Officers riding in the steeplechase.*
Slyúdin, Michael Vasílich, *Karénin's secretary.*
Mr. Canut.
Rtíshcheva, Mary Evgényevna.
Mlle Várenka.
Mme. Stahl.
Petróv, *an invalid artist.*
Petróva, Anna Pávlovna, *his wife.*
Fomích, Titus, Ermíl, Váska, Míshka, } *Peasants on Lévin's estate.*
Terénty, *the coachman.*

Alésha, Nikólenka, } *children of Oblónsky's.*
Parménich, *a peasant.*
Vánka, *his son.*
Strémov, Lisa Merkálova, Tushkévich, Sappho Stolz, Prince Kalúzhsky, Váska, } *visitors at Betsy's.*
Serpukhovskóy, General Prince.
Sviyázhsky, Nicholas Ivánich, *a Marshal of the Nobility.*
Nástya, *his sister-in-law.*
Michael Petróvich, *a visitor at Sviyázhsky's.*
Iván, *a cowman.*
Theodore Rezunóv, *a carpenter.*
Shuráev, *a peasant.*
Másha Chibísova, *a ballet-dancer.*
Kornéy Vasílich, *servant at Karénin's.*
Pestsóv, *a Liberal.*
Vasíly, *an hotel servant.*
Turóvtsyn, *a visitor at Oblónsky's.*
Egór, *an hotel attendant.*
Myáskin, *a gambler.*
Petróv (Kapitónich), *Karénin's hall-porter.*

LIST OF RUSSIAN WORDS USED IN THIS VERSION OF *ANNA KARENINA*

Zémstvo, nearly equivalent to County Council.

Samovár, a 'self-boiler'; an urn in customary use in Russia for heating water.

Kvas, a non-alcoholic drink.

Izvóshchiks, the public conveyances which correspond to our cabs, and also the men who drive them.

Tarantás, a large four-wheeled vehicle with leather top. It rests on long wooden bars instead of springs, and is specially adapted for use where roads are bad.

Great Morskáya, one of the best streets in Petrograd.

Roúble, at the time of this story (1874-76) about 2s. 9d.

Kópek, about a farthing; the one-hundredth part of a rouble.

Desyatína, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ acres.

Sázhen=7 feet. Firewood is usually sold by the square sázhen. The logs are laid on one another to a height of one sázhen, the depth being 21 inches, which is the length of each log.

Verst=$\frac{2}{3}$ of a mile.

Arshín=28 inches.

Chétvert=about $5\frac{3}{4}$ bushels.

ANNA KARENINA

'Vengeance is mine; I will repay.'

PART I

CHAPTER I

All happy families resemble one another, each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

Everything was upset in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered an intrigue between her husband and their former French governess, and declared that she would not continue to live under the same roof with him. This state of things had now lasted for three days, and not only the husband and wife but the rest of the family and the whole household suffered from it. They all felt that there was no sense in their living together, and that any group of people who had met together by chance at an inn would have had more in common than they. The wife kept to her own rooms; the husband stopped away from home all day; the children ran about all over the house uneasily; the English governess quarrelled with the housekeeper and wrote to a friend asking if she could find her another situation; the cook had gone out just at dinner-time the day before and had not returned; and the kitchen-maid and coachman had given notice.

On the third day after his quarrel with his wife, Prince Stephen Arkadyevich Oblonsky—Steve, as he was called in his set in Society—woke up at his usual time, eight o'clock, not in his wife's bedroom but on the morocco leather-covered sofa in his study. He turned his plump, well-kept body over on the springy sofa as if he wished to have another long sleep, and tightly embracing one of the pillows leant his cheek against it; but then suddenly opened his eyes and sat up.

'Let me see—what was it?' he thought, trying to recall his dream. 'What was it? Oh yes—Alabin was

giving a dinner-party in Darmstadt—no, not in Darmstadt but somewhere in America. Oh yes, Darmstadt was in America,—and Alabin was giving the party. The dinner was served on glass tables—yes, and the tables sang "*Il mio tesoro*" . . . no, not exactly "*Il mio tesoro*," but something better than that; and then there were some kind of little decanters that were really women.' His eyes sparkled merrily and he smiled as he sat thinking. 'Yes, it was very nice. There were many other delightful things which I can't just get hold of—can't catch now I'm awake.' Then, noticing a streak of light that had made its way in at the side of the blind, he gaily let down his legs and felt about with his feet for his slippers finished with bronze kid (last year's birthday present, embroidered by his wife); and from nine years' habit he stretched out his arm, without rising, towards where his dressing-gown usually hung in their bedroom. And then he suddenly remembered that, and why, he was not sleeping there but in his study. The smile vanished from his face and he frowned.

'Oh dear, dear, dear!' he groaned recalling what had happened. And the details of his quarrel with his wife, his inextricable position, and, worst of all, his guilt, rose up in his imagination.

'No, she will never forgive me; she can't forgive me! And the worst thing about it is, that it's all my own fault—my own fault; and yet I'm not guilty! That's the tragedy of it!' he thought. 'Oh dear, oh dear!' he muttered despairingly, as he recalled the most painful details of the quarrel. The worst moment had been when, returning home from the theatre merry and satisfied, with an enormous pear in his hand for his wife, he did not find her in the drawing-room nor, to his great surprise, in the study, but at last saw her in her bedroom with the unlucky note which had betrayed him in her hand.

She sat there: the careworn, ever-bustling, and (as he thought) rather simple Dolly—with the note in her hand and a look of terror, despair, and anger on her face.

'What is this? This?' she asked, pointing to the note. And, as often happens, it was not so much the memory of the event that tormented him, as of the way he had replied to her.

At that moment there had happened to him what

happens to most people when unexpectedly caught in some shameful act: he had not had time to assume an expression suitable to the position in which he stood toward his wife now that his guilt was discovered. Instead of taking offence, denying, making excuses, asking forgiveness, or even remaining indifferent (anything would have been better than what he did), he involuntarily ('reflex action of the brain,' thought Oblonsky, who was fond of physiology) smiled his usual kindly and therefore silly smile.

He could not forgive himself for that silly smile. Dolly, seeing it, shuddered as if with physical pain, and with her usual vehemence burst into a torrent of cruel words and rushed from the room. Since then she had refused to see him.

'It's all the fault of that stupid smile,' thought Oblonsky. 'But what am I to do? What can I do?' he asked himself in despair, and could find no answer.

CHAPTER II

Oblonsky was truthful with himself. He was incapable of self-deception and could not persuade himself that he repented of his conduct. He could not feel repentant that he, a handsome amorous man of thirty-four, was not in love with his wife, the mother of five living and two dead children and only a year younger than himself. He repented only of not having managed to conceal his conduct from her. Nevertheless he felt his unhappy position and pitied his wife, his children, and himself. He might perhaps have been able to hide things from her had he known that the knowledge would so distress her. He had never clearly considered the matter, but had a vague notion that his wife had long suspected him of being unfaithful and winked at it. He even thought that she, who was nothing but an excellent mother of a family, worn-out, already growing elderly, no longer pretty, and in no way remarkable—in fact, quite an ordinary woman—ought to be lenient to him, if only from a sense of justice. It turned out that the very opposite was the case.

'How awful! Oh dear, oh dear, how awful!' Oblonsky kept repeating to himself, and could arrive at no

conclusion. 'And how well everything was going on till now—how happily we lived! She was contented, happy in her children; I never interfered with her but left her to fuss over them and the household as she pleased. . . . Of course it's not quite nice that *she* had been a governess in our house. That's bad! There's something banal, a want of taste, in carrying on with one's governess—but then, what a governess!' (He vividly pictured to himself Mlle Roland's roguish black eyes, and her smile.) 'Besides, as long as she was in the house I never took any liberties. The worst of the matter is, that she is already. . . . Why need it all happen at once? Oh dear, dear, dear! What am I to do?'

He could find no answer, except life's usual answer to the most complex and insoluble questions. That answer is: live in the needs of the day, that is, find forgetfulness. He could no longer find forgetfulness in sleep, at any rate not before night, could not go back to the music and the songs of the little decanter-women, consequently he must seek forgetfulness in the dream of life.

'We'll see when the time comes,' thought Oblonsky, and got up, put on his grey dressing-gown lined with blue silk, tied the cords and drawing a full breath of air into his broad chest went with his usual firm tread toward the window, turning out his feet that carried his stout body so lightly, drew up the blind and rang loudly. The bell was answered immediately by his old friend and valet, Matthew, who brought in his clothes, boots, and a telegram. He was followed by the barber with shaving tackle.

'Any papers from the Office?' asked Oblonsky, as he took the telegram and sat down before the looking-glass.

'They're on your table,' answered Matthew with a questioning and sympathizing glance at his master—adding after a pause with a sly smile: 'Some one has called from the jobmaster's.'

Oblonsky did not answer, but glanced at Matthew's face in the looking-glass. From their looks, as they met in the glass, it was evident that they understood one another. Oblonsky's look seemed to say: 'Why do you tell me that? As if you don't know!'

Matthew put his hands into the pocket of his jacket,

put out his foot, and looked at his master with a slight, good-humoured smile.

'I ordered him to come the Sunday after next, and not to trouble you or himself needlessly till then,' said he, evidently repeating a sentence he had prepared.

Oblonsky understood that Matthew meant to have a joke and draw attention to himself. He tore open the telegram and read it, guessing at the words, which (as so often happens in telegrams) were misspelt, and his face brightened.

'Matthew, my sister Anna Arkadyevna is coming to-morrow,' he said, motioning away for a moment the shiny plump hand of the barber, which was shaving a rosy path between his long curly whiskers.

'The Lord be thanked!' said Matthew, proving by his answer that he knew just as well as his master the importance of this visit: namely, that Anna Arkadyevna, Stephen Arkadyevich's favourite sister, might help to reconcile the husband and wife.

'Is she coming alone, or with Mr. Karenin?'

Oblonsky could not answer as the barber was busy with his upper lip; but he raised one finger, and Matthew nodded to him in the glass.

'Alone. Would you like one of the upstairs rooms got ready?'

'Ask Darya Alexandrovna.'

'Darya Alexandrovna?' Matthew repeated, as if in doubt.

'Yes, tell her. Give her the telegram, and see what she says.'

'You want to have a try at her?' was what Matthew meant, but he only said: 'Yes, sir.'

Oblonsky was washed, his hair brushed, and he was about to dress, when Matthew, stepping slowly in his creaking boots, re-entered the room with the telegram in his hand. The barber was no longer there.

'Darya Alexandrovna told me to say that she is going away. "He may do as he pleases"—that is, as you please, sir,' he said, laughing with his eyes only; and, putting his hands in his pockets, with his head on one side, he gazed at his master. Oblonsky remained silent, then a kind and rather pathetic smile appeared on his handsome face.

'Ah, Matthew!' he said, shaking his head.

'Never mind, sir—things will shape themselves.'

'Shape themselves, eh?'

'Just so, sir.'

'Do you think so?—Who's that?' asked Oblonsky, hearing the rustle of a woman's dress outside the door.

'It's me, sir,' answered a firm and pleasant woman's voice, and Matrena Filimonovna, the children's nurse, thrust her stern pock-marked face in at the door.

'What is it, Matrena?' asked Oblonsky, stepping out to her.

Although he was entirely guilty and was conscious of it, almost every one in the house—even the nurse, Darya Alexandrovna's best friend—sided with him.

'What is it?' said he mournfully.

'Won't you go and try again, sir? By God's grace you might make it up! She suffers dreadfully; it's pitiful to see her, and everything in the house is topsy-turvy. You should consider the children! Own up, sir—it can't be helped! There's no joy without . . .'

'But she won't admit me!'

'Do your part—God is merciful. Pray to Him, sir, pray to Him!'

'All right—now go,' said Oblonsky, suddenly blushing.

'I must get dressed,' said he, turning to Matthew, and he resolutely threw off his dressing-gown.

Matthew blew some invisible speck off the shirt which he held ready gathered up like a horse's collar, and with evident pleasure invested with it his master's carefully tended body.

CHAPTER III

When he was quite dressed Oblonsky sprinkled some scent on himself, pulled down his cuffs, and as usual distributing in different pockets his cigarette-case, matches, pocket-book, and the watch with its double chain and bunch of charms, he shook out his handkerchief, and feeling clean, sweet, healthy, and physically bright in spite of his misfortune, went with a slight spring in each step into the dining-room where his coffee stood ready. Beside the coffee lay letters and papers from the Office.

He read the letters, one of which impressed him unpleasantly. It concerned the sale of a forest on his wife's estate, and came from a dealer who wanted to buy that forest. This forest had to be sold; but until he was reconciled with his wife the sale was quite out of the question. What was most unpleasant was that a financial consideration would now be mixed up with the impending reconciliation. The idea that he might be biased by that consideration, might seek a reconciliation in order to sell the forest, offended him. Having looked through his letters, Oblonsky drew the Departmental papers toward him, and turning over the pages of two files made a few notes on them with a big pencil; then pushing them aside, began to drink his coffee.

At the same time he unfolded the still damp morning paper, and began reading. Oblonsky subscribed to and read a Liberal paper—not an extreme Liberal paper but one that expressed the opinions of the majority. And although neither science, art, nor politics specially interested him, he firmly held to the opinions of the majority and of his paper on those subjects, changing his views when the majority changed theirs,—or rather, not changing them—they changed imperceptibly of their own accord.

Oblonsky's tendency and opinions were not his by deliberate choice: they came of themselves, just as he did not choose the fashion of his hats or coats but wore those of the current style. Living in a certain social set, and having a desire, such as generally develops with maturity, for some kind of mental activity, he was obliged to hold views, just as he was obliged to have a hat. If he had a reason for preferring Liberalism to the Conservatism of many in his set, it was not that he considered Liberalism more reasonable, but because it suited his manner of life better. The Liberal Party maintained that everything in Russia was bad, and it was a fact that Oblonsky had many debts and decidedly too little money. The Liberal Party said that marriage was an obsolete institution which ought to be reformed; and family life really gave Oblonsky very little pleasure, forcing him to tell lies and dissemble, which was quite contrary to his nature. The Liberal Party said, or rather hinted, that religion was only good as a check on the more

barbarous portion of the population; and Oblonsky really could not stand through even a short church service without pain in his feet, nor understand why one should use all that dreadful high-flown language about another world while one can live so merrily in this one. Besides, Oblonsky was fond of a pleasant joke, and sometimes liked to perplex a simple-minded man by observing that if you're going to be proud of your ancestry, why stop short at Prince Rurik and repudiate your oldest ancestor —the ape?

Thus Liberalism became habitual to Oblonsky, and he loved his paper as he loved his after-dinner cigar, for the slight mistiness it produced in his brain. He read the leading article, which explained that in our time it is needless to raise the cry that Radicalism is threatening to swallow up all Conservative elements and to maintain that the Government should take measures to crush the hydra of revolution; for, on the contrary, 'in our opinion the danger lies not in an imaginary hydra of revolution, but in an obstinate clinging to tradition which hampers progress,' etc. He also read the finance article in which Bentham and Mill were mentioned and hits were made at the Ministry. With his natural quickness of perception he understood the meaning of each hit, whence it came, for whom it was meant and what had provoked it, and this as usual gave him a certain satisfaction. But to-day the satisfaction was marred by the memory of Matrena Filimonovna's advice, and of the fact that there was all this trouble in the house. He went on to read that there was a rumour of Count Beust's journey to Wiesbaden; that there would be no more grey hairs; that a light brougham was for sale, and a young person offered her services; but all this information did not give him the quiet, ironical pleasure it usually did.

Having finished the paper, his second cup of coffee, and a buttered roll, he got up, flicked some crumbs off his waistcoat, and, expanding his broad chest, smiled joyfully, not because there was anything specially pleasant in his mind—no, the smile was but the result of a healthy digestion. But that joyful smile at once brought everything back to his mind, and he grew thoughtful.

Then he heard the sound of two childish voices outside the door, and recognized them as the voices of his eldest

daughter, Tanya, and of his little boy Grisha. They were dragging something along, and had upset it.

'I told you not to put passengers on the roof,' the girl shouted in English. 'Now pick them up!'

'Everything is disorganized,' thought Oblonsky; 'here are the children running wild—' and going to the door he called them in. They left the box, which represented a train, and came to their father.

The girl, her father's pet, ran boldly in, embraced him, and hung laughing on his neck, pleased, as she always was, to smell the familiar scent of his whiskers. Having kissed his face, flushed by stooping and lit up by tenderness, the girl unclasped her hands and was going to run away, but he held her back.

'How's Mama?' he asked, passing his hand over his daughter's smooth delicate little neck, as he smilingly said 'Good morning' in answer to the little boy's greeting.

He was conscious of not caring as much for the boy as for the girl but did his best to treat them both alike. The boy felt this and did not respond to his father's cold smile.

'Mama? She's up,' said the girl.

Oblonsky sighed.

'That means that she has again not slept all night,' he thought.

'Yes, but is she cheerful?' he added.

The girl knew that her father and mother had quarrelled, and that her mother could not be cheerful, and also that her father must know this, so that his putting the question to her so lightly was all pretence, and she blushed for him. He noticed this and blushed too.

'I don't know,' she said. 'She said we were not to have any lessons, but must walk with Miss Hull to Grandmamma's.'

'Well, you may go, my little Tanyakin. . . . Oh, wait!' he said, still holding her and stroking her delicate little hand.

Taking a box of sweets from the mantelpiece where he had put it the day before, he chose two sweets which he knew she liked best, a chocolate and a coloured cream.

'For Grisha?' she asked, holding out the chocolate.

'Yes, yes,' and stroking her shoulder he kissed her hair at the roots and her neck, and let her go.

'The carriage is ready,' said Matthew, 'and there is a woman on business waiting for you.'

'Been here long?'

'About half an hour.'

'How often must I tell you to let me know at once when anyone is here?'

'But I must give you time to finish your coffee,' answered Matthew in his friendly rude tone, with which it was impossible to be angry.

'Well, ask her in at once,' said Oblonsky, his face wrinkling with vexation.

The woman, widow of a petty official named Kalinin, was petitioning for something impossible and absurd, but nevertheless Oblonsky, with his usual politeness asked her to sit down and heard her attentively to the end, gave her full instructions how and to whom to apply and even wrote briskly and fluently in his large, graceful and legible hand a little note to a personage who might be of use to her. Having dismissed her, he took his hat and paused to consider whether he had forgotten anything. He found he had forgotten nothing but what he wanted to forget: his wife.

'Oh yes!' His head dropped, and his handsome face became worried.

'To go, or not to go?' he asked himself; and his inner consciousness answered that he ought not to go: that it could only result in hypocrisy; that it was impossible to restore their relations because it was impossible to render her attractive and capable of exciting love, or to turn him into an old man incapable of love. Nothing except hypocrisy and falsehood could now result—and these were repugnant to his nature.

'Nevertheless it will have to be done sooner or later. After all, things can't remain as they are,' he said, trying to brace himself. He expanded his chest, took out a cigarette, lit it, took two whiffs, then threw it into a pearl-shell ash-tray, and crossing the drawing-room with rapid steps, he opened the door which led into his wife's bedroom.

CHAPTER IV

Darya Alexandrovna was there in a dressing-jacket, with her large frightened eyes, made more prominent by the emaciation of her face, and her knot of thin plaits of once luxurious and beautiful hair. The room was covered with scattered articles, and she was standing among them before an open wardrobe, where she was engaged in selecting something. Hearing her husband's step she stopped and looked at the door, vainly trying to assume a severe and contemptuous expression. She felt that she was afraid of him and afraid of the impending interview. She was trying to do what she had attempted ten times already during those three days, to sort out her own and her children's clothes to take to her mother's; but she could not bring herself to do it, and said again, as she had done after each previous attempt, that things could not remain as they were—that she must do something to punish and humiliate him, and to revenge herself on only for a small part of the pain he had caused her. She still kept saying that she would leave him, but felt that this was impossible. It was impossible because she could not get out of the habit of regarding him as her husband and of loving him. Besides, she felt that if here, in her own home, it was all she could do to look after her five children properly, it would be still worse where she meant to take them. As it was, during these three days the youngest had fallen ill because they had given him sour broth, and the others had had hardly any dinner yesterday. She felt that it was impossible for her to leave; but still deceiving herself, she went on sorting the things and pretending that she really would go. On seeing her husband she thrust her arms into a drawer of the wardrobe as if looking for something, and only when he had come close to her did she turn her face toward him. But her face, which she wanted to keep stern and determined, expressed only perplexity and suffering.

'Dolly!' he said in a soft, timid voice. He drew his head down, wishing to look pathetic and submissive, but all the same he shone with freshness and health. With a rapid glance she took in his fresh and healthy

figure from head to foot. 'Yes, he is happy and contented,' she thought, 'but what about me? . . . And that horrid good-nature of his which people love and praise so, how I hate it!' She pressed her lips together and a cheek-muscle twitched on the right side of her pale nervous face.

'What do you want?' she said quickly in a voice unlike her usual deep tones.

'Dolly,' he repeated unsteadily, 'Anna is coming to-day.'

'What's that to do with me? I can't receive her!' she exclaimed.

'But after all, Dolly, you really must,' said he.

'Go away, go away, go away!' she cried, as if in physical pain, without looking at him.

Oblonsky could think calmly of his wife, could hope that 'things would shape themselves' as Matthew had said, and could calmly read his paper and drink his coffee, but when he saw her worn, suffering face, and heard her tone, resigned and despairing, he felt a choking sensation. A lump rose to his throat and tears glistened in his eyes.

'Oh, my God! What have I done? Dolly—for heaven's sake! . . . You know . . .' He could not continue. His throat was choked with sobs.

She slammed the doors of the wardrobe and looked up at him.

'Dolly, what can I say? . . . Only forgive me! Think, nine years. . . . Can't they atone for a momentary —a momentary . . .'

Her eyes drooped and she waited to hear what he would say, as if entreating him to persuade her somehow that she had made a mistake.

'A momentary infatuation, . . .' he said, and was going on; but at those words her lips tightened again as if with pain, and again the muscle in her right cheek began to twitch.

'Go away—go away from here!' she cried in a still shriller voice, 'and don't talk to me of your infatuations and all those horrors!'

She wished to go away, but staggered and held on to the back of a chair to support herself. His face broadened, his lips swelled, and his eyes filled with tears

'Dolly!' he said, now actually sobbing, 'for heaven's ake think of the children—they have done nothing! Punish me—make me suffer for my sin! Tell me what o do—I am ready for anything. I am the guilty one. I have no words to express my guilt. . . . But Dolly, orgive me!'

She sat down and he could hear her loud, heavy breathing. He felt unutterably sorry for her. She ried again and again to speak and could not. He vaited.

'You think of our children when you want to play vith them, but I am always thinking of them, and know they are ruined now,' she said, evidently repeating one of the phrases she had used to herself again and again during those three days.

But she had spoken of 'our children,' and looking gratefully at her he moved to take her hand; but she stepped aside with a look of repugnance.

'I do think of the children, and would do anything n the world to save them; but I do not know how to ave them—whether by taking them away from their ather, or by leaving them with a dissolute—yes, a dissolute father. . . . Tell me, do you think it possible or us to live together after what has happened? Is it possible? Say, is it possible?' she repeated, raising her voice. 'When my husband, the father of my children, has love affairs with his children's governess?'

'But what's to be done?—what's to be done?' said he, in a piteous voice, hardly knowing what he was saying, and sinking his head lower and lower.

'You are horrid and disgusting to me!' she shouted, getting more and more excited. 'Your tears are—water! You never loved me; you have no heart, no honour! To me you are detestable, disgusting—a stranger, yes, a perfect stranger!' She uttered that word *stranger*, so terrible to herself, with anguish and hatred.

He looked at her and the hatred he saw in her face frightened and surprised him. He did not understand that his pity exasperated her. She saw in him pity for herself but not love. 'No, she hates me; she will not forgive me,' he thought. 'It is awful, awful!' he muttered.

At that moment a child began to cry in another room,

probably having tumbled down. Darya Alexandrovna listened, and her face softened suddenly.

She seemed to be trying to recollect herself, as if she did not know where she was or what she had to do. Then she rose quickly and moved toward the door.

'After all, she loves my child,' he thought, noticing the change in her face when the baby cried; '*my* child—then how can she hate me?'

'Dolly, just a word!' he said, following her.

'If you follow me, I shall call the servants and the children! I'll let everybody know you are a scoundrel! I am going away to-day, and you may live here with your mistress!'

She went out, slamming the door.

Oblonsky sighed, wiped his face, and with soft steps left the room. 'Matthew says "things will shape themselves,"—but how? I don't even see a possibility. . . . Oh dear, the horror of it! And her shouting—it was so vulgar,' he thought, recalling her screams and the words *scoundrel* and *mistress*. 'And the maids may have heard it! It is dreadfully banal, dreadfully!' For a few seconds Oblonsky stood alone; then he wiped his eyes, sighed, and expanding his chest went out of the room.

It was a Friday, the day on which a German clockmaker always came to wind up the clocks. Seeing him in the dining-room, Oblonsky recollected a joke he had once made at the expense of this accurate baldheaded clockmaker, and he smiled. 'The German,' he had said, 'has been wound up for life to wind up clocks.' Oblonsky was fond of a joke. 'Well, perhaps things will shape themselves—"shape themselves"! That's a good phrase,' he thought. 'I must use that.'

'Matthew!' he called, 'will you and Mary arrange everything for Anna Arkadyevna in the little sitting-room?' he added when Matthew appeared.

'Yes, sir.'

Oblonsky put on his fur coat, and went out into the porch.

'Will you be home to dinner, sir?' said Matthew, as he showed him out.

"I'll see. . . . Oh, and here's some money,' said he,

taking a ten-rouble note out of his pocket-book. 'Will it be enough?'

'Enough or not, we shall have to manage, that's clear,' said Matthew, closing the carriage door and stepping back into the porch.

Meanwhile Darya Alexandrovna after soothing the child, knowing from the sound of the carriage wheels that her husband had gone, returned to her bedroom. It was her only place of refuge from household cares. Even now, during the few minutes she had spent in the nursery, the English governess and Matrena Filimonovna had found time to ask some questions that could not be put off, and which she alone could answer. 'What should the children wear when they went out? Ought they to have milk? Should not a new cook be sent for?'

'Oh, do leave me alone!' she cried; and returning to her bedroom she sat down where she had sat when talking with her husband. Locking together her thin fingers, on which her rings hung loosely, she went over in her mind the whole of their conversation.

'Gone! But how did he finish with *her*?' she thought. 'Is it possible that he still sees her? Why didn't I ask him? No, no! It's impossible to be reunited. . . . Even if we go on living in the same house, we are strangers —strangers for ever!' she repeated, specially emphasizing the word that was so dreadful to her. 'And how I loved him! Oh God, how I loved him! . . . How I loved— and don't I love him now? Don't I love him more than ever? The most terrible thing . . .'' She did not finish the thought, because Matrena Filimonovna thrust her head in at the door.

'Hadn't I better send for my brother?' she said. 'After all, he can cook a dinner;—or else the children will go without food till six o'clock, as they did yesterday.'

'All right! I'll come and see about it in a moment. . . Has the milk been sent for?' and Darya Alexandrovna plunged into her daily cares, and for a time drowned her grief in them.

CHAPTER V

Oblonsky's natural ability had helped him to do well at school, but mischief and laziness had caused him to finish very low in his year's class. Yet in spite of his dissipated life, his unimportant service rank, and his comparative youth, he occupied a distinguished and well-paid post as Head of one of the Government Boards in Moscow. This post he had obtained through Alexis Alexandrovich Karenin, his sister Anna's husband, who held one of the most important positions in the Ministry to which that Moscow Board belonged. But even if Karenin had not nominated his brother-in-law for that post, Steve Oblonsky, through one of a hundred other persons—brothers, sisters, relations, cousins, uncles or aunts—would have obtained this or a similar post with a salary of some 6000 roubles a year, which he needed because in spite of his wife's substantial means his affairs were in a bad way.

Half Moscow and half Petersburg were his relations or friends. He was born among those who were or who became the great ones of this world. One third of the official world, the older men, were his father's friends and had known him in petticoats, he was on intimate terms with another third, and was well acquainted with the last third. Consequently the distributors of earthly blessings, such as government posts, grants, concessions, and the like, were all his friends. They could not overlook one who belonged to them, so that Oblonsky had no special difficulty in obtaining a lucrative post; he had only not to raise any objections, not to be envious, not to quarrel, and not to take offence—all things which, being naturally good-tempered, he never did. It would have seemed to him ridiculous had he been told that he would not get a post with the salary he required; especially as he did not demand anything extraordinary. He only wanted what other men of his age and set were getting; and he could fill such an office as well as anybody else.

Oblonsky was not only liked by every one who knew him for his kind and joyous nature and his undoubted honesty, but there was something in him—in his hand-

some and bright appearance, his beaming eyes, black hair and eyebrows, and his white-and-rosy complexion, that had a physical effect on those he met, making them feel friendly and cheerful. 'Ah! Steve Oblonsky! Here he is!' said almost every one he met, smilingly. Even if conversation with him sometimes caused no special delight, still the next day, or the next, every one was as pleased as ever to meet him.

It was the third year that Oblonsky had been Head of that Government Board in Moscow, and he had won not only the affection but also the respect of his fellow-officials, subordinates, chiefs, and all who had anything to do with him. The chief qualities that had won him this general respect in his Office were, first, his extreme leniency, founded on a consciousness of his own defects; secondly, his true Liberalism—not that of which he read in his paper, but that which was in his blood and made him treat all men alike whatever their rank or official position; thirdly and chiefly, his complete indifference to the business he was engaged on, in consequence of which he was never carried away by enthusiasm and never made mistakes.

Having arrived at his destination, Oblonsky, respectfully followed by the door-keeper bearing his portfolio, entered his little private room, put on his uniform, and came out into the Office. The clerks and attendants all rose and bowed cheerfully and respectfully. Oblonsky walked quickly, as was his wont, to his place, shook hands with the Members, and sat down. He chatted and joked just as much as was proper and then turned to business. No one could determine better than he the limits of freedom, simplicity, and formality, necessary for the pleasant transaction of business. The Secretary came up with the papers, cheerfully and respectfully like everybody in Oblonsky's Office, and remarked in the familiarly Liberal tone introduced by Oblonsky:

'After all, we've managed to get that information from the Penza Provincial Office. Here—will you please. . . .'

'Got it at last?' said Oblonsky, holding this paper down with his finger. 'Well, gentlemen . . .' and the sitting commenced.

'If they only knew,' he thought, bowing his head

gravely as he listened to a Report, 'how like a guilty little boy their President was half-an-hour ago! . . .' and his eyes sparkled while the Report was being read. Till two o'clock the business was to continue uninterruptedly, but at two there was to be an adjournment for lunch.

It was not quite two when the large glass doors suddenly swung open and some one came in. All the Members from beneath the Emperor's portrait and from behind the Mirror of Justice, glad of some distraction, looked toward the door; but the door-keeper at once turned out the intruder and closed the glass doors behind him.

When the Report had been read, Oblonsky rose, stretching himself, and, paying tribute to the Liberalism of the times, took out a cigarette before leaving the Office to go to his private room. Two of his colleagues—Nikitin, an old hard-working official, and Grinevich, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber—followed him out.

'We shall have time to finish after lunch,' said Oblonsky.

'Plenty of time,' said Nikitin.

'He must be a precious rogue, that Fomin,' said Grinevich, referring to one of those concerned in the case under consideration.

Oblonsky made a face at these words, thereby indicating that it is not right to form an opinion prematurely, and did not reply.

'Who was it came in?' he asked the door-keeper.

'Some man came in without permission, your Excellency, when I wasn't looking. He asked for you. I told him, "When the Members come out, then. . . ."'

'Where is he?'

'Perhaps he has gone out into the hall; he was walking about there just now. That's him,' said the door-keeper, pointing to a strongly-built broad-shouldered man with a curly beard, who, without taking off his sheep-skin cap, was running lightly and quickly up the worn steps of the stone staircase. A lanky official, going down with a portfolio, stopped, with a disapproving look at the feet of the man running upstairs, and then glanced inquiringly at Oblonsky, who was standing at the top of the stairs. His kindly face, beaming over the gold-embroidered collar of his uniform, grew still more radiant when he recognized the man who was coming up.

'Yes, it's he! Levin, at last!' he said, scrutinizing the approaching Levin with a friendly mocking smile. 'How is it you deign to look me up in this *den*?' he asked; and not contented with pressing his friend's hand, he kissed him. 'Been here long?'

'I've only just arrived, and am very anxious to see you,' answered Levin, looking round with constraint, and yet crossly and uneasily.

'Well then, come into my room,' said Oblonsky, who knew his friend's self-conscious and irritable shyness; and seizing him by the arm he led him along as if past some danger.

Oblonsky was on intimate terms with almost all his acquaintances, men of sixty and lads of twenty, actors, Ministers of State, tradesmen, and Lords in Waiting, so that a great many people on familiar terms with him stood at the two extremes of the social ladder and would have been much surprised to know that they had something in common through Oblonsky. He was on familiar terms with everybody he drank champagne with, and he drank champagne with everybody. But when in the presence of his subordinates he happened to meet any of his 'disreputable pals,' as he jocularly called them, he was able, with his innate tact, to minimize the impression such a meeting might leave on their minds. Levin was not a 'disreputable pal,' but Oblonsky felt that Levin imagined he might not care to show their intimacy in the presence of the subordinates, and that was why he hurried him into his private room.

Levin and Oblonsky were almost of the same age; and with Levin, Oblonsky was on familiar terms not through champagne only. Levin had been his comrade and friend in early youth, and they were fond of one another as friends who have come together in early youth often are, in spite of the difference in their characters and tastes. Yet, as often happens between men who have chosen different pursuits, each, while in argument justifying the other's activity, despised it in the depth of his heart. Each thought that his own way of living was real life, and that the life of his friend was—illusion. Oblonsky could not repress a slightly sarcastic smile at the sight of Levin. How many times he had already seen him arriving in Moscow from the country, where he

did something, though what it was Oblonsky could never quite understand or feel any interest in. Levin came to Moscow always excited, always in a hurry, rather shy and irritated by his own shyness, and usually with totally new and unexpected views about things. Oblonsky laughed at all this, and yet liked it. Similarly, Levin in his heart despised the town life his friend was leading, and his official duties which he considered futile and ridiculed. But the difference was that Oblonsky, doing as every one else did, laughed with confidence and good-humour, while Levin laughed uncertainly and sometimes angrily.

'We have long been expecting you,' said Oblonsky entering his private room and releasing Levin's arm, as if to show that here all danger was past. 'I'm very, very glad to see you!' continued he. 'Well, how are you, eh? When did you arrive?'

Levin looked silently at the faces of the two strangers, Oblonsky's colleagues, and especially at the hands of the elegant Grinevich, who had such long white fingers and such long yellowish nails curving at the points, and such large glittering sleeve-links, that evidently his hands occupied his whole attention and deprived him of freedom of thought. Oblonsky at once noticed Levin's look and smiled.

'Oh, of course! Let me introduce you,' he said. 'My colleagues: Philip Ivanich Nikitin; Michael Stanislavich Grinevich,' then turning to Levin, 'Constantine Dmitrich Levin, an active member of the Zemstvo, one of the new sort—a gymnast who lifts a hundredweight and a half with one hand, a cattle-breeder, a sportsman,—my friend, and a brother of Sergius Ivanich Koznyshev.'

'Very pleased . . .' said the old official.

'I have the honour of knowing your brother, Sergius Ivanich,' said Grinevich, holding out his narrow hand with the long finger-nails.

Levin frowned, shook hands coldly, and immediately turned to Oblonsky. Though Levin had great respect for his step-brother, an author known throughout Russia, he hated to be regarded not as Constantine Levin but as a brother of the famous Koznyshev.

'No, I am no longer on the Zemstvo — I have

quarrelled with the lot of them, and don't attend their meetings any more,' said he, addressing his friend.

'Quick work!' said Oblonsky, with a smile. 'What was it all about?'

'It's a long story—I'll tell you some other time,' said Levin, but at once began telling it. 'To put it in a nutshell, I have come to the conclusion that there is, and can be, no such thing as Zemstvo work,' he said, speaking as if some one had just offended him. 'On the one hand it's simply playing! They play at being a parliament, and I am neither young enough nor old enough to amuse myself with toys. On the other hand . . .' he hesitated, 'it is a means of getting pelf for the provincial *coterie*! We used to have guardianships and judgeships as soft jobs, and now we've Zemstvos—not bribes, but unearned salaries!' he went on as warmly as if he had just been contradicted.

'Aha! I see you've reached another new phase—a Conservative one this time!' said Oblonsky. 'However, we'll talk about that later.'

'Yes, later! . . . But I want to see you,' said Levin, gazing with aversion at Grinevich's hand.

Oblonsky's smile was hardly perceptible.

'Didn't you tell me you would never again put on Western European clothes?' he asked, surveying Levin's new suit, evidently made by a French tailor. 'That's it! You're in a new phase.'

Levin suddenly blushed, not as grown-up people blush who hardly notice it themselves, but as boys blush who are aware that their shyness is ridiculous and therefore feel ashamed of it and blush still more, almost to tears. It was so strange to see that intelligent manly face in such a childish condition that Oblonsky left off looking at him.

'Where shall we see one another? You know it is very, very important for me to have a talk with you,' said Levin.

Oblonsky seemed to consider: 'Well—suppose we go to lunch at Gurin's and have a talk there? I am free till three.'

'No,' said Levin, after a moment's consideration; 'I have to go somewhere else.'

'Well then, let's dine together.'

'Dine? But I've nothing particular to say—only a word or two . . . to ask you something! We can have a talk some other time.'

'Well, tell me the word or two now, and we'll talk at dinner.'

'The two words are . . . however, it's nothing particular,' said Levin, and his face became almost vicious in his efforts to overcome his shyness.

'What are the Shcherbatskys doing? All going on as usual?'

Oblonsky, who had long known that Levin was in love with his, Oblonsky's, sister-in-law Kitty, smiled very slightly and his eyes sparkled merrily.

'You spoke of two words, but I can't answer in two because. . . . Excuse me a moment. . . .'

The Secretary came in, familiarly respectful, though with a certain modest consciousness (common to all secretaries) of his superiority to his chief in knowledge of business affairs, approached Oblonsky with some papers, and on the plea of asking a question began to explain some difficulty. Oblonsky, without hearing him to the end, put his hand in a kindly way on the Secretary's sleeve and, softening his remark with a smile, said:

'No; please do it as I said,' and, having in a few words explained his view of the matter, he pushed the paper away and said finally: 'Yes, please do it that way, Zachary Nikitich!'

The Secretary went out, abashed. Levin, who during Oblonsky's talk with the Secretary had quite overcome his shyness, stood leaning both arms on the back of a chair and listening with ironical attention.

'I don't understand it at all!' he remarked.

'What don't you understand?' asked Oblonsky with his usual merry smile, as he took out a cigarette. He expected Levin to say something eccentric.

'I don't understand what you're doing,' said Levin, shrugging his shoulders. 'How can you do it seriously?'

'Why not?'

'Because there's nothing to do!'

'That's how it seems to you, but really we're overwhelmed with work.'

'—On paper! Ah well! you've a gift for that sort of thing,' added Levin.

'You mean I'm deficient in something?'

'Perhaps!' said Levin. 'But all the same I admire your dignity and am proud that my friend is such a great man! But all the same you've not answered my question,' he added, making a desperate effort to look Oblonsky straight in the face.

'All right! All right! Wait a bit, and you'll be in the same position yourself. It's all very well for *you*, who have three thousand desyatins in the Karazin District, and such muscles, and are as fresh as a twelve-year-old girl! But still, you'll be joining us yourself some day! . . . Now, about what you were asking: nothing has changed, but it's a pity you've stopped away so long.'

'Why?' asked Levin in alarm.

'Oh, nothing—' answered Oblonsky. 'We'll talk it over later on. But what has brought you here specially?'

'We'll talk about that too later on,' said Levin and again blushed to his very ears.

'All right, that's natural enough!' said Oblonsky. 'Well, you know, I'd ask you to come to us, but my wife is not very well. Let's see,—if you want to meet them, you'll be sure to find them in the Zoological Gardens from four to five. Kitty skates there. Go there, and I'll call for you and we'll dine somewhere together.'

'Splendid! Well then, *au revoir*!'

'Mind you don't forget! I know you—you may rush off back to the country!' shouted Oblonsky after him.

'That'll be all right!' said Levin and left the room, only recollecting when already at the door that he had not taken leave of Oblonsky's colleagues.

'He seems a very energetic man,' said Grinevich when Levin was gone.

'Yes, my dear fellow,' said Oblonsky, shaking his head, 'and he's a lucky man! Three thousand desyatins in the Karazin District, his life before him, and such freshness! Not like some of us!'

'What have you to complain of, Stephen Arkadyevich?'

'Oh, things are wretched, miserable!' said Oblonsky, and sighed heavily.

CHAPTER VI

When Oblonsky asked Levin his reason for coming to town, Levin had blushed and been angry with himself for blushing, because he could not answer: 'I have come to propose to your sister-in-law,' although he really had come solely for that purpose.

The Levins and the Shcherbatskys were two old aristocratic Moscow families that had always been on intimate and friendly terms. Their ties were drawn still closer during Levin's University days. He had prepared for and entered the University together with young Prince Shcherbatsky, Dolly's and Kitty's brother. At that time Levin often visited the Shcherbatskys, and fell in love with the family. Strange as it may seem, it was the whole Shcherbatsky family—especially the feminine half of it—that Levin was in love with. He could not remember his mother, and his sister was much his senior, so that in the Shcherbatskys' house he saw for the first time the family life of a well-educated and honourable family of the old aristocracy—a life such as he had been deprived of by the death of his own father and mother. All the members of that family, especially the women, appeared to him as though wrapped in some mystic poetic veil, and he not only saw no defects in them, but imagined behind that poetic veil the loftiest feelings and every possible perfection. Why these three young ladies had to speak French and English on alternate days; why at a given time they played, each in her turn, on the piano (the sound of which reached their brother's room where the students were at work); why those masters of French literature, music, drawing, and dancing came to the house; why at certain hours the three young ladies accompanied by Mademoiselle Linon were driven in a calèche to the Tverskoy Boulevard, wearing satin cloaks (Dolly a long one; Nataly a somewhat shorter one; and Kitty so short a cloak that her shapely little legs in their tight red stockings were quite exposed); why they had to walk up and down the Tverskoy Boulevard accompanied by a footman with a gilt cockade in his hat,—all this and much more that happened in this mystic world he did not understand; but he knew that everything

done there was beautiful and he was in love with the very mystery of it all.

In his student days he very nearly fell in love with the eldest daughter, Dolly; but a marriage was soon after arranged between her and Oblonsky. Then he began falling in love with the second daughter. He seemed to feel that he must fall in love with one of the sisters, but he was not sure with which. But Nataly too, as soon as she came out, married the diplomat, Lvov. Kitty was still a child when Levin finished at the University. Young Shcherbatsky who entered the navy was drowned in the Baltic; and after that, in spite of his friendship with Oblonsky, Levin's intercourse with the Shcherbatskys became less frequent. But when he had come to Moscow early in the winter of this year and met them, he knew at last which of the three sisters he was really fated to love.

It would seem that nothing could be simpler than for him, a man of good family, rich rather than poor, and thirty-two years of age, to propose to the Princess Shcherbatskaya. In all likelihood he would have been considered quite a suitable match. But Levin was in love, and therefore Kitty seemed to him so perfect in every respect, so transcending everything earthly, and he seemed to himself so very earthly and insignificant a creature, that the possibility of his being considered worthy of her by others or by herself was to him unimaginable.

Having spent two months in Moscow, living as in a fog, meeting Kitty almost every day in Society which he began to frequent in order to meet her, he suddenly made up his mind that it was impossible, and returned to the country.

Levin's conviction that it was impossible rested on the idea that from her relatives' point of view he was not a good or suitable match for the delightful Kitty, and that Kitty herself could not love him. From her parents' standpoint (it seemed to him) he had no settled occupation or position in the world. He was thirty-two, and while his former comrades were already colonels, aides-de-camp, Bank and Railway Directors, or Heads of Government Boards like Oblonsky, he (he knew very well what others must think of him) was merely a country squire, spending his time breeding cows, shooting snipe,

and erecting buildings—that is to say, a fellow without talent, who had come to no good and was only doing what in the opinion of Society good-for-nothing people always do. Of course the mysterious, enchanting Kitty could not love a plain fellow, such as he considered himself to be, a man so ordinary and undistinguished. Moreover, his former relation to Kitty had been that of a grown-up man towards a child whose brother's friend he was, and this seemed an additional obstacle in love's path. He thought a plain kindly fellow like himself might be loved as a friend, but to be loved with the kind of love he felt for Kitty, a man must be handsome, and above all remarkable.

He had heard that women often love plain ordinary men but he did not believe it, because he judged by himself and he could only love beautiful mysterious exceptional women.

But after spending two months alone in the country, he became convinced that this time he was not in love as he had been when quite young—for his present feelings gave him not a moment's rest—and that he could not live unless the question whether she was to be his wife or not were decided; also that his despair had been the outcome of his own fancy, and that he had no proof that he would be rejected. So he had now come to Moscow determined to propose to her, and to marry her if he was accepted. Or . . . but he dared not think what would happen if she refused him.

CHAPTER VII

Having reached Moscow by a morning train, Levín went to stay at the house of his half-brother Koznyshev, who was older than he, and after changing his clothes entered his brother's study, intending to tell him why he had come and to ask his advice. But his brother was not alone. A well-known professor of philosophy was with him, who had come specially from Kharkov to settle a dispute that had arisen between them on an important philosophical question. The professor was engaged in a fierce polemic against the materialists, and Sergius Koznyshev, who followed this polemic with interest, on

reading the professor's last article had written to him reproaching him with having conceded too much to the materialists; and the professor had come at once to talk the matter over. The question was the fashionable one, whether a definite line exists between psychological and physiological phenomena in human activity; and if so, where it lies?

When Levin entered, Sergius Ivanich greeted him with the coldly affable smile he bestowed on everybody and, having introduced him to the professor, went on with the discussion.

The small spectacled man with the narrow forehead interrupted the conversation a moment to say, 'how do you do' to Levin and, paying no further attention to him, went on talking. Levin sat down to wait till the professor should go, but soon became interested in the subject of their conversation.

He had seen in the papers the articles they were discussing, and had read them because they interested him as a development of the bases of natural science—familiar to him as he had studied in that faculty at the University; but he had never connected these scientific deductions as to man's animal origin, reflex actions, biology and sociology, with those questions concerning the meaning to himself of life and death, which had of late more and more frequently occurred to him.

Listening to his brother's conversation with the professor, he noticed that they connected the scientific question with the spiritual and several times almost reached the latter, but every time they approached this, which seemed to him the most important question, they at once hurriedly retreated and again plunged into the domain of fine sub-divisions, reservations, quotations, hints and references to authorities; and he found it difficult to understand what they were talking about.

'I cannot admit,' said Koznyshev with his usual clear and precise expression and polished style, 'I cannot on any account agree with Keiss that my whole conception of the external world is the outcome of impressions. The most fundamental perception—that of existence—is not received through the senses, for there is no spec[illegible] organ to convey that perception."

'Yes, but they (Wurst and Knaust and Pripasov [illegible]

tell you that your conception of existence results from the collective effect of all your sensations and is therefore a result of sensations. Wurst actually says that without the senses there can be no perception of existence.'

'I would maintain the opposite . . .' began Koznyshev.

But here again it seemed to Levin that having reached the most important matter they avoided it; and he made up his mind to ask the professor a question.

'Consequently, if my senses are destroyed, if my body dies, no further existence is possible?' he asked.

The professor, vexed and apparently mentally hurt by the interruption, turned to look at this strange questioner who resembled a barge-hauler rather than a philosopher, and then looked at Koznyshev, as if asking, 'What can one say to this?'

But Koznyshev, who did not speak with anything like the same effort, or as one-sidedly, as the professor, and had room in his head for an answer to his opponent as well as for comprehension of the simple and natural point of view from which the question arose, smiled and said:

'That question we have as yet no right to decide. . . .'

'We have not the data . . .' added the professor and went back to his arguments. 'No,' said he; 'I point out that if, as Pripasov definitely states, sensation is based on impressions, we must still carefully distinguish between these two perceptions.'

Levin listened no longer but sat waiting for the professor to go.

CHAPTER VIII

When the professor had gone, Koznyshev turned to his step-brother.

'I am very glad you have come. Are you here for long? How do you get on with your farming?'

Levin knew that farming did not interest his elder brother and that the question was merely a concession; therefore he replied generally as to the sale of wheat and money matters. He wanted to tell his brother of his intended marriage and to ask his advice. He had even firmly made up his mind to do so, but when he saw his

brother and heard his conversation with the professor, and afterward noticed the involuntarily patronizing tone in which he asked him about the business of their estate (this estate which they had jointly inherited from their mother had not been divided, and Levin was managing the whole of it), he felt that something prevented him from beginning to speak to his brother about his intention to marry. He felt that his brother would not look at the matter as he wished him to.

'Well, and how is your Zemstvo getting on?' asked Koznyshev, who took a keen interest in the rural administration and attached great importance to it.

'I really don't know.'

'What? But you are a Member?'

'No, I am no longer on it. I resigned,' answered Levin, 'and don't attend the Meetings any more.'

'That's a pity!' said Koznyshev, and frowned. To justify himself Levin began to relate what used to happen at the Meetings in his district.

'There now! It's always the same,' interrupted Koznyshev. 'We Russians are always like that. It may be a good trait in us—this capacity to see our own faults—but we overdo it, and comfort ourselves with sarcasm, which is always ready on our tongues. I can only tell you, that with such rights as we have in our rural institutions, any other European nation—the English or the Germans—would have secured their freedom, while we only jeer at our Zemstvos!'

'But what is to be done?' said Levin guiltily. 'That was my last attempt. And I tried with my whole soul. . . But I can't do it! I'm incapable.'

'Incapable!' said Koznyshev. 'No, you don't look at it from the right point of view.'

'That may be,' said Levin mournfully.

'Do you know that our brother Nicholas is here again?'

Nicholas was Constantine Levin's elder brother, and Koznyshev's half-brother. He was a ruined man who had squandered the greater part of his fortune, mixed with the strangest and worst society, and quarrelled with his brothers.

'You don't mean to say so!' cried Levin, horror-struck. 'How do you know?'

'Prokofy met him in the street.'

'Here, in Moscow? Where is he? Do you know?' Levin rose from his chair as if meaning to go at once.

'I am sorry I told you,' said Koznyshev, shaking his head at his brother's excitement. 'I sent to find out where he is living, and forwarded him a note of hand he had given to Trubin, which I had paid. And this is the answer I received.'

Koznyshev took a note from under a paper-weight and handed it to his brother.

Levin read the note, written in a curious but familiar hand:

'I humbly beg you to leave me alone. That is all I demand of my dear brothers.—NICHOLAS LEVIN.'

When Levin had read the note, holding it in his hand, he remained standing in front of Koznyshev without lifting his head.

A struggle was going on within him between the desire to forget his unfortunate brother for the present, and the consciousness that this would be wrong.

'He evidently wants to offend me,' continued Koznyshev, 'but he cannot do that. I wish with all my heart I could help him, but I know it can't be done.'

'Yes, yes,' said Levin, 'I understand, and appreciate your attitude toward him; but personally I shall go to see him.'

'Go if you like, but I don't advise it,' said Koznyshev. 'That's to say, I'm not afraid of it on my own account, he will not make mischief between us, but on your account I don't advise it. You had better not go. It's impossible to help him. However, do as you please!'

'It may be impossible to help him, but I feel—especially at this moment . . . but that's a different matter—I feel that I cannot be at peace. . . .'

'Well, I don't understand that,' said Koznyshev. 'But what I do understand is a lesson in humility. I have begun to look differently, more leniently, at what is called rascality, since brother Nicholas became what he is. Do you know what he has done?'

'Ah, it's dreadful, dreadful!' Levin repeated.

Having got the address from Koznyshev's footman Levin thought of going at once to see his brother; but, on reflection, decided to put off the visit till the evening.

To obtain peace of mind it was necessary first of all to decide the business that had brought him to Moscow. He therefore went to Oblonsky's office, and having received news of the Shcherbatskys he drove to the place where he was told he could see Kitty.

CHAPTER IX

At four o'clock that afternoon Levin, conscious that his heart was beating rapidly, got out of the hired sledge at the Zoological Gardens and went down the path leading to the ice-hills and skating lake, sure of finding Kitty there, for he had noticed the Shcherbatskys' carriage at the entrance.

It was a clear frosty day. Carriages, private sledges, sledges for hire, and mounted police stood at the entrance. Well-dressed people, their hats shining in the sunlight, crowded at the gates and thronged the clean-swept paths between little houses built with carved eaves in Russian style. The bushy birch trees in the Garden with all their branches weighed down by snow seemed attired in new festive garments. He walked along the path leading to the skating lake, and kept repeating to himself: 'I must not be excited. I must be quiet! . . . What are you doing? What's the matter? Be quiet, stupid!' he said to his heart. But the more he tried to be calm, the more laboured grew his breath. He met an acquaintance who called to him, but Levin did not even notice who it was. He approached the ice-hills and heard the clanking of the chains by which the sledges were being pulled up, their clatter as they descended the hills, and the sound of merry voices. A few more steps brought him to the skating lake, and among all the skaters he at once recognized her. He knew she was there by the joy and terror that took possession of his heart. She stood talking to a lady at the other end of the lake. There seemed to be nothing striking in her dress or attitude, but it was as easy for Levin to recognize her in that crowd as to find a rose among nettles. Everything was lit up by her. She was the smile that brightened everything around.

'Can I really step down on to the ice, and go up to

her ?' he thought. The spot where she stood seemed to him an unapproachable sanctuary, and there was a moment when he nearly went away, he was so filled with awe. He had to make an effort and reason with himself that all sorts of people were passing near her and he himself might have come just to skate. He stepped down, avoiding any long look at her as one avoids long looks at the sun, but seeing her as one sees the sun, without looking.

On that day of the week and at that hour, people belonging to the same set and acquainted with one another, met on the ice. Among them were masters of the art of skating showing off their skill, and beginners with timid and awkward movements holding on to the backs of chairs fitted with runners; boys, and old men skating for hygienic reasons; and they all seemed to Levin to be fortune's favourites because they were here near her. Yet skaters appeared quite calmly to gain on her, to catch her up, and even speak to her, and quite independently of her to amuse themselves enjoying the excellent ice and the fine weather.

Nicholas Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, in a short jacket, tight trousers, with skates on his feet, was sitting on a bench, and seeing Levin, called out to him.

'Hullo you Russian champion skater! When did you come? The ice is splendid—put on your skates!'

'I haven't any skates,' answered Levin, wondering at such boldness and freedom of manner in her presence, and not losing sight of her for a moment although not looking at her. He felt the sun approaching him. She was turning a corner, her little feet, shod in high boots, kept close together, and she was skating timidly toward him. A little boy dressed in a Russian costume, violently swinging his arms and stooping very low, was overtaking her.

She was not very firm on her feet. Having drawn her hands from the muff that hung by a cord from her neck, she held them out and looking at Levin, whom she had recognized, she smiled at him and at her fears. Having turned the corner, she pushed off with an elastic little foot, glided straight up to Shcherbatsky, and catching hold of him with her hand, nodded smilingly to Levin. She was more beautiful than he had imagined her.

When he thought about her he could vividly picture to himself her entire person, and especially the charm of her small, fair-haired head, so lightly poised on the shapely girlish shoulders, and the childlike brightness and kindness of her face. In that childlike look, combined with the slim beauty of her figure, lay her special charm; and this he thoroughly appreciated, but what always struck him afresh as unexpected was the expression of her eyes—mild, calm, and truthful,—and above all her smile, which carried him into a fairyland where he felt softened and filled with tenderness—as he remembered feeling on rare occasions in his early childhood.

'Have you been here long?' she said, shaking hands with him. 'Thank you,' she added as he picked up the handkerchief she had dropped from her muff.

'I? No, not long—since yesterday . . . I mean to-day . . .' replied Levin, in his excitement not quite taking in her question. 'I wanted to come and see you,' he went on, and then, remembering the reason why he wanted to see her he became abashed, and blushed. 'I did not know that you skated, and so well.'

She looked attentively at him as if wishing to understand his confusion.

'*Your* praise is valuable. There is a tradition here that you are the best skater,' she said, flicking off with a small black-gloved hand some hoar-frost crystals that had fallen on her muff.

'Yes, I used to be passionately fond of skating. I wanted to be perfect at it.'

'You seem to do everything passionately,' she remarked with a smile. 'I should so like to see you skate. Put on a pair and let us skate together.'

'Skate together! Can it be possible?' thought Levin looking at her.

'I'll go and put them on at once,' he said, and went to hire some skates.

'You've not looked us up for a long time, sir,' said one of the attendants as, holding up Levin's foot, he bored a hole in the heel of his boot. 'Since you left we have had no gentleman who is such a master at it as you! Is that right?' he added, pulling the strap tight.

'Yes, that's right, that's right! Please be quick!' answered Levin, trying to restrain the happy smile which

appeared on his face. 'Yes,' he thought, 'this is life—this is joy! She said, "*Together*: *let us skate together*"! Shall I tell her now? But that's just why I'm afraid of speaking. Now I am happy, if only in my hopes—but then? . . . But I must . . . I must . . . I must . . . ! Away with this weakness!'

He stood up, took off his overcoat, and having given himself a start on the rough ice near the shelter, glided down to the smooth surface of the lake, increasing and diminishing his speed and shaping his course as if by volition only. He approached Kitty timidly, but her smile again tranquillized him.

She gave him her hand and they went on together, increasing their speed, and the faster they went the closer she pressed his hands.

'I should learn quicker with you; for some reason I feel confidence in you,' she said.

'And I am confident of myself when you lean on me,' he answered, and was immediately frightened of what he had said, and blushed. And in fact, as soon as he had uttered these words her face lost its kind expression—as when the sun hides behind a cloud—and Levin noticed that familiar play of her features which indicated an effort of mind: a wrinkle appeared on her smooth forehead.

'Has anything unpleasant happened . . .? But I have no right to ask,' he said hurriedly.

'Why? . . . No, nothing unpleasant has happened,' she answered coldly, adding immediately: 'You have not seen Mlle Linon?'

'Not yet.'

'Go to her then, she is so fond of you.'

'What does she mean? I have hurt her. Help me, O Lord!' thought Levin, hastening toward the old Frenchwoman with the grey curls, who sat on one of the benches. She welcomed Levin as an old friend, showing her set of false teeth in a smile.

'Yes, you see we grow up,' she said, indicating Kitty with a glance, 'and grow old. "Tiny Bear" is grown up!' continued the Frenchwoman, laughing and reminding him of his old joke when he called the three young ladies the Three Bears of the English fairy tale. 'Do you remember when you used to call her so?'

He had not the faintest recollection of it, but she was fond of the joke and had laughed at it for the last ten years.

'Well, go—go and skate! Our Kitty is beginning to skate nicely, isn't she?'

When Levin returned to Kitty her face was no longer stern and her eyes had their former truthful, kindly look; but he thought there was an intentionally quiet manner in her affability and he felt sad. Having spoken about her old governess and her peculiarities, she asked him about his way of life.

'Do you really manage not to feel dull in the country in winter?' she said.

'I don't feel at all dull, I am very busy,' he answered, conscious that she was subduing him to her quiet tone, from which—as had happened at the beginning of the winter—he would not be able to free himself.

'Have you come for long?' asked Kitty.

'I don't know,' he answered, without thinking of what he was saying. The idea that if he accepted her tone of calm friendliness he would again go away without having settled anything occurred to him, and he determined to rebel.

'You don't know?'

'I don't. It all depends on you,' he said, and was at once terrified at his own words.

Whether she had not heard his words or did not wish to hear them, anyhow, after slightly stumbling and striking her foot twice against the ice, she skated hurriedly away from him toward Mlle Linon, said something to her, and went toward the little house where the ladies took off their skates.

'My God! What have I done? O Lord, help me and teach me!' prayed Levin, and feeling at the same time a need of violent exercise, he got up speed and described inner and outer circles.

Just then a young man, the best of the new skaters, with a cigarette in his mouth and skates on, came out of the coffee-room, and taking a run, descended the steps leading to the lake, clattering with his skates as he jumped from step to step. He then flew down the slope and glided along the ice without so much as changing the easy position of his arms.

'Oh, that's a new trick!' said Levin, and at once ran up to try that new trick.

'Don't hurt yourself—it needs practice!' Nicholas Shcherbatsky called out.

Levin went up the path as far back as he could to get up speed, and then slid downwards, balancing himself with his arms in this unaccustomed movement. He caught his foot on the last step, but, scarcely touching the ice with his hand, made a violent effort, regained his balance, and skated away laughing.

'Good! Dear man!' thought Kitty who at that moment was just coming out of the little house with Mlle Linon, looking at him with a smile of gentle tenderness as at a dear brother. 'Can I really be guilty—have I really done anything wrong? They say it's coquetting. . . . I know it's not him I love, but still I feel happy with him, he is so charming! Only why did he say that?' she thought.

When he saw Kitty who was going away, and her mother who had met her on the steps, Levin, flushed with the violent exercise, stood still and considered. He then took off his skates and overtook mother and daughter at the gates of the Gardens.

'Very pleased to see you,' said the Princess. 'We are at home on Thursdays, as usual.'

'And to-day is Thursday!'

'We shall be glad to see you,' said the Princess drily.

Kitty was sorry to hear that dry tone and could not resist the desire to counteract her mother's coldness. She turned her head and said smilingly:

'*Au revoir!*'

Just then Oblonsky, his hat tilted on one side, with radiant face and eyes, walked into the Gardens like a joyous conqueror. But on approaching his mother-in-law he answered her questions about Dolly's health with a sorrowful and guilty air. After a few words with her in a subdued and mournful tone, he expanded his chest and took Levin's arm.

'Well, shall we go?' he asked. 'I kept thinking about you, and am very, very glad you've come,' he went on, looking significantly into Levin's eyes.

'Yes, yes! Let's go,' answered the happy Levin, still

hearing the voice saying: '*Au revoir!*' and still seeing the smile with which it had been said.

'The Angleterre, or the Hermitage?'

'I don't care.'

'Well then, the Angleterre,' said Oblonsky, choosing the Angleterre because he was deeper in debt to that restaurant than to the Hermitage, and therefore considered it wrong to avoid it. 'Have you a sledge? . . . That's a good thing, because I've sent my coachman home.'

The two friends were silent all the way. Levin was considering what the change in Kitty's face meant; now persuading himself that there was hope, now in despair, seeing clearly that such hope was madness; but yet feeling an altogether different being from what he had been before her smile and the words '*Au revoir!*'

Oblonsky during the drive was composing the menu of their dinner.

'You like turbot, don't you?' he asked, as they drove up to the restaurant.

'What?' said Levin. 'Turbot? Oh yes, I am *awfully* fond of turbot!'

CHAPTER X

When they entered the restaurant Levin could not help noticing something peculiar in his friend's expression, a kind of suppressed radiance in his face and whole figure. Oblonsky took off his overcoat, and with his hat on one side walked into the dining-room, giving his orders to the Tartar waiters, in their swallow-tail coats, with napkins under their arms, who attached themselves to him. Bowing right and left to his acquaintances who, here as elsewhere, greeted him joyfully, he passed on to the buffet, drank a glass of vodka and ate a bit of fish as hors-d'œuvre, and said something to the painted Frenchwoman, bedecked with ribbons and lace, who sat at a little counter—something that made even this Frenchwoman burst into frank laughter.

Levin did not take any vodka, simply because that Frenchwoman—made up, as it seemed to him, of false hair, powder, and toilet vinegar—was offensive to him.

He moved away from her as from some dirty place. His whole soul was filled with Kitty's image, and his eyes shone with a smile of triumph and happiness.

'This way, please your Excellency! This way—no one will disturb your Excellency here,' said a specially officious waiter, an old white-headed Tartar, so wide in the hips that the tails of his coat separated behind.

'If you please, your Excellency,' he said, turning to Levin and as a mark of respect to Oblonsky paying attention to his guest. In a moment he had spread a fresh cloth on a round table already covered with a cloth beneath a bronze chandelier, moved two velvet chairs to the table, and stood with a napkin and menu awaiting the order.

'If your Excellency would like a private room, one will be vacant in a few moments. Prince Golitzin is there with a lady. We've some fresh oysters in, sir.'

'Ah—oysters!' Oblonsky paused and considered.

'Shall we change our plan, Levin?' he said, with his finger on the bill of fare and his face expressing serious perplexity. 'But are the oysters really good? Now be careful . . .'

'Real Flensburg, your Excellency! We've no Ostend ones.'

'They may be Flensburg, but are they fresh?'

'They only arrived yesterday.'

'Well then, shall we begin with oysters and change the whole plan of our dinner, eh?'

'I don't mind. I like buckwheat porridge and cabbage-soup best, but they don't have those things here.'

'Would you like *Buckwheat à la Russe*?' said the Tartar, stooping over Levin like a nurse over a child.

'No,—joking apart, whatever you choose will suit me. I've been skating and I'm hungry! Don't think that I do not appreciate your choice,' he added, noticing a dissatisfied look on Oblonsky's face. 'I shall be glad of a good dinner.'

'I should think so! Say what you like, it is one of the pleasures of life!' said Oblonsky. 'Well then, my good fellow, bring us two—or that will be too little, . . . three dozen oysters, and vegetable soup . . .'

'*Printanier*,' chimed in the waiter.

But Oblonsky evidently did not wish to give him the pleasure of calling the dishes by their French names.

'. . . vegetable, you know. Then turbot with thick sauce; then . . . roast beef (and mind it's good!); and then capon, shall we say? Yes. And stewed fruit.'

The waiter, remembering Oblonsky's way of calling the items on the French menu by their Russian names, did not repeat the words after him, but afterwards allowed himself the pleasure of repeating the whole of the order according to the menu: '*Potage printanier, turbot, sauce Beaumarchais, poularde à l'estragon, macédoine de fruits* . . .' and immediately, as if moved by springs, he put down the bill of fare in one cardboard cover, and seizing another containing the wine-list held it out to Oblonsky.

'What shall we have to drink?'

'Whatever you like, only not too much. . . . Champagne!' said Levin.

'What, to begin with? However, why not? You like the white seal?'

'*Cachet blanc*,' chimed in the waiter.

'Yes, bring us that with the oysters, and then we'll see.'

'Yes, sir, and what sort of table wine?'

'*Nuits*. . . no, let's have the classic *Chablis*.'

'Yes, sir. And your special cheese?'

'Well, yes—parmesan. Or do you prefer some other kind?'

'No, I really don't care,' said Levin, unable to restrain a smile.

The Tartar darted off, his coat-tails flying; and five minutes later rushed in again, with a dish of opened oysters in pearly shells and a bottle between his fingers.

Oblonsky crumpled his starched napkin and pushed a corner of it inside his waistcoat, then, with his arms comfortably on the table, attacked the oysters.

'Not bad,' he said, pulling the quivering oysters out of their pearly shells with a silver fork, and swallowing one after another. 'Not bad,' he repeated, lifting his moist and glittering eyes now to Levin, now to the Tartar.

Levin could eat oysters, though he preferred bread and cheese. But it gave him more pleasure to watch Oblonsky. Even the Tartar, who having drawn the cork and poured the sparkling wine into the thin wide

glasses was straightening his white tie, glanced with a smile of evident pleasure at Oblonsky.

'You don't care much for oysters?' said Oblonsky, emptying his champagne glass—'or perhaps you're thinking of something else. Eh?'

He wanted Levin to be in good spirits. But Levin, if not exactly in bad spirits, felt constrained. The feelings that filled his heart made him ill-at-ease and uncomfortable in this restaurant with its private rooms where men took women to dine. Everything seemed offensive: these bronzes, mirrors, gaslights and Tartar waiters. He was afraid of soiling that which filled his soul.

'I? Yes, I am preoccupied—and besides, all this makes me feel constrained,' he said. 'You can't imagine how strange it all seems to me who live in the country,—like the nails of that gentleman I saw at your place.'

'Yes, I noticed that poor Grinevich's nails interested you greatly,' said Oblonsky.

'I can't help it,' replied Levin. 'Put yourself in my place—look at it from a country fellow's point of view! We try to get our hands into a state convenient to work with, and for that purpose we cut our nails and sometimes roll up our sleeves. But here people purposely let their nails grow until they begin to curl, and have little saucers for studs to make it quite impossible for them to use their hands!'

Oblonsky smiled merrily.

'Yes, it is a sign that rough work is unnecessary to him. He works with his mind . . .'

'Possibly; but still it seems to me strange that while we country people try to get over our meals as quickly as we can, so as to be able to get on with our work, here you and I try to make our meal last as long as possible, and therefore eat oysters.'

'Well, of course,' said Oblonsky. 'The aim of civilization is to enable us to get enjoyment out of everything.'

'Well, if that is its aim, I'd rather be a savage.'

'You are a savage as it is. All you Levins are savages.'

Levin sighed. He remembered his brother Nicholas and frowned, feeling ashamed and distressed; but Oblonsky started a subject which at once distracted his thoughts.

'Well, are you going to see our people to-night? The Shcherbatskys, I mean,' he said, pushing away the rough and now empty oyster shells and drawing the cheese toward him, while his eyes glittered significantly.

'Yes, certainly I shall go. Though the Princess appeared to ask me rather unwillingly.'

'Not a bit of it! What humbug! It's just her manner. . . . Come, bring us the soup, my good fellow! . . . It's her *grande dame* manner,' said Oblonsky. 'I shall come too, but I must first go to a musical rehearsal at the Countess Bonin's. What a strange fellow you are, though! How do you explain your sudden departure from Moscow? The Shcherbatskys asked me again and again, just as if I ought to know all about you. Yet all I know is that you never do things as any one else does!'

'Yes,' said Levin slowly and with agitation. 'You are right, I am a savage. Only my savagery lies not in having gone away then, but rather in having come back now. I have now come . . .'

'Oh, what a lucky fellow you are!' interrupted Oblonsky, looking straight into his eyes.

'Why?'

'"Fiery steeds by" *something* "brands
I can always recognize;
Youths in love at once I know,
By the look that lights their eyes!"'

declaimed Oblonsky. 'You have everything before you!'

'And you—have you everything behind you?'

'No, not behind me, but you have the future and I have the present; and even that only half-and-half!'

'Why?'

'Oh, things are rather bad. . . . However, I don't want to talk about myself, and besides it's impossible to explain everything,' said Oblonsky. 'Well, and why have you come to Moscow? . . . Here, take this away!' he shouted to the Tartar.

'Don't you guess?' answered Levin, the light shining deep in his eyes as he gazed steadily at Oblonsky.

'I do, but *I* can't begin to speak about it,—by which you can judge whether my guess is right or wrong,' said Oblonsky, looking at him with a subtle smile.

'Well, and what do you say to it?' asked Levin with

a trembling voice, feeling that all the muscles of his face were quivering. 'What do you think of it?'

Oblonsky slowly drank his glass of Chablis, his eyes fixed on Levin.

'There is nothing I should like better,' said he, 'nothing! It is the best that could happen.'

'But are you not making a mistake? Do you know what we are talking about?' said Levin, peering into his interlocutor's face. 'You think it possible?'

'I think so. Why shouldn't it be?'

'No, do you really think it is possible? No, you must tell me all you really think! And suppose . . . suppose a refusal is in store for me? . . . I am even certain . . .'

'Why do you think so?' said Oblonsky, smiling at Levin's excitement.

'Well, sometimes it seems so to me. You know, that would be terrible both for her and for me.'

'Oh no! In any case there's nothing in it terrible for the girl. Every girl is proud of an offer.'

'Yes, *every* girl, but not she.'

Oblonsky smiled. He understood that feeling of Levin's so well, knew that for Levin all the girls in the world were divided into two classes: one class included all the girls in the world except her, and they had all the usual human failings and were very ordinary girls; while the other class — herself alone—had no weaknesses and was superior to all humanity.

'Wait a bit: you must take some sauce,' said Oblonsky, stopping Levin's hand that was pushing away the sauce-boat.

Levin obediently helped himself to sauce, but would not let Oblonsky eat.

'No, wait, wait!' he said. 'Understand that for me it is a question of life and death. I have never spoken to any one about it, and can speak to no one else about it. Now you and I are quite different in everything—in tastes and views and everything—but I know you like me and understand me, and so I am awfully fond of you. But for God's sake be quite frank with me!'

'I am telling you what I think,' said Oblonsky smiling. 'And I'll tell you something more. My wife is a most wonderful woman. . . .' He sighed, remembering his

relations with his wife; then after a minute's pause he continued: 'She has the gift of clairvoyance. She sees people through and through! But more than that, she knows what is going to happen especially in regard to marriages. For instance, she predicted that the Shahovskaya girl would marry Brenteln. No one would believe it, but as it turned out she was right. And she is—on your side.'

'How do you know?'

'In this way—she not only likes you, but says that Kitty is sure to be your wife.'

At these words a sudden smile brightened Levin's face, the kind of smile that is not far from tears of tenderness.

'She says that?' he cried. 'I have always thought her a jewel, your wife! But enough—enough about it!' and he got up.

'All right, but sit down!'

But Levin could not sit still. He strode up and down the little cage of a room blinking to force back his tears, and only when he had succeeded did he sit down again.

'Try and realize,' he said, 'that this is not love. I have been in love but this is not the same thing. It is not my feeling but some external power that has seized me. I went away, you know, because I had come to the conclusion that it was impossible—you understand? Because such happiness does not exist on earth. But I have struggled with myself, and found that without that there's no life for me. And it must be decided . . .'

'Then why did you go away?'

'Wait a moment! Oh, what a crowd of ideas! How many things I have to ask! Listen. You can't imagine what you have done for me by saying what you did! I am so happy that I'm acting meanly. I've forgotten everything. I heard to-day about my brother Nicholas . . . he's here, you know . . . and I forgot all about him. It seems to me as if he too were happy. It is like madness! But there is one awful thing about it. You, who are married, know the feeling . . . it is awful that we—who are comparatively old and have pasts . . . not of love but of sin . . . suddenly we come into close intimacy with a pure innocent being! That is disgusting, and therefore one can't help feeling oneself unworthy.'

'Well, there haven't been many sins in your past!'

'Ah, but all the same,' said Levin, 'looking back at my life, I tremble and curse and bitterly regret. . . . Yes!'

'What's to be done? That's the way the world is made,' said Oblonsky.

'My one consolation is that prayer that I like so much: "Not according to my deserts but according to Thy mercy!" And she too can only forgive me that way.'

CHAPTER XI

Levin emptied his glass and they were silent for a while.

'There is one thing more that I must tell you,' began Oblonsky. 'You know Vronsky?'

'No, I don't. Why do you ask?'

'Another bottle!' said Oblonsky, turning to the Tartar, who was filling their glasses and hovering round them just when he was not wanted.

'The reason you ought to know Vronsky is this: he is one of your rivals.'

'What is he?' asked Levin, the expression of child-like rapture which Oblonsky had been admiring suddenly changing into an angry and unpleasant one.

'Vronsky is one of Count Cyril Ivanovich Vronsky's sons, and a very fine sample of the gilded youth of Petersburg. I met him in Tver when I was in the Service there and he came on conscription duty. Awfully rich, handsome, with influential connections, an aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and at the same time very good-natured—a first-rate fellow. And he's even more than a first-rate fellow. As I have got to know him now, he turns out to be both educated and very clever—a man who will go far.'

Levin frowned and was silent.

'Well, so he came here soon after you left, and as far as I can make out is head over ears in love with Kitty; and you understand that her mother . . .'

'Pardon me, but I understand nothing,' said Levin, dismally knitting his brows. And at once he thought of his brother Nicholas and how mean he was to forget him.

'You just wait a bit, wait!' said Oblonsky, smiling

and touching Levin's arm. 'I have told you what I know, and I repeat that, as far as anyone can judge in so delicate and subtle a matter, I believe the chances are all on your side.'

Levin leant back in his chair. His face was pale.

'But I should advise you to settle the question as soon as possible,' Oblonsky continued, filling Levin's glass.

'No, thanks! I can't drink any more,' said Levin pushing his glass aside, 'or I shall be tipsy. . . . Well, and how are you getting on?' he continued, evidently wishing to change the subject.

'One word more! In any case, I advise you to decide the question quickly, but I shouldn't speak to-day,' said Oblonsky. 'Go to-morrow morning and propose in the classic manner, and may heaven bless you!'

'You have so often promised to come and shoot with me—why not come this spring?' said Levin.

He now repented with his whole heart of having begun this conversation with Oblonsky. His personal feelings had been desecrated by the mention of some Petersburg officer as his rival, and by Oblonsky's conjectures and advice.

Oblonsky smiled. He understood what was going on in Levin's soul.

'I'll come some day,' he said. 'Ah, old chap, women are the pivot on which everything turns! Things are in a bad way with me too, very bad, and all on account of women. Tell me quite frankly . . .'

He took out a cigar, and with one hand on his glass he continued:

'Give me some advice.'

'Why? What is the matter?'

'Well, it's this. Supposing you were married and loved your wife, but had been fascinated by another woman . . .'

'Excuse me, but really I . . . it's quite incomprehensible to me. It's as if . . . just as incomprehensible as if I, after eating my fill here, went into a baker's shop and stole a roll.'

Oblonsky's eyes glittered more than usual.

'Why not? Rolls sometimes smell so that one can't resist them!'

'Himmlisch ist's, wenn ich bezwungen
Meine irdische Begier;
Aber doch wenn's nicht gelungen
Hatt' ich auch recht hübsch Plaisir!'[1]

Oblonsky repeated these lines with a subtle smile and Levin himself could not help smiling.

'No, but joking apart,' continued Oblonsky, 'just consider. A woman, a dear, gentle, affectionate creature, poor and lonely, sacrifices everything. Now when the thing is done . . . just consider, should one forsake her? Granted that one ought to part with her so as not to destroy one's family life, but oughtn't one to pity her and provide for her and make things easier?'

'As to that, you must pardon me. You know that for me there are two kinds of women . . . or rather, no! There are women, and there are . . . I have never seen any charming fallen creatures, and never shall see any; and people like that painted Frenchwoman with her curls out there by the counter, are an abomination to me, and all these fallen ones are like her.'

'And the one in the Gospels?'

'Oh, don't! Christ would never have spoken those words, had he known how they would be misused! They are the only words in the Gospels that seem to be remembered. However, I am not saying what I think, but what I feel. I have a horror of fallen women. You are repelled by spiders and I by those creatures. Probably you never studied spiders and know nothing of their morals; and it's the same in my case!'

'It's all very well for you to talk like that—it's like that gentleman in Dickens, who with his left hand threw all difficult questions over his right shoulder. But denying a fact is no answer. What am I to do? Tell me, what am I to do? My wife is getting old, and I am full of vitality. A man hardly has time to turn round, before he feels that he can no longer love his wife in that way, whatever his regard for her may be. And then all of a sudden love crosses your path, and you're lost, lost!' said Oblonsky with despair.

Levin smiled.

[1] 'It is heavenly when I have mastered my earthly desires; but when I have not succeeded, I have also had right good pleasure!'

'Yes, I am lost,' continued Oblonsky. 'But what am I to do?'

'Don't steal rolls.'

Oblonsky burst out laughing.

'Oh, you moralist! But just consider, here are two women: one insists only on her rights, and her rights are your love, which you cannot give her; and the other sacrifices herself and demands nothing. What are you to do? How are you to act? It is a terrible tragedy.'

'If you want me to say what I think of it, I can only tell you that I don't believe in the tragedy. And the reason is this: I think love, both kinds of love, which you remember Plato defines in his "Symposium"—both kinds of love serve as a touchstone for men. Some men understand only the one, some only the other. Those who understand only the non-platonic love need not speak of tragedy. For such love there can be no tragedy. "Thank you kindly for the pleasure, good-bye," and that's the whole tragedy. And for the platonic love there can be no tragedy either, because there everything is clear and pure, because . . .' Here Levin recollecting his own sins and the inner struggle he had lived through added unexpectedly, 'However, maybe you are right. It may very well be. But I don't know, I really don't know.'

'Well, you see *you* are very consistent,' said Oblonsky. 'It is both a virtue and a fault in you. You have a consistent character yourself and you wish all the facts of life to be consistent, but they never are. For instance you despise public service because you want work always to correspond to its aims, and that never happens. You also want the activity of each separate man to have an aim, and love and family life always to coincide—and that doesn't happen either. All the variety, charm and beauty of life are made up of light and shade.'

Levin sighed and did not answer. He was thinking of his own affairs and not listening to Oblonsky.

And suddenly both felt that though they were friends, and had dined and drunk wine together which should have drawn them yet closer, yet each was thinking only of his own affairs and was not concerned with the other.

Oblonsky had more than once experienced this kind

of acute estrangement instead of union following a dinner with a friend, and knew what to do in such a case.

'The bill!' he shouted and went out into the dining-hall, where he immediately saw an aide-de-camp of his acquaintance, and entered into conversation with him about an actress and her protector. And immediately in conversation with the aide-de-camp Oblonsky felt relief and rest after the talk with Levin, who always demanded of him too great a mental and spiritual strain.

When the Tartar returned with a bill for twenty-six roubles odd, Levin quite unconcernedly paid his share, which with the tip came to fourteen roubles, a sum that usually would have horrified his rustic conscience, and went home to dress and go on to the Shcherbatskys' where his fate was to be decided.

CHAPTER XII

Princess Kitty Shcherbatskaya was eighteen, and this was her first season. Her success in Society was greater than that of her two elder sisters, and greater even than her mother had expected. Not only were nearly all the youths that danced at the Moscow balls in love with Kitty, but two serious suitors presented themselves for her that very first winter: Levin and, immediately after his departure, Count Vronsky.

Levin's arrival at the beginning of the winter, his frequent visits and evident love for Kitty gave rise to her parents' first serious deliberation as to her future, and to disputes between them. The Prince took Levin's part and said he desired nothing better for Kitty. The Princess with a woman's way of talking round the question said that Kitty was too young, that Levin had not shown that his intentions were serious, that Kitty was not in love with him, and so on; but she did not say the most important things, namely that she expected a better match for her daughter, that she did not like Levin and did not understand him. When he suddenly left, the Princess was pleased and triumphantly said to her husband, 'You see, I was right!' When Vronsky appeared she was still more pleased and was strengthened

in her opinion that Kitty ought to make not only a good but a brilliant match.

In the mother's eyes there was no comparison between Levin and Vronsky. She did not like Levin's strange and harsh criticisms, his awkward manner in Society which she attributed to pride, and what she considered his strange way of life in the country, occupied with cattle and peasants; in particular she did not like the fact that when he was in love with her daughter he came to the house for six weeks as if waiting and looking out for something, afraid of doing them too great an honour by making an offer of marriage, and that he did not understand that, if he visited at a house where there was a marriageable girl, he ought to declare his intentions. And then suddenly he left without proposing!

'It's a good thing he is so unattractive, and that Kitty has not fallen in love with him,' thought her mother.

Vronsky satisfied all the mother's desires: he was very rich, clever, distinguished, with a brilliant military career before him, a position at Court, and altogether was an enchanting man. Nothing better could be desired.

Vronsky was openly attentive to Kitty when they met at balls, danced with her, and came to the house, so there could be no doubt as to the seriousness of his intentions. But in spite of this the mother was in a dreadful state of anxiety and agitation all that winter.

When the Princess herself had married, more than thirty years before, the match had been arranged by an aunt. Her *fiancé* about whom everything was known beforehand came, saw his intended bride, and was seen by her people; then the matchmaking aunt learnt what was thought on each side, and passed on the information. All was satisfactory. Afterwards at an appointed time and place the expected proposal was made to, and accepted by, her parents. Everything was done very easily and simply. At least so it seemed to the Princess. But in her daughters' case she experienced how far from easy and simple the apparently easy business of marrying off a daughter really was. What anxiety she had to suffer, how many questions to consider over and over again, how much money to spend, how many encounters with her husband to go through, when her two elder daughters

Darya and Nataly were married! Now that her youngest daughter had come out she was living through the same fears and doubts, and having even worse disputes with her husband than on her elder daughters' account. Like all fathers, the old Prince was extremely punctilious where his daughters' purity and honour were concerned; he was unreasonably jealous especially about Kitty, his favourite, and at every step reproached the Princess with compromising her daughter. The Princess had grown used to this in respect to her elder daughters, but now she felt that her husband's punctiliousness had more justification. She could see that lately social customs had changed very much and a mother's duties had become still more difficult. She knew that girls of Kitty's age formed societies of some sort, went to courses of lectures, made friends freely with men, and drove alone through the streets; many no longer curtsied, and above all every one of them was firmly convinced that the choice of a husband was her own and not her parents' business. 'Nowadays they don't give us away in marriage as they used to!' said these young girls, and even the old people said the same. But how marriages are now arranged the Princess could not find out from anyone.

The French way, of parents deciding a daughter's fate, was not accepted, and was even condemned. The English way, of giving a girl perfect freedom, was also rejected, and would have been impossible in Russian Society. The Russian way, of employing a professional match-maker, was considered monstrous, and was laughed at by everybody, including the Princess herself. But how a girl was to get married, or how a mother was to get a daughter given in marriage, no one knew. Everyone with whom the Princess discussed the subject said the same thing: 'Well, you know, in our days it is time to give up obsolete customs. After all it's the young people who marry and not their parents, therefore they must be left to arrange matters as they think best.' It was all very well for people who had no daughters to talk like that, but the Princess knew that intimacy might be followed by love and that her daughter might fall in love with some one who had no intention of marrying or was not fit to be her husband. And whatever people might

say about the time having come when young people must arrange their future for themselves, she could not believe it any more than she could believe that loaded pistols could ever be the best toys for five-year-old children. That is why the Princess was more anxious about Kitty than she had been about her elder daughters.

And now she was afraid that Vronsky might content himself with merely flirting with her daughter. She saw that Kitty was in love with him, but consoled herself with the thought that Vronsky was an honest man and therefore would not act in such a way. At the same time she knew that the freedom now permitted made it easy for a man to turn a girl's head, and knew how lightly men regarded an offence of that kind. The week before, Kitty had repeated to her mother a conversation she had had with Vronsky while dancing the mazurka with him. This conversation had partly reassured the Princess; but she could not feel quite at ease. Vronsky had told Kitty that he and his brother were so used to comply with their mother's wishes that they never made up their minds to take an important step without consulting her. 'And I am now especially happy looking forward to my mother's arrival from Petersburg,' he had said.

Kitty had narrated this without attaching any special meaning to the words. But to her mother they appeared in a different light. She knew that the old lady was expected any day, and would approve of her son's choice; and though she thought it strange that he should delay proposing for fear of hurting his mother, she so desired the marriage, and especially relief from her own anxiety, that she believed it.

Hard as it was to see the misfortune of Dolly, her eldest daughter (who thought of leaving her husband), the Princess's anxiety as to her youngest daughter's fate, now about to be decided, entirely absorbed her. Levin's arrival that day gave her further cause for anxiety. She was afraid that her daughter who had once seemed to have a certain affection for Levin might be led by an exaggerated feeling of loyalty to reject Vronsky, and she feared that in general Levin's arrival might cause complications and delays in matters now so near conclusion.

'Has he been back long?' asked the Princess when they got home, referring to Levin.

'He arrived to-day, Mama.'

'There is one thing I want to say . . . ' the Princess began, and from her serious look Kitty guessed what was coming.

'Mama,' she said flushing and turning quickly toward her mother, 'please, please, say nothing about it! I know, I know quite well.'

Her wish was the same as her mother's, but the motive underlying her mother's wish offended her.

'I wish to say that having given hopes to one . . . '

'Mama, dearest, for Heaven's sake don't speak. It is so dreadful to speak about it!'

'I won't,—only this, my darling,' said the mother, seeing tears in her daughter's eyes, '. . . you promised not to have any secrets from me and you won't, will you?'

'Never, Mama, never at all,' answered Kitty blushing as she looked her mother straight in the face. 'But I have nothing to say at present . . . I . . . I . . . if I wished to, I should not know what to say or how . . . I don't know . . . '

'No, she could not possibly tell an untruth with such eyes,' thought the mother smiling at her agitation and joy. The Princess smiled to think how immense and important what was going on in her own soul must appear to the poor girl.

CHAPTER XIII

During the interval between dinner and the beginning of the evening party, Kitty experienced something resembling a young man's feelings before a battle. Her heart was beating violently and she could not fix her thoughts on anything.

She felt that this evening, when those two men were to meet for the first time, would decide her fate; and she kept picturing them to herself, now individually and now together. When she thought of the past, she dwelt with pleasure and tenderness on her former relations with Levin. Memories of childhood and of Levin's friendship with her dead brother lent a peculiar poetic charm to her relations with him. His love for her, of which she felt sure, flattered and rejoiced her, and she could think

of him with a light heart. With her thought of Vronsky was mingled some uneasiness, though he was an extremely well-bred and quiet-mannered man ; a sense of something false, not in him, for he was very simple and kindly, but in herself ; whereas in relation to Levin she felt herself quite simple and clear. On the other hand when she pictured to herself a future with Vronsky a brilliant vision of happiness rose up before her, while a future with Levin appeared wrapped in mist.

On going upstairs to dress for the evening and looking in the glass, she noticed with pleasure that this was one of her best days, and that she was in full possession of all her forces, which would be so much wanted for what lay before her. She was conscious of external calmness and of freedom and grace in her movements.

At half-past seven, as soon as she had come down into the drawing-room, the footman announced ' Constantine Dmitrich Levin ! ' The Princess was still in her bedroom, nor had the Prince yet come down.

' So it's to be ! ' thought Kitty and the blood rushed to her heart. Glancing at the mirror she was horrified at her pallor.

She felt sure that he had come so early on purpose to see her alone and to propose to her. And now for the first time the matter presented itself to her in a different and entirely new light. Only now did she realize that this matter (with whom she would be happy, who was the man she loved) did not concern herself alone, but that in a moment she would have to wound a man she cared for, and to wound him cruelly. . . . Why ? Because the dear fellow was in love with her. But it could not be helped, it was necessary and had to be done.

' Oh God, must I tell him so myself ? ' she thought. ' Must I really tell him that I don't care for him ? That would not be true. What then shall I say ? Shall I say that I love another ? No, that's impossible ! I'll go away. Yes, I will.'

She was already approaching the door when she heard his step. ' No, it would be dishonest ! What have I to fear ? ' I have done nothing wrong. I'll tell the truth, come what may ! Besides, it's impossible to feel awkward with him. Here he is ! ' she thought, as she saw his

powerful diffident figure before her and his shining eyes gazing at her. She looked straight into his face as if entreating him to spare her, and gave him her hand.

'I don't think I've come at the right time, I'm too early,' he said, gazing round the empty drawing-room. When he saw that his expectation was fulfilled and that nothing prevented his speaking to her, his face clouded over.

'Not at all,' said Kitty and sat down at the table.

'But all I wanted was to find you alone,' he began, still standing and avoiding her face so as not to lose courage.

'Mama will be down in a minute. She was so tired yesterday . . .' She spoke without knowing what she was saying, her eyes fixed on him with a caressing look full of entreaty.

He glanced at her; she blushed and was silent.

'I told you that I did not know how long I should stay . . . that it depends on you.'

Her head dropped lower and lower, knowing the answer she would give to what was coming.

'That it would depend on you,' he repeated. 'I want to say . . . I want to say . . . I came on purpose . . . that . . . to be my wife!' he uttered hardly knowing what he said; but feeling that the worst was out he stopped and looked at her.

She was breathing heavily and not looking at him. She was filled with rapture. Her soul was overflowing with happiness. She had not at all expected that his declaration of love would make so strong an impression on her. But that lasted only for an instant. She remembered Vronsky, lifted her clear, truthful eyes to Levin's face, and noticing his despair she replied quickly:

'It cannot be . . . forgive me.'

How near to him she had been a minute ago, how important in his life! And how estranged and distant she seemed now!

'Nothing else was possible,' he said, without looking at her, and bowing he turned to go. . .

CHAPTER XIV

But just at that moment the Princess came in. An expression of terror appeared in her face on seeing them alone together and noticing their troubled looks. Levin bowed to her and said nothing. Kitty sat with downcast eyes.

'Thank Heaven she has refused him,' thought the mother, and her face brightened into the usual smile with which she greeted her visitors on Thursday evenings. She sat down and began questioning Levin about his life in the country. He too sat down until the arrival of other guests should enable him to get away unnoticed.

Five minutes later Kitty's friend the Countess Nordston, who had married the year before, came in.

She was a thin, sallow, nervous, ailing woman with shining black eyes. She was fond of Kitty, and her affection showed itself as the affection of a married woman for an unmarried one generally does, in a desire to get Kitty married according to her—the Countess's—own ideal of conjugal bliss; and she wished to see her married to Vronsky. She always disliked Levin, whom at the beginning of the winter she had often met at the Shcherbatskys. Her constant and favourite amusement was to make fun of him.

'I love it when he looks down at me from the height of his dignity, or breaks off his clever conversation because I am too stupid, or when he shows his condescension toward me. I do love it. His condescension! I am very glad he hates me,' she used to say with reference to him.

She was right, because Levin really could not bear her and despised her for the very thing she was proud of and regarded as a merit, that is, her nervousness and refined contempt and disregard for all the rough and common things of life.

Between the Countess Nordston and Levin relations had grown up such as are not infrequently met with in Society, when two people outwardly remaining in friendly relations despise each other to such an extent that they cannot treat each other seriously, or even be offended with one another.

The Countess at once attacked Levin.

'Ah, Mr. Levin! So you have returned to our depraved Babylon!' she said, holding out her tiny yellow hand and repeating the words he had used early in the winter when he had called Moscow 'Babylon,'—'Has Babylon improved or have you deteriorated?' she added, and turned toward Kitty with a sarcastic smile.

'I am much flattered that you remember my words so well, Countess,' replied Levin who had had time to recover his self-possession, resuming immediately and by force of habit his banteringly hostile relation with her. 'They evidently produced a strong impression on you.'

'Why, of course, I always write them down. Well, Kitty, have you been skating again?'

She began to talk with Kitty. Awkward as it would have been for Levin to leave just then, he would have preferred doing so to remaining in the house for the rest of the evening in sight of Kitty, who now and then glanced at him but avoided catching his eye. He was about to rise, when the Princess noticing his silence turned toward him and said:

'Have you come to Moscow for long? But I believe you are on the Zemstvo and cannot stay away long?'

'No, Princess, I am no longer on the Zemstvo,' he answered, 'I have come to Moscow for a few days.'

'Something out of the common has happened to him,' thought the Countess Nordston, scrutinizing his stern and serious face; 'why does he not start on one of his discourses? But I'll draw him out, I do love to make a fool of him when Kitty's about, and I will.'

'Mr. Levin,' she began, 'explain to me, please, you who know everything, how it is that at our Kaluga estate the peasant men and women have drunk everything they had, and never pay anything they owe us. What is the explanation? You always praise the peasants so much.'

At that moment another lady entered the room and Levin rose.

'Excuse me, Countess, but really I know nothing about it, and can't tell you anything,' he said, and as he turned he saw an officer who had come into the room behind the lady.

'That must be Vronsky,' he thought, and looked at Kitty to make sure. She had already glanced at Vronsky

and then turned toward Levin. And by the look of her eyes which had involuntarily brightened Levin realized that she loved this man, realized it as surely as if she had told it him in so many words. But what kind of man was he ?

Now, rightly or wrongly, Levin could not but remain. He had to find out what sort of a man it was that she loved.

There are people who when they meet a rival, no matter in what, at once shut their eyes to everything good in him and see only the bad. There are others who on the contrary try to discern in a lucky rival the qualities which have enabled him to succeed, and with aching hearts seek only the good in him. Levin belonged to the latter sort. But it was not difficult for him to see what was good and attractive in Vronsky. It struck him immediately. Vronsky was a dark sturdily-built man of medium height, with a good-natured, handsome exceedingly quiet and firm face. Everything about his face and figure—from his black closely-cropped hair and freshly-shaven chin to his wide, brand-new uniform—was simple and at the same time elegant. Having stepped aside to let a lady pass, Vronsky approached first the Princess and then Kitty. When he moved toward her his fine eyes brightened with a special tenderness, and carefully and respectfully bending over her with a scarcely perceptible, happy, and (as it seemed to Levin) modestly-triumphant smile, he held out to her his small broad hand.

Having greeted and spoken a few words to every one else, he sat down without having once looked at Levin, who had not taken his eyes off him.

'Let me introduce you,' said the Princess indicating Levin. 'Constantine Dmitrich Levin, Count Alexis Kirilovich Vronsky.'

Vronsky rose and looking cordially into Levin's eyes pressed his hand.

'I was to have dined with you earlier this winter,' he said with his simple frank smile, 'but you unexpectedly went away to the country.'

'Mr. Levin despises and hates the town and us townspeople,' said Countess Nordston.

'My words must make a deep impression on you for

you to remember them so long,' said Levin; then recollecting that he had said this before he blushed.

Vronsky glanced at him and at the Countess, and smiled.

'And do you always live in the country?' he asked. 'Isn't it dull in the winter?'

'No, not when one is busy: nor need one be dull in one's own company,' replied Levin abruptly.

'I am fond of the country,' said Vronsky, noticing, but pretending not to notice, Levin's tone.

'But I hope, Count, you would not consent always to live in the country,' said the Countess Nordston.

'I don't know, I never tried it for long. I have experienced a curious feeling,' he went on. 'Nowhere have I felt so homesick for the country, our Russian country, with its peasants in bark-shoes, as when I spent a winter with my mother in Nice. Nice in itself is dull, you know. And Naples and Sorrento are pleasant only for a short stay, and it is there that one thinks of Russia, and longs especially for the Russian countryside. They seem to . . .'

He was addressing both Kitty and Levin, his quiet and friendly glance passing from the one to the other. He was evidently speaking quite sincerely and frankly.

Noticing that the Countess Nordston wished to say something, he stopped without finishing what he was saying, and listened attentively to her.

The conversation did not flag for a moment, so that the old Princess who always had in reserve, in case of need, two heavy guns (classical versus modern education, and general conscription), had no need to bring them forward, and the Countess Nordston had no opportunity to tease Levin.

Levin wished to join in the general conversation, but found it impossible, and kept saying to himself, 'Now I will go,' yet he did not go, but waited for something indefinite.

The conversation touched on table-turning and spiritualism, and the Countess Nordston, who believed in spiritualism, began relating miracles she had witnessed.

'Ah, Countess, you must really take me there. For goodness' sake take me to them! I have never seen anything supernatural though I always look out for it,' said Vronsky smiling.

'Very well, next Saturday,' replied the Countess Nordston. 'And you, Mr. Levin, do you believe in it?' she asked, turning to him.

'Why do you ask me? You know very well what I shall say.'

'But I want to hear your opinion.'

'My opinion is that this table-turning proves that our so-called educated class is on the same level as the peasants. They believe in the evil eye and spells and witchcraft, while we . . .'

'Well then, you don't believe?'

'I can't believe, Countess!'

'But if I have seen it myself?'

'The peasant women tell how they have seen the goblins with their own eyes.'

'Then you think I am not telling the truth?' and she laughed mirthlessly.

'Oh no, Masha, Mr. Levin only says he can't believe . . .' said Kitty, blushing for Levin, and Levin understanding this became still more irritated and wished to answer, but Vronsky, with his bright and frank smile, came at once to the rescue of the conversation, which was threatening to become unpleasant.

'You don't admit that it is even possible?' he asked. 'But why not? We admit the existence of electricity, which we don't understand, why can't there be other forces which we do not yet know, but which . . .'

'When electricity was first discovered,' Levin hurriedly interrupted, 'only the phenomena were observed, their cause and its effects were unknown. Centuries passed before any one thought of applying it. But the Spiritualists on the contrary began by the tables writing for them and the spirits coming to them, and they only afterwards began to say that it was an unknown force.'

Vronsky listened attentively to Levin as he always listened, evidently interested in what he was saying.

'Yes, but the Spiritualists say, "We do not yet know what force it is, but it exists and these are the conditions under which it acts. Let the scientists discover what the force is." No, I do not see why it should not be a new force, if it . . .'

'For this reason,' Levin again interrupted him, 'that with electricity, you need only rub a piece of resin against

wool, and you will always produce a certain phenomenon, but this other does not always act, so it is not a natural force.'

Probably feeling that the conversation was becoming too serious for a drawing-room, Vronsky did not reply, but in order to change the subject he smiled gaily and turned toward the ladies.

'Let us try now, Countess,' he began, but Levin wanted to finish saying what he thought.

'I think,' he continued, 'that this attempt of the Spiritualists to explain their wonders by some kind of new force is most unsuccessful. They speak definitely of a spiritual force, and yet want to subject it to a material test.'

Everybody waited for him to finish and he was conscious of it.

'I think you would make a splendid medium,' said the Countess Nordston; 'there is something ecstatic about you.'

Levin opened his mouth to reply, but blushed and said nothing.

'Let us try table-turning now, Princess Kitty, please do,' said Vronsky. 'May we, Princess?' he said to her mother and he rose and looked round for a suitable table.

Kitty rose to fetch a table, and as she passed Levin their eyes met. She pitied him with her whole soul, especially because she herself had caused him to suffer.

'If you can forgive me, please do,' pleaded her look. 'I am so happy.'

'I hate everybody, including you and myself,' answered his eyes; and he took up his hat. But he was not fated to go yet. Just as the others began settling round the table and Levin was about to go, the old Prince came in, and having greeted the ladies he turned to Levin.

'Ah!' said he heartily. 'Been here long? I did not even know that you had arrived; very glad to see you.'

He embraced Levin, and speaking to him did not catch sight of Vronsky who rose and stood quietly waiting until the Prince should notice him.

Kitty was conscious that, after what had taken place, her father's cordiality oppressed Levin. She also noticed how coldly her father at last responded to Vronsky's bow,

and with what good-natured perplexity Vronsky looked at him, trying, but failing, to understand how it was possible not to be friendly disposed toward him, and she blushed.

'Prince, release Mr. Levin for us as we want to try an experiment,' said the Countess Nordston.

'What experiment? Table-turning? Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but in my opinion playing at hunt the ring is more amusing,' said the old Prince, looking at Vronsky and guessing that he had started the thing. 'After all there is some sense in "Hunting the ring."'

Vronsky's unflinching eye glanced in astonishment at the old Prince, and slightly smiling he at once began talking to the Countess Nordston about the ball that was to take place the next week.

'I hope you will be there,' he said to Kitty.

As soon as the old Prince had turned away from him Levin went out unobserved, and his last impression was Kitty's happy smiling face as she answered Vronsky's question about the ball.

CHAPTER XV

After the guests had gone Kitty told her mother of her conversation with Levin, and in spite of all her pity for him she was pleased by the thought that she had had a proposal. She did not doubt that she had acted rightly, yet for a long time she lay in bed unable to sleep. One image pursued her relentlessly. It was Levin's face with his kind eyes looking mournfully from under his knit brows as he stood listening to her father and glancing at her and at Vronsky, and she felt so sorry for him that tears rose to her eyes. But she immediately remembered for whom she had exchanged him. She vividly pictured to herself that strong manly face, that well-bred calm and the kindness toward everybody he always showed: she remembered the love the man she loved bore her, and again became joyful and with a happy smile put her head on her pillow. 'It is a pity, a pity, but I am not to blame,' she said to herself, but an inner voice said something different. Whether she repented of having drawn Levin on or of having rejected

him she did not know, but her happiness was troubled by doubts.

'Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy,' she repeated to herself till she fell asleep.

Meanwhile below in the Prince's little study her parents were having one of their frequent scenes about their favourite daughter.

'What? I'll tell you what!' shouted the Prince, flourishing his arms and immediately again wrapping his squirrel-lined dressing-gown around him. 'You have no pride, no dignity, you disgrace and ruin your daughter by this vile idiotic match-making.'

'For goodness' sake, Prince, what in heaven's own name have I done?' said the Princess almost in tears.

After her talk with her daughter she had come in, happy and contented, to say good-night to the Prince as usual, and though she did not intend to speak to him about Levin's proposal and Kitty's refusal she hinted to him that she thought the matter with Vronsky was quite settled and would probably be definitely decided as soon as his mother arrived. And when she said that, the Prince suddenly flared up and began to shout rudely: 'What have you done? Why this: first of all you *entice* a suitor. All Moscow will talk about it and with reason. If you give a party invite everybody and not only selected suitors. Invite all the young puppies,' so the Prince called the Moscow young men, 'have a pianist and let them dance; but don't have the sort of thing we had to-night—these suitors and this pairing off. It makes me sick to see it, simply sick, and you have had your way and have turned the child's head. Levin is a thousand times the better man. This one is a little Petersburg fop. They are machine-made by the dozen, all to one pattern, and all mere rubbish. But even if he were a Prince of the blood my daughter does not need him.'

'But what have I done?'

'Just this . . .' exclaimed the Prince angrily.

'I know this much,' the Princess interrupted him, 'that if I were to listen to what you say we should never see our daughter married, and we had better go and live in the country.'

'So we had!'

'Wait a bit! Do I draw them on? No, certainly not, but a young man and an excellent young man falls in love with Kitty, and she too seems . . .'

'Seems indeed! And suppose she really falls in love with him while he intends to marry about as much as I do. . . . Oh, I wish my eyes had never seen it. . . . "Ah spiritualism! Ah how nice! Ah the ball!"' And the Prince imagining himself to be impersonating his wife curtsied at each word. 'And then if we really ruin Kitty's happiness, if she really gets it into her head . . .'

'But why do you suppose such a thing?'

'I don't suppose, I know! We have eyes for those things, and women haven't. I can recognize a man who has serious intentions—such as Levin—and I can see through a weathercock like that popinjay who only wishes to amuse himself.'

'Oh well, when you once get a thing into your head . . .'

'And you'll find it out, but too late, just as with poor Dolly.'

'All right. All right, don't let's talk,' said the Princess, interrupting him and remembering the unfortunate Dolly.

'Very well then, good-night.'

And having made the sign of the cross over one another and kissed, feeling that each of them retained their individual opinions, the couple separated for the night.

The Princess had been at first firmly convinced that this evening had decided Kitty's fate and that there could be no doubt as to Vronsky's intentions; but her husband's words disturbed her, and when she reached her room, in terror of the uncertainty of the future, she mentally repeated, just as Kitty had done: 'Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy!'

CHAPTER XVI

Vronsky had never known family life. His mother in her youth had been a brilliant Society woman, and during her married life and especially in her widowhood had had many love affairs, known to everybody. He hardly remembered his father, and had been educated in the Cadet Corps.

On leaving that Corps as a very young and brilliant

officer he at once joined the swim of the wealthy military Petersburg set. Though he occasionally went into the highest Petersburg Society, all his love interests lay outside it.

In Moscow, after this luxurious course of Petersburg life, he experienced for the first time the delight of intimacy with a sweet, innocent Society girl who fell in love with him. It never entered his head that there could be any wrong in his relations with Kitty. At balls he danced chiefly with her and he visited her at her home. He talked with her the usual Society talk: all sorts of rubbish, but rubbish into which involuntarily he put a special meaning for her. Though he never said anything to her which could not have been said before everybody he was conscious that she was becoming more and more dependent upon him, and the more he felt this the pleasanter it was, and the more tender became his feelings toward her. He did not know that his behaviour toward Kitty had a name of its own, that it was decoying a girl with no intentions of marrying her, and is one of the evil actions common among brilliant young men like himself. He thought he was the first to discover this pleasure and he enjoyed his discovery.

If he could have heard what her parents said that night, if he could have known her family's point of view and learnt that Kitty would be unhappy if he did not marry her, he would have been much surprised and would not have believed it. He would not have believed that what gave so much and such excellent pleasure to him, and —what was more—to her, could be wrong. Even less could he have believed that he ought to marry.

Marriage had never presented itself to him as a possibility. Not only did he dislike family life, but in accordance with the views generally held in the bachelor world in which he lived he regarded the family, and especially a husband, as something alien, hostile, and above all ridiculous. But although Vronsky had no suspicion of what Kitty's parents were saying, he felt, as he left the Shcherbatskys' house that night, that the secret spiritual bond which existed between him and Kitty had so strengthened during the evening that some action ought to be taken. But what this should or could be he could not imagine.

'That's what is so delightful,' he thought as he left the Shcherbatskys' house, carrying away from there, as usual, a pleasant feeling of purity and freshness (partly due to the fact that he had not smoked at all that evening) and deeply touched by a new sense of tender joy in the consciousness of her love for him. 'That is what is so delightful, that nothing was said either by me or by her, yet we so well understand one another in that subtle language of looks and tones that to-day more plainly than ever she has told me that she loves me. And how sweetly, simply, and above all trustfully! I feel myself better and purer, I feel I have a heart and that there is much that is good in me. Those dear loving eyes! when she said, "and very much."

'Well, and what of it? Nothing, of course. It's pleasant for me and for her,' and he considered where he should finish his evening.

He passed in review the places he might go to. 'The Club: a game of bezique, a bottle of champagne with Ignatev? No, I won't go there. Chateau des Fleurs? There I should find Oblonsky, French couplets, the can-can. No, I am sick of it. That's just what I like about the Shcherbatskys', that I myself become better there. I'll go home.' He went straight to his rooms at the Hotel Dusseaux, had supper, and after undressing had hardly laid his head on his pillow before he was fast asleep.

CHAPTER XVII

At eleven o'clock next morning Vronsky drove to the Petersburg railway station in Moscow to meet his mother, and the first person he saw on the steps of the large portico was Oblonsky, who was expecting his sister by the same train.

'Hallo, your Excellency!' exclaimed Oblonsky. 'Whom are you after?'

'My mother,' replied Vronsky, shaking hands and smiling (as everybody did when meeting Oblonsky) as they went up the steps together. 'She is coming from Petersburg to-day.'

'I waited for you till two last night; where did you go from the Shcherbatskys'?

'Home,' replied Vronsky. 'To tell you the truth I felt in such a pleasant mood when I left the Shcherbatskys' that I did not care to go anywhere else.'

> '"Fiery steeds by" *something* "brands
> I can always recognize;
> Youths in love . . ."'

declaimed Oblonsky, just as he had done to Levin.

Vronsky smiled with a look that seemed not to deny the implication but he immediately changed the subject.

'And whom have you come to meet?' he asked.

'I? A lovely woman,' answered Oblonsky.

'Dear me!'

'*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* My sister Anna!'

'Oh! Mrs. Karenina!' said Vronsky.

'I expect you know her?'

'I think I do. But perhaps not. . . . I really can't remember,' answered Vronsky absent-mindedly, the name Karenina suggesting to him some one stiff and dull.

'But you are sure to know Alexis Alexandrovich Karenin, my famous brother-in-law. All the world knows him.'

'Yes, I know him by repute and by sight. I know he is clever, learned, and by way of being religious, but you know it is not my . . . *not in my line*,' he added in English.

'Oh yes, he is a very remarkable man, a bit conservative, but a splendid fellow,' said Oblonsky, 'a splendid fellow.'

'Well, so much the better for him,' and Vronsky smiled. 'Ah, you are here!' he went on, turning toward his mother's old footman who was standing by the door. 'Come in here.'

Besides liking Oblonsky, as everybody did, Vronsky latterly had felt still more drawn to him because he was connected in his mind with Kitty.

'Well, are we to give a supper to the diva next Sunday?' he asked smilingly, taking Oblonsky's arm.

'Certainly, I will collect subscriptions. I say, did you make the acquaintance of my friend Levin last night?' asked Oblonsky.

'Of course. Only he left very early.'

'He is a splendid fellow,' continued Oblonsky. 'Don't you think so?'

'I don't know how it is that all Muscovites, present company of course excepted,' Vronsky put in jokingly, 'are so abrupt. They are always standing on their hind legs getting angry, and seem to want to act on your feelings . . .'

'Yes, there is some truth in that,' said Oblonsky, laughing merrily.

'Shall we have to wait much longer?' asked Vronsky, turning to a porter.

'The train is signalled,' said the porter.

The approach of the train was made more and more evident by the increasing bustle and preparation on the platform and the arrival of people who had come to meet the train. Through the frosty mist one could see workmen in sheepskin coats and felt boots crossing the curved railway lines, and hear the whistle of a locomotive and the noisy movements of a heavy mass.

'No,' said Oblonsky who was anxious to tell Vronsky about Levin's intentions concerning Kitty, 'no, you have not judged my Levin rightly. He is a very nervous man, and does make himself unpleasant sometimes, that's true enough; but on the other hand he is sometimes very charming. His is such an honest, straightforward nature, and he has a heart of gold. But yesterday there were special reasons,' continued Oblonsky with a significant smile, quite forgetting the sincere sympathy he had felt for his friend the day before, and now only feeling the same sympathy for Vronsky. 'Yes, there was a reason why he had to be either specially happy or specially unhappy.'

Vronsky stopped and asked him straight out: 'What do you mean? Did he propose to your *belle sœur* last night?'

'Perhaps,' said Oblonsky. 'I seemed to notice something of the kind yesterday. Oh yes, if he left early and was in a bad temper it must be that. . . . He has been in love with her so long, and I am very sorry for him.'

'Dear me! . . . But I should think she may make a better match,' said Vronsky, and expanding his chest he again moved forward. 'However, I don't know him,' he added. 'Yes, it is a painful position! That is why

so many prefer women of the *demi-monde*. If you don't succeed in that case it only shows that you have not enough money, but in this case one's pride is in the balance. But here's the train.'

In fact the engine was already whistling in the distance, and a few moments later the platform shook as the train puffed in; the steam spread low in the frozen air, the connecting rods slowly and rhythmically pushed and pulled, the bent figure of the engine-driver, warmly wrapped up, was seen covered with hoar-frost. The engine with the tender behind it moved slowly into the station, gradually slowing down and making the platform tremble still more. Then came the luggage van in which a dog was whining, and at last the passenger coaches, oscillating before they stopped.

The sprightly guard blew his whistle and jumped off while the train was still moving, and impatient passengers began to descend one after another: an officer of the guards, erect and looking sternly round, a fidgety little tradesman with a bag, a peasant with a sack over his shoulder. . . .

Vronsky, as he stood by Oblonsky and watched these passengers coming out of the carriages, quite forgot about his mother. What he had just heard about Kitty excited and delighted him. His chest involuntarily expanded and his eyes shone, he felt himself to be a conqueror.

'The Countess Vronskaya is in that compartment,' said the sprightly guard, addressing Vronsky.

His words roused Vronsky from his reverie and reminded him of his mother and of the coming meeting.

In the depths of his heart he did not respect his mother and (though this he never acknowledged to himself) did not love her, but in accordance with the views of the set he lived in, and as a result of his education, he could not imagine himself treating her in any way but one altogether submissive and respectful; the more submissive and respectful he was externally, the less he honoured and loved her in his heart.

CHAPTER XVIII

Vronsky followed the guard to the carriage and had to stop at the entrance of the compartment to let a lady pass out.

The trained insight of a Society man enabled Vronsky with a single glance to decide that she belonged to the best Society. He apologized for being in her way and was about to enter the carriage, but felt compelled to have another look at her, not because she was very beautiful nor because of the elegance and modest grace of her whole figure, but because he saw in her sweet face as she passed him something specially tender and kind. When he looked round she too turned her head. Her bright grey eyes which seemed dark because of their black lashes rested for a moment on his face as if recognizing him, and then turned to the passing crowd evidently in search of some one. In that short look Vronsky had time to notice the subdued animation that enlivened her face and seemed to flutter between her bright eyes and a scarcely perceptible smile which curved her rosy lips. It was as if an excess of vitality so filled her whole being that it betrayed itself against her will, now in her smile, now in the light of her eyes. She deliberately tried to extinguish that light in her eyes, but it shone despite of her in her faint smile.

Vronsky entered the carriage. His mother, a thin old woman with black eyes and curled hair, screwed up her eyes as she recognized her son and her thin lips smiled slightly. She rose from the seat, and giving her hand-bag to her maid held out her small dry hand to her son, then lifting his head which had been bent to kiss her hand kissed him on his face.

'You had my telegram? You're well? That's a good thing.'

'Have you had a good journey?' asked her son, sitting down on the seat beside her and involuntarily listening to a woman's voice outside the door. He knew it was the voice of the lady he had met as he entered the carriage.

'All the same I don't agree with you,' the lady was saying.

'Yours are Petersburg views, madam.'

'Not at all, simply a woman's views.'

'Well, allow me to kiss your hand.'

'*Au revoir*, Ivan Petrovich, and please if you see my brother send him to me,' said the lady, closing the door and again entering the compartment.

'Well, have you found your brother?' asked Vronsky's mother, addressing the lady.

Vronsky understood now that this was Mrs. Karenina.

'Your brother is here,' he said rising. 'Excuse my not recognizing you before. Our acquaintance was so slight,' he said with a bow, 'that I am sure you do not remember me.'

'Oh yes, I should have recognized you, especially as I believe your mother and I have talked of nothing but you all the way,' said she, at last allowing the animation she had been trying to suppress to reveal itself in a smile. 'But my brother is not here yet.'

'Go and call him, Alexis,' said the old Countess.

Vronsky went out on to the platform and shouted, 'Oblonsky! Here!'

Mrs. Karenina did not wait for her brother to come in, but, on seeing him, descended from the carriage with a firm light step. As soon as her brother came up to her she threw her left arm round his neck with a movement that struck Vronsky by its firmness and grace, and drawing him to herself gave him a vigorous kiss. Vronsky did not take his eyes off her, and kept smiling, he knew not why. But remembering that his mother was waiting for him he went back into the carriage.

'She is very charming, isn't she?' said the Countess, referring to Mrs. Karenina. 'Her husband put her into the compartment with me and I was very pleased. We talked all the way. And you I hear . . . *vous filez le parfait amour. Tant mieux, mon cher, tant mieux.*'

'I don't know what you mean, *maman*,' the son replied coldly. 'Well, shall we go?'

Mrs. Karenina again entered the carriage to take leave of the Countess.

'There, Countess, you have met your son and I my brother,' she said, 'and I have exhausted my stock of stories and should have had nothing more to tell you.'

'No, no,' said the Countess holding her hand, 'I could travel round the world with you and not be dull. You

are one of those charming women with whom it is nice to talk, and nice to be silent. But please don't fret about your son, you can't expect never to be parted.'

Mrs. Karenina stood very erect and her eyes were smiling.

'Anna Arkadyevna Karenina has a son who, I think, is eight years old,' explained the Countess, 'and she has never before been separated from him and so she is worried at having left him.'

'Yes, the Countess and I have talked all the time—I about my son and she about hers,' said Mrs. Karenina, and a smile brightened her face, a kind smile on his account.

'I expect you got very weary of it,' he said, quickly seizing in its flight the ball of coquetry she had thrown at him. But she evidently did not wish to continue the conversation in that tone, and turned to the old Countess.

'Thank you very much. I hardly noticed how the time passed. *Au revoir*, Countess,'

'Good-bye, dear!' answered the Countess. 'Let me kiss your pretty face. I'm an old woman and say what I mean, and tell you frankly that I've lost my heart to you.'

Conventional as the phrase was, Mrs. Karenina evidently believed it and was pleased. She blushed, stooped a little, and held out her face for the Countess to kiss, then she stood up again, and with the same smile hovering between her lips and eyes held out her hand to Vronsky. He pressed the little hand, and the firm grip with which she shook his gave him unusual pleasure. She went out with that brisk tread which carried her rather full figure with such wonderful ease.

'Very charming,' said the old lady.

Her son thought so too. He followed her with his eyes as long as he could see her graceful form, and his face retained its smile. Through the carriage window he saw her approach her brother and speak to him with animation about something that evidently had no connection with him, Vronsky, and that seemed to him provoking.

'Well, *maman*, are you quite well?' he said, turning toward his mother.

'Quite, everything is all right. Alexander was very nice, and Varya looks very handsome. She is most interesting.'

And she began to tell about what interested her most,

her grandson's christening, for which she had gone to Petersburg, and the special favour the Emperor had shown to her eldest son.

'Here is Lavrenty at last,' said Vronsky looking out of the window. 'We can go now if you like.'

The old major-domo, who had accompanied the Countess on her journey, came in and announced that everything was ready, and the Countess rose to go.

'Come, there is not much of a crowd now,' said Vronsky.

The maid took one bag and the little dog, the major-domo and the porter took the other bags. Vronsky gave his arm to his mother, but, just as they were coming out of the carriage, several people ran past them with frightened faces. The station-master with his peculiar coloured cap also ran past them.

Evidently something unusual had happened. The people were running back from the train.

'What? . . . What? . . . Where? . . . Thrown himself under . . . Run over . . .' shouted the passers-by.

Oblonsky, with his sister on his arm, also turned back, and, avoiding the crowd, stood with frightened faces beside the carriage. The ladies re-entered the carriage, while Vronsky and Oblonsky followed the crowd, to find out about the accident.

A watchman, either tipsy or too much muffled up because of the severe frost, had not heard a train that was being shunted, and had been run over.

Before Vronsky and Oblonsky returned the ladies had heard this from the major-domo.

Oblonsky and Vronsky had both seen the mangled corpse. Oblonsky was evidently suffering. His face was puckered and he seemed ready to cry.

'Ah, how terrible! Oh, Anna, if you had seen it! Ah, how terrible!' he kept saying.

Vronsky remained silent. His handsome face was serious but perfectly calm.

'Oh, if you had seen it, Countess,' said Oblonsky. 'And his wife was there. . . . It was dreadful to see her. She threw herself on the body. They say he was the sole support of a very large family. It is terrible!'

'Can nothing be done for her?' said Mrs. Karenina in an agitated whisper.

Vronsky glanced at her and at once went out. 'I will

be back directly, *maman*,' he added, turning at the doorway.

When he returned a few minutes later Oblonsky was already talking to the Countess about the new opera singer, while she was impatiently glancing at the door in expectation of her son.

'Now let's go,' said Vronsky as he came in.

They went together, Vronsky walking in front with his mother, Mrs. Karenina following with her brother. At the exit the station-master overtook them, and said to Vronsky:

'You gave my assistant 200 roubles. Please be so kind as to say whom you intended it for.'

'For the widow,' said Vronsky, shrugging his shoulders. 'I don't understand what need there is to ask.'

'You have given it!' exclaimed Oblonsky behind Vronsky, and pressing his sister's arm he added, 'Very kind, very kind! Isn't he a fine fellow? My respects to you, Countess,' and he remained behind with his sister, seeking her maid.

When they came out, the Vronskys' carriage had already started. The people coming from the station were still talking about the accident.

'What a terrible death!' said some gentleman as he passed them; 'cut in half, I hear.'

'On the contrary, I think it is a very easy death, instantaneous,' said another.

'How is it that precautions are not taken?' said a third.

Mrs. Karenina got into her brother's carriage, and Oblonsky noticed with surprise that her lips were trembling and that it was with difficulty she kept back her tears.

'What is the matter with you, Anna?' he asked when they had gone a few hundred yards.

'It is a bad omen,' she replied.

'What nonsense!' said Oblonsky. 'You're here, and that is the chief thing. You can't think how my hopes rest on you.'

'And have you known Vronsky long?' she asked.

'Yes. Do you know we hope he will marry Kitty?'

'Yes?' said Anna softly. 'But let us talk about your affairs,' she added, shaking her head as if she wished

physically to drive away something superfluous that hampered her. 'Let us talk of your affairs. I've received your letter and have come.'

'Yes, all my hopes are fixed on you,' said her brother.

'Well, tell me all about it.'

And Oblonsky began his story.

On reaching his house, he helped his sister out of the carriage, pressed her hand, and drove off to his office.

CHAPTER XIX

When Anna arrived Dolly was sitting in her little drawing-room giving a fair-haired, plump little boy (who already resembled his father) a French reading-lesson. The boy, as he read, kept twisting and trying to pull off a loose button that hung from his jacket. His mother moved his plump little hand away several times, but it always returned to the button. At last she pulled the button off and put it into her pocket.

'Keep your hands quiet, Grisha,' she said, and again took up the rug she was knitting, a piece of work begun long ago, to which she always returned in times of trouble, and which she was now knitting, nervously throwing the stitches over with her fingers and counting them. Though she had sent word to her husband the day before that she did not care whether his sister came or not, she had prepared everything for her visit and awaited her with agitation.

Dolly was overpowered by her sorrow and was quite absorbed by it. Nevertheless, she remembered that her sister-in-law, Anna, was the wife of one of the most important men in Petersburg, and a *grande dame*. Thanks to that circumstance she did not carry out her threat to her husband, and did not forget that her sister-in-law was coming.

'After all, it is not in the least Anna's fault,' thought she. 'I know nothing but good about her, and she has never shown me anything but kindness and friendship.'

It was true that, as far as she could remember her visit to the Karenins in Petersburg, she had not liked their house: there seemed to be something false in the tone of their family life. 'But why should I not receive her?

If only she does not try to console me!' thought Dolly. 'All these consolations and exhortations and Christian forgivenesses, I have considered them a thousand times, and they are all no good.'

All these last days Dolly had been alone with her children. She did not wish to talk about her sorrow, yet with that on her mind she could not talk about indifferent matters. She knew that, one way or other, she would tell Anna everything, and now it pleased her to think how she would say it, and then she felt vexed to have to speak of her humiliation to her—his sister—and to hear from her set phrases of exhortation and consolation.

As it often happens, though she kept looking at the clock, waiting for Anna, she let the moment when her visitor arrived go by without even hearing the bell.

And when she heard soft steps and the rustle of petticoats already in the doorway, she looked round with an expression not of pleasure but of surprise on her careworn face. She rose and embraced her sister-in-law.

'So you're here already?' she said, kissing her.

'Dolly, I am so pleased to see you!'

'And I am pleased too,' said Dolly with a feeble smile, trying to guess from Anna's expression how much she knew. 'She must know,' she thought, noticing the look of sympathy on Anna's face.

'Come, let me take you to your room,' she went on, trying to put off as long as possible the moment for explanation.

'This is Grisha? Dear me, how he has grown!' said Anna, and having kissed him, she stood with her eyes fixed on Dolly and blushed. 'No, please do not let us go anywhere.'

She took off her shawl and her hat and, having caught it in her black and very curly hair, shook her head to disengage it.

'And you are radiant with joy and health!' said Dolly almost enviously.

'I? . . . yes,' said Anna. 'Why, dear me, here is Tanya! You're just the same age as my little Serezha,' she added, turning to the little girl who had run into the room, and, taking her in her arms, Anna kissed her. 'Sweet girlie! darling! Let me see them all.'

She not only mentioned them all by name, but remembered the years and even the months of their births, their characters, and what illnesses they had had; and Dolly could not help appreciating this.

'Shall we go and see them?' she said. 'It is a pity Vasya is asleep.'

Having looked at the children they returned to the drawing-room and, being now alone, sat down to coffee at the table. Anna took hold of the tray, but then pushed it aside.

'Dolly,' she said, 'he has told me!'

Dolly looked coldly at Anna. She expected now to hear words of insincere sympathy: but Anna said nothing of the kind.

'Dolly dear!' she began, 'I do not wish to take his part or console you; that would be impossible, but, dearest, I am simply sorry for you, sorry from the bottom of my heart!'

Her bright eyes under their thick lashes suddenly filled with tears. She moved closer to her sister-in-law and with her energetic little hand took hold of Dolly's. The latter did not draw back from her but her face retained its rigid expression. She said:

'It is impossible to console me. Everything is lost after what has happened, everything destroyed!'

As soon as she had said it her face softened. Anna lifted Dolly's dry thin hand, kissed it, and said:

'But what is to be done, Dolly, what is to be done? What is the best way of acting in this dreadful position? That is what one has to consider.'

'Everything is at an end, and that's all,' said Dolly. 'And the worst of it is, you understand, that I can't leave him: there are the children, and I am bound. Yet I can't live with him; it is torture for me to see him.'

'Dolly, my darling, he has spoken to me, but I want to hear it from you. Tell me everything.'

Dolly looked at her inquiringly.

Sincere sympathy and affection were visible in Anna's face.

'If you like,' said Dolly suddenly, 'but I'll begin from the beginning. You know how I was married. With the education Mama gave me, I was not merely naïve,

but silly! I knew nothing. I know they say husbands tell their wives how they have lived, but Steve . . .' She corrected herself. 'But Stephen Arkadyevich never told me anything. You will hardly believe it, but up to now I thought I was the only woman he had ever known. In this way I lived for nine years. Only think, that I not only did not suspect him of unfaithfulness, but thought it impossible. I then . . . just imagine, with such ideas suddenly to find out all the horrors, all the abomination. . . . Try to understand me. To be fully convinced of one's happiness and suddenly . . .' continued Dolly, suppressing her sobs, 'to read a letter, his letter to his mistress, my children's governess. No, it is too horrible!' She hurriedly drew out her handkerchief and hid her face in it.

'I could perhaps understand a momentary slip,' she went on after a pause, 'but deliberately, cunningly to deceive me . . . and with whom? To go on living with me as my husband, and with her at the same time . . . it's awful; you cannot realize . . .'

'Oh yes, I do, I do understand, Dolly dear, I do understand,' said Anna, pressing her hand.

'And do you think he realizes the horror of my situation?' continued Dolly. 'Not at all! He is happy and contented.'

'Oh no,' Anna quickly interrupted. 'He is pitiable, he is overwhelmed with remorse . . .'

'Is he capable of remorse?' interrupted Dolly, looking searchingly into her sister-in-law's face.

'Oh yes, I know him. I could not look at him without pity. We both know him. He is kind-hearted, but he is proud too, and now he is so humiliated. What moved me most is . . . (and here Anna guessed what would touch Dolly most) that two things tormented him. He is ashamed of the children, and that, loving you . . . yes, yes, loving you more than anything else in the world,' she hurriedly went on, not listening to Dolly who was about to reply, 'he has hurt you, hit you so hard. He kept saying, "No, no, she will not forgive me."'

Dolly, gazing beyond her sister-in-law, listened thoughtfully.

'Yes, I understand that his position is dreadful; it is worse for the guilty than for the innocent one,' she

said, 'if he feels that the misfortune all comes from his fault. But how can I forgive him, how can I be a wife to him after her? . . . Life with him now will be a torture for me, just because I love my old love for him . . .' Sobs cut short her words.

But as if intentionally every time she softened, she again began to speak of the thing that irritated her.

'You know she is young, she is pretty,' she said. 'You see, Anna, my youth and my good looks have been sacrificed, and to whom? For him and his children. I have served his purpose and lost all I had in the service, and of course a fresh, good-for-nothing creature now pleases him better. They probably talked about me, or, worse still, avoided the subject. . . . You understand?'

And hatred again burned in her eyes.

'And after that he will tell me. . . . Am I to believe him? Never. . . . No, it's all ended, all that served as a consolation, as a reward for my labours, my sufferings. . . . Will you believe me, I have just been teaching Grisha: it used to be a pleasure, and now it is a torment. What is the good of my taking pains, of working so hard? What use are the children? It is terrible, my soul has so revolted that instead of love and tenderness for him I have nothing but anger left, yes, anger. I could kill him . . .'

'Dolly dearest! I understand, but don't torture yourself. You are so deeply hurt, so upset, that you see many things in the wrong light.'

Dolly was silent, and for a moment or two neither spoke.

'What am I to do? Think it over, Anna, help me! I have turned over in my mind everything I could think of, and can find nothing.'

Anna could not think of anything, but her heart responded to every word and every look of Dolly's.

'All I can say is,' began Anna, 'I am his sister and I know his character, his capacity for forgetting everything,' she made a gesture with her hand in front of her forehead, 'that capacity for letting himself be completely carried away, but on the other hand for completely repenting. He can hardly believe now—can hardly understand—how he could do it.'

'No, he understands and understood,' Dolly inter-

rupted. 'And I . . . you forget me. . . . Does it make it easier for me?'

'Wait a bit. When he was speaking to me, I confess I did not quite realize the misery of your position. I saw only his side, and that the family was upset, and I was sorry for him, but now having spoken with you I as a woman see something else. I see your suffering and I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you. But, Dolly dearest, I fully understand your sufferings—yet there is one thing I do not know. I do not know . . . I do not know how much love there still is in your soul —you alone know that. Is there enough for forgiveness? If there is—then forgive him.'

'No,' Dolly began, but Anna stopped her and again kissed her hand.

'I know the world better than you do,' she said. 'I know men like Steve and how they see these things. You think he spoke to her about you. That never happens. These men may be unfaithful, but their homes, their wives, are their holy places. They manage in some way to hold these women in contempt and don't let them interfere with the family. They seem to draw some kind of line between the family and those others. I do not understand it, but it is so.'

'Yes, but he kissed her. . . '

'Dolly, wait a bit. I have seen Steve when he was in love with you. I remember his coming to me and weeping (what poetry and high ideals you were bound up with in his mind!), and I know that the longer he lived with you the higher you rose in his esteem. You know we used to laugh at him because his every third word was, "Dolly is a wonderful woman." You have been and still are his divinity, and this infatuation never reached his soul. . . .'

'But suppose the infatuation is repeated?'

'It cannot be, as I understand . . .'

'And you, would you forgive?'

'I do not know, I cannot judge. . . . Yes, I can,' said Anna, after a minute's consideration. Her mind had taken in and weighed the situation, and she added, 'Yes, I can, I can. Yes, I should forgive. I should not remain the same woman—no, but I should forgive, and forgive it as utterly as if it had never happened at all.'

'Well, of course . . .' Dolly put in quickly as if saying what she had often herself thought, 'or else it would not be forgiveness. If one is to forgive, it must be entire forgiveness. Well now, I will show you your room.' She rose, and on the way embraced Anna. 'My dear, how glad I am you came! I feel better now, much better.'

CHAPTER XX

THE whole of that day Anna remained at home, that is at the Oblonskys' house, and did not receive anybody, although several of her acquaintances who had heard of her arrival came to see her. She spent the earlier part of the day with Dolly and the children, and sent a note to her brother to be sure and come home to dinner. 'Come,' she wrote. 'God is merciful.'

Oblonsky dined at home, the conversation was general, and his wife addressed him familiarly in the second person singular, which she had not done all these days. There was still the same estrangement in their manner to each other, but no longer any question of separating, and Oblonsky saw that explanation and reconciliation were possible.

Immediately after dinner Kitty came. She knew Anna, but only slightly, and came to her sister's not without fear of how she might be received by this Petersburg Society woman whom everybody admired so much. But she noticed at once that Anna liked her. It was evident that her beauty and youth gave Anna pleasure, and before Kitty had time to regain her self-possession she felt not only that she was under Anna's influence but that she was in love with her, as young girls often are with married women older than themselves. Anna was not like a Society woman or the mother of an eight-year-old son. The flexibility of her figure, her freshness, and the natural animation of her face appearing now in her smile, now in her eyes, would have made her look more like a girl of twenty had it not been for a serious and sometimes even sad expression in her eyes which struck Kitty and attracted her. Kitty felt that Anna was perfectly unaffected and was not trying to conceal anything,

but that she lived in another, higher world full of complex poetic interests beyond Kitty's reach.

After dinner, when Dolly had gone to her own room, Anna got up quickly and went to her brother who was just lighting a cigar.

'Steve,' she said to him with a merry twinkle in her eye and making the sign of the cross over him as she indicated the door with a look. 'Go, and may God help you.' He understood, threw down his cigar, and disappeared through the door.

When Oblonsky had gone, she returned to the sofa where she had been sitting surrounded by the children. Whether because they saw that 'Mama' was fond of this aunt, or because they themselves felt her peculiar charm, first the two elder children and then the younger ones, as is often the way with children, had even before dinner begun clinging to her, and now would not leave her side. And they started something like a game which consisted in trying to get as close to her as possible, to touch her, hold her little hand, kiss her, play with her ring, or at least touch the frills of her dress.

'Now how were we sitting before?' said Anna, resuming her seat.

And Grisha again pushed his head under her arm and leaning against her dress beamed with pride and joy.

'And when is the ball to be?' said Anna, turning to Kitty.

'Next week, and it will be a delightful ball. One of those balls which are always jolly.'

'Are there any that are always jolly?' asked Anna with tender irony.

'It is strange, but there are! It's always jolly at the Bobrishchevs' and also at the Nikitins', while it's always dull at the Mezhkovs'. Haven't you noticed it?'

'No, my dear, there are no more jolly balls for me,' said Anna, and Kitty saw in her eyes that peculiar world which was not yet revealed to her. 'There are some that are not as difficult and dull as the rest.'

'How can *you* be dull at a ball?'

'Why cannot *I* be dull at a ball?' asked Anna.

Kitty saw that Anna knew the answer that would follow.

'Because you must always be the belle of the ball.'

Anna had a capacity for blushing. She blushed and answered, 'In the first place, I never am: but even if I were, what use would it be to me?'

'Will you go to that ball?' asked Kitty.

'I suppose I shall have to. Here, take this,' she said, turning to Tanya who was drawing off a ring which fitted loosely on her aunt's small tapering finger.

'I shall be very glad if you go. I should so like to see you at a ball.'

'Well, then, if I have to go, I shall console myself with the reflection that it will give you pleasure. . . . Grisha, please don't pull so hard, it is all in a tangle already,' she said, arranging a loose lock of hair with which Grisha was playing.

'I imagine you at that ball in lilac!'

'Why must it be lilac?' asked Anna half laughing. 'Now, children, run away, run away. Don't you hear? There's Miss Hull calling you to tea,' she went on, disengaging herself from the children and dispatching them to the dining-room. 'But I know why you are asking me to go to that ball. You're expecting much from it, and would like everybody to be there and have a share in it.'

'How do you know? Well, yes!'

'Oh yes, it is good to be your age,' Anna continued. 'I remember and know that blue mist, like the mist on the Swiss mountains . . . that mist which envelops everything at that blissful time when childhood is just, just coming to an end, and its immense, blissful circle turns into an ever-narrowing path, and you enter the defile gladly yet with dread, though it seems bright and beautiful. . . . Who has not passed through it?'

Kitty smiled and remained silent. 'How did she pass through it? How I should like to know her story!' thought she, recollecting the unpoetic appearance of Anna's husband Alexis Karenin.

'I know something—Steve told me and I congratulate you. I like him very much,' Anna continued. 'I met Vronsky at the railway station.'

'Oh, was he there?' asked Kitty, blushing. 'What did Steve tell you?'

'Steve let it all out to me, and I shall be very pleased. . . . I travelled yesterday with Vronsky's mother,' she continued, 'and she talked about him all the time. He

is her favourite son. I know how partial mothers are, but . . .'

'What did his mother tell you?'

'Oh very much! and I know he is her favourite, but anyone can see he is full of chivalry. . . . For instance she told me that he wished to give all his property to his brother, that already as a boy he had done something extraordinary, saved a woman from drowning. In a word, he is a hero,' said Anna, smiling and remembering the 200 roubles he had given away at the station.

But she did not mention the 200 roubles. For some reason she did not like to think about them. She felt that there had been something in it relating personally to her that should not have been.

'She particularly wished me to go and see her,' continued Anna. 'I shall be glad to see the old lady again, and will go to-morrow. Well, thank heaven Steve is stopping a long time with Dolly,' she added changing the subject, and she rose, dissatisfied with something, Kitty thought.

'I was first!' 'No, I!' cried the children, who having finished their tea rushed back to Aunt Anna.

'All together!' said Anna laughing and running to meet them, and putting her arms round them she tumbled the whole heap of children—struggling and shrieking joyfully—on to the floor.

CHAPTER XXI

Dolly came out of her room for the grown-up people's tea. Oblonsky did not appear. He had probably left his wife's room by the other door.

'I'm afraid you will be cold upstairs,' remarked Dolly to Anna. 'I want to move you down, and then we shall be nearer to one another.'

'Oh, please don't trouble about me,' said Anna, scrutinizing Dolly's face and trying to discover whether a reconciliation had taken place.

'It will be too light for you downstairs,' said her sister-in-law.

'I assure you that I sleep always and anywhere like a dormouse.'

'What are you talking about?' asked Oblonsky, entering the room from his study and addressing his wife.

From his tone both Kitty and Anna gathered that a reconciliation had taken place.

'I want to move Anna downstairs, only the curtains must be changed. I shall have to do it myself, no one else can do it,' Dolly answered addressing him.

'Goodness knows if they have quite made it up,' thought Anna on hearing her tone, which was cold and calm.

'Come now, Dolly! always making difficulties,' said her husband. 'If you like I will do it all.'

'Yes, they must have come together again,' thought Anna.

'I know how you'll do it all,' answered Dolly. 'You will tell Matthew to do something that cannot be done and will go away yourself, and he will muddle everything,' and as she spoke her usual ironical smile wrinkled the corners of Dolly's mouth.

'Yes, a full, a full reconciliation, quite complete. Thank God!' thought Anna, and pleased to have been the means of bringing it about, she went up to Dolly and kissed her.

'Not at all. Why do you so despise Matthew and me?' said Oblonsky, turning to his wife with a slight smile.

All that evening Dolly maintained her usual slightly bantering manner toward her husband, and Oblonsky was contented and cheerful, but not to the extent of seeming to forget his guilt after having obtained forgiveness.

At half-past nine an unusually pleasant and happy family conversation round the Oblonskys' tea-table was disturbed by an apparently very ordinary occurrence which yet struck them all as strange. While they were talking about their mutual Petersburg acquaintances Anna rose suddenly.

'I have her photo in my album,' said she, 'and I'll show you my Serezha's too,' she added with a mother's proud smile.

For toward ten o'clock—the time when she generally said good-night to her son and often put him to bed herself before going to a ball—she felt sad at being so far from him, and, whatever they talked about, her thoughts

kept returning to her curly-headed Serezha. She longed to look at his portrait and to talk about him. Seizing the first opportunity she rose and, stepping firmly and lightly, went out to fetch her album. The flight of stairs to her room went up from a landing of the well-heated front staircase. As she was coming out of the drawing-room there was a ring at the door.

'Who can it be?' asked Dolly.

'It is too early to fetch me, and late for anyone else,' said Kitty.

'Papers from the office for me, I expect,' said Oblonsky.

A footman ran up to announce the new arrival, who stood at the foot of the stairs under a lamp. Anna looked down from the landing where she stood and at once recognized Vronsky, and a strange feeling of pleasure mixed with fear suddenly stirred in her heart.

He stood in his overcoat, feeling for something in his pockets. When Anna was half-way up the top flight, he lifted his eyes and saw her, and a look of something like embarrassment and fear came into his face. She bowed slightly and went on. She heard Oblonsky's loud voice downstairs asking him to come in, and Vronsky's low, soft voice refusing.

When Anna returned with her album he had already gone, and Oblonsky was saying that Vronsky had called to inquire about a dinner they were giving next day to a celebrity who was visiting Moscow, but that he could not be induced to come in. 'He seemed so queer,' added Oblonsky.

Kitty blushed. She thought that she alone understood why he had come to the house and why he would not come in. 'He has been to our house,' she thought, 'and not finding me in he guessed that I was here. And he would not come in because Anna is here, and he thought it too late.'

They all glanced at one another and said nothing but began examining Anna's album.

There was nothing extraordinary or strange in the fact that a man had called at half-past nine at a friend's house to ask about a dinner they were planning and that he would not come in; but it seemed strange to all of them. To Anna in particular it seemed strange and not right.

CHAPTER XXII

The ball had only just begun when Kitty and her mother ascended the broad staircase which was deluged with light, decorated with flowering plants, and occupied by powdered footmen in red liveries. From the ball-room as from a bee-hive came the regular sound of movement, and while they were arranging their hair and dresses before a mirror on the landing between the plants, they heard the accurate measured sounds of the orchestra violins just beginning the first waltz. A little old man, who had smoothed the grey hair on his temples before another mirror and who smelt strongly of scent, happened to jostle them on the stairs, and stepped aside in evident admiration of Kitty, whom he did not know. A beardless youth, one of those whom the old Prince Shcherbatsky called *puppies*, with a very low-cut waistcoat, straightening his white tie as he went along, bowed to them and ran past but returned to ask Kitty for a quadrille. She had given the first quadrille to Vronsky and had to give the second to this youth. An officer, buttoning his glove, stood aside at the doorway to make room for them, and smoothing his moustache looked with evident pleasure at the rosy Kitty.

Although Kitty's gown and coiffure and all her other adornments had given her much trouble and thought, she now entered the ball-room in her complicated dress of white net over a pink slip, as easily and simply as if these bows and laces and all the details of her toilet had not cost her or her people a moment's attention, as if she had been born in this net and lace and with that high coiffure and the rose and its two leaves on the top.

When, just before entering the ball-room, her mother wished to put straight a twisted end of her sash, Kitty drew slightly back: she felt that everything on her must be naturally right and graceful and that there was no need to adjust anything.

It was one of Kitty's happy days. Her dress did not feel tight anywhere, the lace round her bodice did not slip, the bows did not crumple or come off, the pink shoes with their high curved heels did not pinch but seemed to make her feet lighter. The thick rolls of fair hair kept

up as if they had grown naturally so on the little head. All three buttons on each of her long gloves, which fitted without changing the shape of her hand, fastened without coming off. The black velvet ribbon of her locket clasped her neck with unusual softness. That ribbon was charming, and when Kitty had looked at her neck in the glass at home, she felt that that ribbon was eloquent. There might be some possible doubt about anything else, but that ribbon *was* charming. Kitty smiled, here at the ball, when she caught sight of it again in the mirror. Her bare shoulders and arms gave her a sensation as of cold marble, a feeling she liked very much. Her eyes shone and she could not keep her rosy lips from smiling at the consciousness of her attractive appearance. Before she had reached the light-coloured crowd of women in tulle, ribbons, and lace, who were waiting for partners (Kitty never long formed one of the crowd), she was already asked for the waltz and asked by the best dancer, the leader of the dancing hierarchy, the famous *dirigeur* and Master of the Ceremonies, a handsome, stately married man, George Korsunsky. He had just left the Countess Bonin, with whom he had danced the first round of the waltz, and looking round his domain—that is to say, a few couples who had begun to dance—he noticed Kitty just coming in. He approached her at that peculiar free and easy amble natural only to Masters of Ceremonies, bowed, and, without even asking her consent, put his arm round her slim waist. She looked about for some one to hold her fan and the mistress of the house took it from her with a smile.

'How fine that you have come in good time,' he said with his arm round her waist. 'It's wrong of people to come so late.'

Bending her left arm she put her hand on his shoulder, and her little feet in their pink shoes began moving quickly, lightly, and rhythmically in time with the music, over the smooth parquet floor.

'It is a rest to waltz with you,' he said as he took the first slow steps of the dance. 'What lightness and precision! it's delightful!' he remarked, saying to her what he said to almost all the dancing partners whom he really liked.

She smiled at his praise, and over his shoulder continued

to survey the ball-room. She was not a girl just come out, for whom all faces at a ball blend into one fairy-like vision; nor was she a girl who had been dragged from ball to ball till all the faces were familiar to dullness. She was between those two extremes, and though elated was able to control herself sufficiently to be observant. She saw that the élite of the company were grouped in the left-hand corner of the room. There was the beauty Lida, Korsunsky's wife, in an impossibly low dress, and the hostess, and there shone the bald head of Krivin who was always where the élite were; youths who had not the courage to approach gazed in that direction, and there Kitty's eyes found Stephen, and then the lovely head and beautiful figure of Anna, in a black velvet dress. And *he* was there. Kitty had not seen him since the day she had refused Levin. With her far-sighted eyes she recognized him at once and even noticed that he was looking at her.

'Shall we have another turn? You are not tired?' asked Korsunsky who was a little out of breath.

'No more turns, thank you.'

'Where may I take you?'

'I believe Anna Arkadyevna Karenina is here, take me to her.'

'Wherever you please.'

And Korsunsky waltzed toward the left of the room, gradually diminishing his step and repeating '*Pardon, mesdames, pardon, pardon, mesdames,*' as he steered through that sea of lace, tulle and ribbons without touching as much as a feather, and then turned his partner so suddenly that her delicate ankles in the open-work stockings appeared as her train spread out like a fan and covered Krivin's knees. Korsunsky bowed, straightened his broad shirt front, and offered Kitty his arm to conduct her to Anna. Kitty flushed, and, a little giddy, took her train off Krivin's knees and looked round for Anna.

Anna was not in lilac, the colour Kitty was so sure she ought to have worn, but in a low-necked black velvet dress which exposed her full shoulder and bosom that seemed carved out of old ivory, and her rounded arms with the very small hands. Her dress was richly trimmed with Venetian lace. In her black hair, all her own, she

wore a little garland of pansies, and in her girdle, among the lace, a bunch of the same flowers. Her coiffure was very unobtrusive. The only noticeable things about it were the wilful ringlets that always escaped at her temples and on the nape of her neck and added to her beauty. Round her finely chiselled neck she wore a string of pearls.

Kitty had been seeing Anna every day and was in love with her, and had always imagined her in lilac, but seeing her in black she felt that she had never before realized her full charm. She now saw her in a new and quite unexpected light. She now realized that Anna could not have worn lilac, and that her charm lay precisely in the fact that her personality always stood out from her dress, that her dress was never conspicuous on her. And her black velvet with rich lace was not at all conspicuous, but served only as a frame; she alone was noticeable—simple, natural, elegant and at the same time merry and animated. She was standing among that group, very erect as usual, and was talking to the master of the house with her head slightly turned toward him, when Kitty approached.

'No, I am not going to throw the first stone,' she was saying in reply to some question, adding, with a shrug of her shoulders, 'although I cannot understand it'; and at once she turned to Kitty with a tender protecting smile. She surveyed Kitty's dress with a rapid feminine glance, and with a movement of her head, scarcely perceptible but understood by Kitty, she signified her approval of Kitty's dress and beauty.

'You even come into the room dancing,' she said.

'She is one of my most faithful helpers,' said Korsunsky, turning to Anna whom he had not yet seen. 'The Princess helps to make a ball gay and beautiful. Anna Arkadyevna, shall we have a turn?' he added, stooping toward her.

'Oh, you know one another?' asked the host.

'Whom do we not know? My wife and I are like white wolves, every one knows us,' answered Korsunsky. 'Anna Arkadyevna, just one turn?'

'I don't dance if it is possible not to,' she said.

'But to-night it is not possible,' he rejoined.

At that moment Vronsky approached.

'Well, if it is impossible not to dance to-night, let us dance,' she said taking no notice of Vronsky's bow and quickly putting her hand on Korsunsky's shoulder.

'Why is she displeased with him?' thought Kitty, noticing that Anna had intentionally taken no notice of Vronsky's bow. He came up to Kitty, reminding her of the first quadrille and regretting that he had not seen her for such a long time. Kitty, while gazing with admiration at Anna waltzing, listened to him, expecting him to ask her to waltz, but he did not do so and she glanced at him with surprise. He blushed and hurriedly asked her to dance, but scarcely had he put his arm round her slim waist and taken one step when the music stopped. Kitty looked into his face which was so near her own, and long after—for years after—that look so full of love which she then gave him, and which met with no response from him, cut her to the heart with tormenting shame.

'*Pardon, pardon*, a waltz—a waltz,' shouted Korsunsky from the other end of the room, and seizing the first girl within reach he himself began dancing.

CHAPTER XXIII

Vronsky and Kitty waltzed several times round the room and then Kitty went to her mother, but hardly had she exchanged a few words with the Countess Nordston before Vronsky returned to fetch her for the first quadrille. Nothing special was said during the quadrille: they talked in snatches about the Korsunskys, husband and wife, whom Vronsky very amusingly described as dear forty-year-old children, and about a proposed Stage Society, and only once did the conversation touch her to the quick—when he asked her about Levin, whether he was still in Moscow, and added that he had liked him very much. But Kitty had not expected more from the quadrille, she waited with a clutch at her heart for the mazurka. It seemed to her that the mazurka would settle everything. That he did not ask her for the mazurka while they were dancing the quadrille did not disturb her. She was sure that she would dance the mazurka with him as at previous balls, and she refused five other partners for that dance, saying that she was

already engaged. The whole ball up to the last quadrille was for Kitty an enchanted dream of gay flowers, sounds, and movements. She only stopped dancing when she felt too tired and had to ask to be allowed a rest. But while dancing the last quadrille with one of the youthful bores whom it would not do to refuse, she happened to be *vis-à-vis* to Anna. She had not come across Anna since the beginning of the ball, and now she suddenly saw her again in a different and unexpected light. She noticed that Anna was elated with success, a feeling Kitty herself knew so well. She saw that Anna was intoxicated by the rapture she had produced. She knew the feeling and knew its symptoms, and recognized them in Anna—she saw the quivering light flashing in her eyes, the smile of happiness and elation that involuntarily curled her lips, and the graceful precision, the exactitude and lightness, of her movements.

'Who is the cause?' she asked herself. 'All or only one?' And without trying to help her youthful partner who was painfully struggling to carry on the conversation the thread of which he had lost, as she mechanically obeyed the merry, loud, and authoritative orders of Korsunsky, who commanded every one to form now a *grand rond*, now a *chaine*, she watched, and her heart sank more and more.

'No, it is not the admiration of the crowd that intoxicates her, but the rapture of one, and that one is . . . can it be *he*?'

Every time he spoke to Anna the joyful light kindled in her eyes and a smile of pleasure curved her rosy lips. She seemed to make efforts to restrain these signs of joy, but they appeared on her face of their own accord. 'But what of him?' Kitty looked at him and was filled with horror. What she saw so distinctly in the mirror of Anna's face, she saw in him. What had become of his usually quiet and firm manner and the carelessly calm expression of his face? Every time he turned toward Anna he slightly bowed his head as if he wished to fall down before her, and in his eyes there was an expression of submission and fear. 'I do not wish to offend,' his every look seemed to say, 'I only wish to save myself, but I do not know how.' His face had an expression which she had never seen before.

They talked about their mutual friends, carrying on a most unimportant conversation, but it seemed to Kitty that every word they said was deciding their and her fate. And, strange to say, though they were talking about Ivan Ivanich, who made himself so ridiculous with his French, and how Miss Eletskaya could have made a better match, yet these words were important for them, and they felt this as well as Kitty. A mist came over the ball and the whole world in Kitty's soul. Only the thorough training she had had enabled and obliged her to do what was expected of her, that is, to dance, to answer the questions put to her, to talk, and even to smile. But before the mazurka began, when the chairs were already being placed for it, and several couples moved from the small to the large ball-room, Kitty was for a moment seized with despair. She had refused five men who had asked for the mazurka and now she had no partner for it. She had not even a hope of being asked again just because she had too much success in Society for anyone to think that she was not already engaged for the dance. She must tell her mother that she was feeling ill, and go home, but she had not the strength to do it. She felt herself quite broken-hearted.

She went to the far end of a little drawing-room and sank into an easy chair. Her light skirt stood out like a cloud round her slight body; one thin bare girlish arm dropped listlessly and sank into the pink folds of her tunic; the other hand held a fan with which she rapidly fanned her flushed face. But although she seemed like a butterfly just settled on a blade of grass and ready at any moment to flutter and spread its rainbow wings, her heart was crushed with terrible despair.

'But perhaps I am mistaken, perhaps it was nothing of the kind?' And she again recalled all that she had witnessed.

'Kitty, what does this mean?' asked the Countess Nordston, coming up inaudibly over the carpet. 'I don't understand it.'

Kitty's nether lip trembled, and she rose quickly.

'Kitty, are you not dancing the mazurka?'

'No, no,' said Kitty in a voice tremulous with tears.

'He asked her for the mazurka in my presence,' said the Countess, knowing that Kitty would understand

whom she meant by 'him' and 'her.' 'She asked, "Are you not dancing with the Princess Shcherbatsky?"'

'Oh! it's all the same to me!' replied Kitty. No one but herself understood her situation, because no one knew that she had only a few days ago refused a man whom she perhaps loved, and refused him because she trusted another.

The Countess Nordston, who was engaged to Korsunsky for the mazurka, told him to ask Kitty instead.

Kitty danced in the first pair, and luckily for her she was not obliged to talk, because Korsunsky ran about all the time giving orders in his domain. Vronsky and Anna sat almost opposite to her. And she saw them with her far-sighted eyes, she saw them close by, too, when they met in the dance, and the more she saw of them the surer she was that the blow had fallen. She saw that they felt as if they were alone in that crowded ball-room. On Vronsky's face, usually so firm and self-possessed, she noticed that expression of bewilderment and submission which had so surprised her—an expression like that of an intelligent dog when it feels guilty.

Anna smiled—and the smile passed on to him; she became thoughtful—and he became serious. Some supernatural power attracted Kitty's eyes to Anna's face. She looked charming in her simple black dress; her full arms with the bracelets, her firm neck with the string of pearls round it, her curly hair now disarranged, every graceful movement of her small feet and hands, her handsome, animated face,—everything about her was enchanting, but there was something terrible and cruel in her charm.

Kitty admired her even more than before, and suffered more and more. She felt herself crushed and her face expressed it.

When Vronsky happened to knock against her as they danced, he did not at once recognize her, so changed was she.

'A delightful ball,' he remarked, in order to say something.

'Yes,' she replied.

In the middle of the mazurka, performing a complicated figure newly-invented by Korsunsky, Anna stepped into the middle of the room and chose two men and two ladies,

one of whom was Kitty, to join her. Kitty, as she moved toward Anna, gazed at her with fear. Anna half-closed her eyes to look at Kitty, smiled and pressed her hand, but noticing that Kitty only responded to her smile by a look of surprise and despair, she turned away from her and talked cheerfully with the other lady.

'Yes, there is something strange, satanic, and enchanting about her,' thought Kitty.

Anna did not wish to stay to supper, but the master of the house tried to persuade her to do so.

'Come, Anna Arkadyevna,' began Korsunsky, drawing her bare arm under his, 'I have such a good idea for a cotillion—*Un bijou*.' And he moved slowly on, trying to draw her with him. Their host smiled approvingly.

'No, I won't stay,' answered Anna, smiling, and despite her smile Korsunsky and the host understood from the firm tone of her voice that she would not stay.

'No, as it is I have danced more in Moscow at your one ball than I danced the whole winter in Petersburg,' said Anna, looking round at Vronsky who stood beside her. 'I must rest before my journey.'

'So you really are going to-morrow?' said Vronsky.

'Yes, I think so,' Anna replied as if surprised at the boldness of his question; but the uncontrollable radiance of her eyes and her smile burnt him as she spoke the words.

Anna did not stay for supper, but went away.

CHAPTER XXIV

'Yes, there is certainly something objectionable and repellent about me,' thought Levin after leaving the Shcherbatskys, as he walked toward his brother's lodgings. 'I do not get on with other people. They say it is pride! No, I am not even proud. If I had any pride, I should not have put myself into such a position.' And he pictured to himself Vronsky, happy, kind, clever, calm, and certainly never placing himself in such a terrible position as he, Levin, had been in that evening. 'Yes, she was bound to choose him. It had to be so, and I have no cause to complain of anyone or anything. It was my own fault. What right had I to

imagine that she would wish to unite her life with mine? Who and what am I? A man of no account, wanted by no one and of no use to anyone.' And he remembered his brother Nicholas, and kept his mind gladly on that memory. 'Is he not right that everything on earth is evil and horrid? And have we judged brother Nicholas fairly? Of course, from Prokofy's point of view, who saw him in a ragged coat and tipsy, he is a despicable fellow; but I know him from another side. I know his soul, and know that we resemble one another. And yet I, instead of looking him up, dined out and came here.' Levin went up to a lamp-post and read his brother's address which he had in his pocket-book, and then hired a sledge. On the long way to his brother's he recalled all the events he knew of Nicholas's life. He recalled how despite the ridicule of his fellow-students his brother had lived like a monk while at the University and for a year after, strictly observing all the religious rites, attending service, fasting, avoiding all pleasures and especially women; and then how he suddenly broke loose, became intimate with the vilest people and gave himself up to unbridled debauchery. He remembered how his brother had brought a boy from the country to educate, and in a fit of anger had so beaten the lad that proceedings were commenced against him for causing bodily harm. He remembered an affair with a sharper to whom his brother had lost money, and whom he had first given a promissory note and then prosecuted on a charge of fraud. (That was when his brother Sergius had paid the money for him.) Then he remembered the night which Nicholas had spent in the police cells for disorderly conduct, and the disgraceful proceedings he had instigated against his brother Sergius Ivanich, whom he accused of not having paid out to him his share of his mother's fortune: and lastly, the time when his brother took an official appointment in one of the Western Provinces and was there arrested for assaulting an Elder. . . . It was all very disgusting, but to Levin it did not seem nearly so disgusting as it must have seemed to those who did not know Nicholas, nor his whole story, nor his heart.

Levin remembered that when Nicholas was passing through his pious stage of fasting, visiting monks, and

going to church; when he was seeking in religion for help to curb his passionate nature, not only did no one encourage him, but every one, and Levin among them, made fun of him. He was teased and called 'Noah' and 'monk,' and then when he broke loose no one helped him, but all turned away from him with horror and disgust.

Levin felt that his brother Nicholas, in his soul, in the innermost depths of his soul, despite the depravity of his life, was no worse than those who despised him. It was not his fault that he was born with his ungovernable temper, and with a cramped mind. He always wished to do right. 'I will tell him everything, I will get him to tell me everything. I will show him that I love and therefore understand him,' Levin decided in his mind, as toward eleven o'clock he drove up to the hotel of which he had the address.

'Upstairs, Nos. 12 and 13,' said the hall porter in reply to Levin's question.

'Is he in?'

'I expect so.'

The door of No. 12 was ajar, and from within, visible in the streak of light, issued dense fumes of inferior and weak tobacco. Levin heard a stranger's voice, but knew at once that his brother was there, for he heard him coughing.

As he entered the doorway the stranger's voice was saying: 'It all depends on how intelligently and rationally the affair is conducted.'

Constantine Levin glanced into the room, which was beyond a partition, and saw that the speaker was a young man with an enormous head of hair, who wore a workman's coat, and that a young, pock-marked woman in a woollen dress without collar or cuffs [1] was sitting on the sofa. He could not see his brother, and his heart sank painfully at the thought that Nicholas lived among such strange people. No one noticed him, and, as he took off his goloshes, he overheard what the man in the workman's coat was saying. He was talking about some commercial enterprise.

'Oh, let the privileged classes go to the devil,' said his brother's voice, with a cough.

[1] At that time better-class women always wore something white round their necks and wrists.

'Masha, get us some supper and bring the wine if any is left, or send for some.'

The woman rose, came out from behind the partition, and saw Constantine.

'Here is a gentleman, Nicholas Dmitrich,' she said.

'Whom do you want?' said Nicholas Levin's voice angrily.

'It is I,' answered Constantine Levin, coming forward into the lamp-light.

'Who's I?' said the voice of Nicholas Levin still more angrily.

Constantine heard how he rose hurriedly and caught against something, and then in the doorway before him he saw the familiar yet ever strange figure of his brother, wild, sickly, gigantic, lean, and round-shouldered, with large, frightened eyes.

He was even more emaciated than three years before, when Constantine Levin had last seen him. He was wearing a short coat, and his hands and broad bones appeared more immense than ever. His hair was thinner, but the same straight moustache covered his lips; and the same eyes with their peculiar, naïve gaze looked out at the new-comer.

'Ah! Kostya!' he said suddenly, recognizing his brother, and his eyes lit up with joy. But at the same moment he turned to look at the young man and convulsively jerked his head and neck as if his necktie were strangling him, a movement Levin knew well, and quite another expression—a wild, suffering, and cruel look—settled on his haggard face.

'I wrote both to you and to Sergius Ivanich that I do not know you and do not wish to know you. What is it? What do you want?'

He was not at all as Constantine had imagined him. Constantine when thinking of him had forgotten the most trying and worst part of his character, that which made intercourse with him so difficult; but now when he saw his face, and especially that convulsive movement of his head, he remembered it all.

'I do not want anything of you specially,' he answered meekly; 'I have simply come to see you.'

His brother's timidity obviously softened Nicholas, whose lips quivered.

'Ah! You have come just for that?' he said. 'Well, come in, sit down. Will you have some supper? Masha, get supper for three. No, wait a little. Do you know who this is?' he added, turning to his brother and pointing to the man in the workman's coat. 'It is Mr. Kritsky, my friend ever since my Kiev days, a very remarkable fellow. Of course the police are after him, because he is not a scoundrel.'

And he glanced round at everybody present as was his way. Seeing that the woman in the doorway was about to go out he shouted to her: 'Wait, I told you,' and in the awkward and blundering manner familiar to Constantine, he again looked round at everybody, and began to tell his brother about Kritsky: how he had been expelled from the University because he had started a society to help the poorer students, and also Sunday schools, and how he had afterwards taught in an elementary school, and had been turned out from that too, and had then been tried on some charge or other.

'You were at Kiev University?' Constantine Levin asked Kritsky, in order to break the awkward silence that followed.

'Yes, at Kiev,' Kritsky replied with an angry frown.

'And this woman,' said Nicholas Levin, interrupting him, and pointing to her, 'is my life's companion, Mary Nikolavna; I took her out of a house . . .' and as he said this he again jerked his neck. 'But I love and respect her and beg all those who wish to know me,' he added, raising his voice and scowling, 'to love and respect her. She is just the same to me as a wife, just the same. So now you know whom you have to deal with, and if you fear you will be degraded—there is the door.'

And again his eyes glanced questioningly around.

'Why should I be degraded? I don't understand.'

'Well, Masha, order supper for three, with vodka and wine. . . . No, wait. No, never mind. . . . You may go.'

CHAPTER XXV

'So you see, . . .' Nicholas Levin continued with an effort, wrinkling his brow and twitching.

He evidently found it hard to decide what to say and to do.

'Do you see . . .' he pointed to a bundle of iron rods tied together with string, in a corner of the room. 'Do you see that? It is the beginning of a new business we are undertaking. The business is to be a Productive Association . . .'

Constantine hardly listened. He kept glancing at his brother's sickly, consumptive face, and felt more and more sorry for him, nor could he force himself to pay attention to what Nicholas was telling him about the Association. He realized that this Association was merely an anchor to save his brother from self-contempt. Nicholas Levin continued speaking:

'You know that capitalism oppresses the workers. Our workmen the peasants bear the whole burden of labour, but are so placed that, work as they may, they cannot escape from their degrading condition. All the profits on their labour, by which they might better their condition, give themselves some leisure, and consequently gain some education, all this surplus value is taken away by the capitalists. And our society has so shaped itself that the more the people work the richer the merchants and landowners will become, while the people will remain beasts of burden for ever. And this system must be changed,' he concluded, with an inquiring look at his brother.

'Yes, of course,' said Constantine, looking intently at the hectic flush which had appeared on his brother's face below its prominent cheek bones.

'And so we are starting a Locksmiths' Association, in which all the products and the profits and, above all, the instruments of production will be common property.'

'Where will the business be?' asked Constantine.

'In the village of Vozdrema, Kazan Government.'

'Why in a village? It seems to me there is plenty of work to do in the country as it is. Why start a Locksmiths' Association there?'

'Because the peasants are still just as much slaves as they used to be, and that is why you and Sergius Ivanich don't like it when anyone wishes to deliver them from their slavery,' replied Nicholas Levin, irritated by Constantine's objection.

Constantine sighed and at the same time looked round the room which was dismal and dirty. The sigh seemed to irritate Nicholas still more.

'I know your aristocratic outlook and Sergius Ivanich's. I know that he uses all the powers of his mind to justify the existing evils.'

'But why talk about Sergius Ivanich?' said Levin with a smile.

'Sergius Ivanich? This is why!' suddenly shouted Nicholas at the mention of the name. 'This is why. . . . But what is the good of talking? One thing only. . . . Why have you come here? You despise it, well, that is all right—then go away. Go, go in God's name!' he exclaimed, rising from his chair. 'Go, go!'

'I do not despise it at all,' Constantine replied meekly. 'I do not even dispute it.'

Meanwhile Mary Nikolavna had come back. Nicholas gave her an angry look. She hurried up to him and said something in a whisper.

'I am not well and have grown irritable,' said Nicholas, breathing heavily and quieting down. 'And you talk to me about Sergius Ivanich and his article. It is such rubbish, such humbug, such self-deception. What can a man write about justice, who does not understand it?'

'Have you read his article?' he said, turning to Kritsky again, sitting down to the table and clearing away from it a heap of half-filled cigarettes to make room.

'I have not read it,' said Kritsky morosely, evidently not wishing to join in the conversation.

'Why not?' irritably answered Nicholas, still addressing Kritsky.

'Because I consider it unnecessary to waste time on it.'

'What do you mean? May I ask how you knew it would waste your time? That article is incomprehensible to many; I mean it is above them. But it is a different matter with me. I see through his thought, and therefore know why it is weak.'

Every one remained silent. Kritsky rose and took up his hat.

'Don't you want any supper? Well, good-bye. Come to-morrow and bring the locksmith.'

As soon as Kritsky had gone out, Nicholas smiled and winked.

'He also is not much good,' he remarked. 'I can see . . .'

But at that moment Kritsky called him from outside the door.

'What do you want now?' said Nicholas and went out into the passage.

'Left alone with Mary Nikolavna, Levin spoke to her.

'Have you been long with my brother?' he asked.

'Yes, it is the second year now. His health is very bad, he drinks too much,' she said.

'Really—what does he drink?'

'He drinks vodka, and it is bad for him.'

'Much vodka?' whispered Levin.

'Yes,' she said looking timidly toward the door, just as Nicholas returned.

'What were you talking about?' he asked frowning and looking from one to the other with frightened eyes. 'What was it?'

'Nothing,' replied Levin in confusion.

'If you do not wish to tell me, do as you please. Only you have no business to talk to her. She's a street girl, and you are a gentleman,' he muttered jerking his neck. 'You, I see, have examined and weighed everything here, and regard my errors with compassion,' he continued, again raising his voice.

'Nicholas Dmitrich, Nicholas Dmitrich,' whispered Mary Nikolavna, again approaching him.

'Well, all right, all right! . . . and how about supper? Ah, here it is,' he said noticing a waiter who was bringing in a tray. 'Here, here, put it down here,' he said crossly, and at once poured out a wine-glass full of vodka and drank it greedily. 'Have a drink, will you?' he said to his brother, brightening up at once. 'Well, we've had enough of Sergius Ivanich. I am glad to see you, anyhow. Whatever one may say, after all, we are not strangers. Come, have a drink. Tell me what you are doing,' he continued, greedily chewing a crust of bread

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and filling himself another glass. 'How are you getting on?'

'I am living alone in the country, as I did before, and I look after the farming,' answered Constantine, observing with horror how greedily his brother ate and drank, and trying not to let it be seen that he noticed it.

'Why don't you get married?'

'I had not the chance,' replied Constantine blushing.

'Why not? For me all that is over. I have spoilt my life. I have said, and still say, that if I had been given my share of the property when I wanted it, everything would have been different.'

Constantine hastened to change the subject. 'Do you know that your Vanyusha is now a clerk in my office at Pokrovsk?' he said.

Nicholas jerked his head and grew thoughtful.

'Yes, tell me what is happening in Pokrovsk. Is the house still standing, and the birch trees, and our schoolroom? And is Philip the gardener really still living? How well I remember the garden-house and the sofa! . . . Mind, don't change anything in the house, but get married soon and set things going again as they used to be. Then I will come to you if you have a good wife.'

'Come to me at once,' said Levin. 'How well we might settle down there!'

'I would come if I were sure I should not find Sergius Ivanich there.'

'You won't find him there. I live quite apart from him.'

'Still, say what you will, you must choose between him and me,' said Nicholas with a timid look at his brother.

His timidity touched Constantine.

'If you want my full confession about it, I will tell you that I take no side in your quarrel with Sergius Ivanich. You are both to blame. You more in external matters and he more in essential ones.'

'Ah, ah! Then you have grasped it, you have grasped it?' joyfully exclaimed Nicholas.

'But personally, if you care to know it, I value your friendship more because . . .'

'Why, why?'

Constantine could not tell him that it was because

Nicholas was unfortunate and needed friendship. But Nicholas understood that he meant just that, and frowning, again took hold of the vodka bottle.

'Enough, Nicholas Dmitrich!' said Mary Nikolavna, stretching out her plump arm with its bare wrist to take the bottle.

'Let go! Leave me alone! I'll thrash you!' shouted he.

Mary Nikolavna gave a mild, kindly smile, which evoked one from Nicholas, and she took away the bottle.

'Do you think she doesn't understand?' said Nicholas. 'She understands it all better than any of us. There really is something good and sweet about her.'

'You were never in Moscow before?' Constantine asked very politely, just in order to say something.

'Don't speak to her in that way. It frightens her. No one but the magistrate, when she was tried for an attempt to escape from the house of ill-fame, ever spoke to her so politely. . . . Oh heavens, how senseless everything is in this world!' he suddenly exclaimed. 'All these new institutions, these magistrates, these Zemstvos. . . . What a confusion it all is!'

And he began to relate all his encounters with these new institutions.

Constantine Levin listened to him, and the condemnation of the social institutions, which he shared with him and had often expressed, was unpleasant to him when he heard it from his brother's lips.

'We shall understand it better in the next world,' he said playfully.

'In the next world? Ah, I do dislike that next world,' said Nicholas, fixing his wild, frightened eyes on his brother's face. 'One would think that to leave all these abominations, these muddles (one's own and other people's), would be good, yet I fear death—I fear it terribly.' He shuddered. 'Do drink something. Would you like some champagne? Or let us go out somewhere or other. Let us go to the Gipsies! Do you know I have become fond of the gipsies and the Russian folk-songs?'

His speech began to grow confused and he jumped from one subject to another. With Masha's help Constantine succeeded in persuading him not to go out anywhere, and got him into bed quite tipsy.

Masha promised to write to Constantine in case of need, and to try to persuade Nicholas to go and live with him.

CHAPTER XXVI

Next morning Constantine Levin left Moscow and toward evening he reached home. On his way back in the train he talked with his fellow-passengers about politics and the new railways, and felt oppressed, just as in Moscow, by the confusion of the views expressed, by discontent with himself and a vague sense of shame. But when he got out of the train at his station and by the dim light from the station windows saw his one-eyed coachman, Ignat, with his coat-collar turned up, and his sledge with its carpet-lined back, his horses with their tied-up tails, and the harness with its rings and tassels, and when Ignat, while still putting the luggage into the sledge, began telling him the village news: how the contractor had come, and Pava had calved,—Levin felt that the confusion was beginning to clear away and his shame and self-dissatisfaction to pass. He felt this at the mere sight of Ignat and the horses; but when he had put on the sheepskin coat that had been brought for him and, well wrapped up, had seated himself in the sledge and started homeward, turning over in his mind the orders he would give about the work on the estate, and as he watched the side horse (once a saddle-horse that had been overridden, a spirited animal from the Don), he saw what had befallen him in quite a different light. He felt that he was himself and did not wish to be anyone else. He only wished now to be better than he had been formerly. First of all he decided that he would no longer hope for the exceptional happiness which marriage was to have given him, and consequently he would not underrate the present as he had done. Secondly, he would never again allow himself to be carried away by passion, the repulsive memory of which had so tormented him when he was making up his mind to propose. Then, remembering his brother Nicholas, he determined that he would never allow himself to forget him again, but would watch over him, keep him in sight, and be ready to help when things went hard with him. And he felt

that that would be soon. Then his brother's talk about communism, which he had taken lightly at the time, now made him think. He considered an entire change of economic conditions nonsense; but he had always felt the injustice of his superfluities compared with the peasant's poverty, and now decided, in order to feel himself quite justified, that though he had always worked hard and lived simply, he would in future work still more and allow himself still less luxury. And it all seemed to him so easy to carry out that he was in a pleasant reverie the whole way home, and it was with cheerful hopes for a new and better life that he reached his house toward nine o'clock in the evening.

A light fell on the snow-covered space in front of the house from the windows of the room of his old nurse, Agatha Mikhaylovna, who now acted as his housekeeper. She had not yet gone to bed, and Kusma, whom she had roused, came running out barefoot and still half-asleep into the porch. Laska, a setter bitch, ran out too, almost throwing Kusma off his feet, and whined and rubbed herself against Levin's knees, jumping up and wishing but not daring to put her front paws on his chest.

'You have soon come back, sir,' said Agatha Mikhaylovna.

'I was home-sick, Agatha Mikhaylovna. Visiting is all very well, but "there is no place like home,"' he replied, and went into his study.

A candle just brought in gradually lit up the study and its familiar details became visible: the stag's horns, the book-shelves, the looking-glass, the hot-air aperture of the stove with its brass lid, which had long been in need of repair, his father's couch, the large table on which were an open volume, a broken ash-tray, and an exercise-book in his handwriting. When he saw all this, he was overcome by a momentary doubt of the possibility of starting the new life of which he had been dreaming on his way. All these traces of his old life seemed to seize hold of him and say, 'No, you will not escape us and will not be different, but will remain such as you have been: full of doubts; full of dissatisfaction with yourself, and of vain attempts at improvement followed by failures, and continual hopes of the happiness which has escaped you and is impossible for you.'

That was what the things said, but another voice within his soul was saying that one must not submit to the past and that one can do anything with oneself. And obeying the latter voice he went to the corner where two thirty-six pound dumb-bells lay and began doing gymnastic exercises with them to invigorate himself. He heard a creaking of steps at the door and hurriedly put down the dumb-bells.

His steward entered and said that, 'the Lord be thanked,' everything was all right, but that the buckwheat had burned in the new drying kiln. This news irritated Levin. The new kiln had been built and partly invented by him. The steward had always been against the new kiln, and now proclaimed with suppressed triumph that the buckwheat had got burnt. Levin felt quite certain that if it had been burnt it was only because the precautions about which he had given instructions over and over again had been neglected. He was vexed, and he reprimanded the steward. But the steward had one important and pleasant event to report. Pava, his best and most valuable cow, bought at the cattle-show, had calved.

'Kuzma, bring me my sheep-skin. And you tell them to bring a lantern. I will go and have a look at her,' he said to the steward.

The sheds where the most valuable cattle were kept were just behind the house. Crossing the yard past the heap of snow by the lilac bush, he reached the shed. There was a warm steaming smell of manure when the frozen door opened, and the cows, astonished at the unaccustomed light of the lantern, began moving on their clean straw. Levin saw the broad smooth black-mottled back of a Dutch cow. The bull, Berkut, with a ring through his nose, was lying down, and almost rose up, but changed his mind and only snorted a couple of times as they passed by. The red beauty Pava, enormous as a hippopotamus, turned her back, hiding her calf from the new-comers and sniffing at it.

Levin entered the stall and examined Pava, who, becoming excited, was about to low, but quieted down when Levin moved the calf toward her, and sighing heavily began licking it with her rough tongue. The calf fumbled about, pushing its nose under its mother's belly and swinging its little tail.

'Show a light here, Theodore, here,' said Levin, examining the calf. 'Like its mother,' he said, 'although the colour is its father's; very fine, big-boned and deep-flanked. Vasily Fedorich, isn't she fine?' he said, turning to the steward, and quite forgiving him for the buckwheat under the influence of his satisfaction about the calf.

'Whom could she take after, not to be good? Simon, the contractor, came the day after you left. We shall have to employ him, Constantine Dmitrich,' said the steward. 'I told you about the machine.'

This one question led Levin back to all the details of his farming, which was on a large and elaborate scale. He went straight from the cow-shed to the office, and after talking things over with the steward and with Simon the contractor, he returned to the house and went directly upstairs to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXVII

It was a large old-fashioned house, and though only Levin was living in it, he used and heated the whole of it. He knew this to be foolish and even wrong, and contrary to his new plans, but this house was a whole world to Levin. It was the world in which his father and mother had lived and died. They had lived a life which appeared to him ideally perfect, and which he had dreamed of renewing with a wife and family of his own.

Levin could scarcely remember his mother. His conception of her was to him a sacred memory, and in his imagination his future wife was to be a repetition of the enchanting and holy ideal of womanhood that his mother had been.

He could not imagine the love of woman without marriage, and even pictured to himself a family first and then the woman who would give him the family. His views on marriage therefore did not resemble those of most of his acquaintances, for whom marriage was only one of many social affairs; for Levin it was the chief thing in life, on which the whole happiness of life depended. And now he had to renounce it.

When he had settled in the arm-chair in the little drawing-room where he always had his tea, and Agatha

Mikhaylovna had brought it in for him and had sat down at the window with her usual remark, 'I will sit down, sir!' he felt that, strange to say, he had not really forgotten his dreams and that he could not live without them. With *her*, or with another, they would come true. He read his book, and followed what he read, stopping now and then to listen to Agatha Mikhaylovna, who chattered indefatigably; and at the same time various pictures of farming and future family life arose disconnectedly in his mind. He felt that in the depth of his soul something was settling down, adjusting and composing itself.

He listened to Agatha Mikhaylovna's talk of how Prokhor had forgotten the Lord, was spending on drink the money Levin had given him to buy a horse with, and had beaten his wife nearly to death; he listened and read, and remembered the whole sequence of thoughts raised by what he was reading. It was a book of Tyndall's on heat. He recalled his disapproval of Tyndall's self-conceit concerning the cleverness of his experiments, and his lack of a philosophic outlook. And suddenly the joyous thought came uppermost: 'In two years' time I shall have two Dutch cows in my herd and Pava herself may still be alive; there will be twelve cows by Berkut, and these three to crown all—splendid!' He returned to his book. 'Well, let us grant that electricity and heat are one and the same, but can we substitute the one quantity for the other in solving an equation? No. Then what of it? The connection between all the forces of nature can be felt instinctively without all that. . . . It will be especially good when Pava's calf is already a red-mottled cow, and the whole herd in which these three will be . . .! Splendid! To go out with my wife and the visitors and meet the herd. . . . My wife will say: "We, Constantine and I, reared this calf like a baby." "How can you be interested in these things?" the visitor will ask. "All that interests him interests me. . ." But who is *she*?' and he remembered what had happened in Moscow. 'Well, what is to be done? . . . It is not my fault. But now everything will be on new lines. It is nonsense to say that life will prevent it, that the past prevents it. I must struggle to live a better, a far better, life.' He lifted his head

and pondered. Old Laska, who had not yet quite digested her joy at her master's return and had run out to bark in the yard, now came back, bringing a smell of fresh air with her into the room and, wagging her tail, she approached him and putting her head under his hand whined plaintively, asking to be patted.

'She all but speaks,' said Agatha Mikhaylovna. 'She is only a dog, but she understands that her master has come back feeling depressed.'

'Why depressed?'

'Oh, don't I see? I ought to understand gentlefolk by this time. I have grown up among them from a child. Never mind, my dear, as long as you have good health and a clean conscience!'

Levin looked at her intently, surprised that she knew so well what was in his mind.

'Shall I bring you a little more tea?' she said and went out with his cup.

Laska kept on pushing her head under his hand. He patted her a little, and she curled herself up at his feet with her head on her outstretched hind paw. And to show that all was now well and satisfactory, she slightly opened her mouth, smacked her sticky lips, and drawing them more closely over her old teeth lay still in blissful peace. Levin attentively watched this last movement of hers.

'And it is just the same with me!' he said to himself 'It is just the same with me. What does it matter. . . . All is well.'

CHAPTER XXVIII

Early in the morning after the ball Anna sent a telegram to her husband to say that she was leaving Moscow that same evening.

'Really I must, I must go,' she said, explaining her altered plans to her sister-in-law in a tone suggesting that she had suddenly remembered so many things she had to do that it was not even possible to enumerate them all. 'Really I had better go to-day.'

Stephen Oblonsky was not dining at home, but promised to be back at seven to see his sister off.

Kitty also had not come, but had sent a note to say that she had a headache. Dolly and Anna dined alone with the children and their English governess. Whether it is that children are inconstant or that they are sensitive and felt that Anna was not the same person to-day as she had been that other day when they had been so fond of her, and that she no longer took any interest in them, at any rate they suddenly left off playing with their aunt and loving her, and were not at all concerned about her leaving. Anna spent the whole morning preparing for her departure: writing notes to her Moscow acquaintances, making up accounts, and packing. It seemed to Dolly that Anna was not at ease in her mind, but in a state of anxiety that Dolly knew well from her own experience, a state which does not come on without a cause, but generally hides dissatisfaction with oneself. After dinner Anna went to her room to dress, and Dolly followed her.

'How strange you are to-day!' said Dolly.

'I? Do you think so? I am not strange, but wicked. It sometimes happens to me. I feel ready to cry. It is very silly, but it will pass,' said Anna hurriedly, and she bent her flushed face over the tiny bag into which she was packing a night-cap and some lawn handkerchiefs. Her eyes shone peculiarly and kept filling with tears. 'I did not want to leave Petersburg, and now I do not want to leave here.'

'You came here and did a good action,' said Dolly, scrutinizing her attentively.

Anna looked at her with her eyes wet with tears.

'Do not say that, Dolly. I have done and could do nothing. I often wonder why people conspire to spoil me. What have I done and what could I do? There was enough love in your heart to forgive . . .'

'But for you, God only knows what would have happened! How lucky you are, Anna,' said Dolly. 'Everything in your soul is clear and good.'

'Every one has a skeleton in their cupboard, as the English say.'

'What skeleton have you? Everything about you is so clear.'

'I have one!' said Anna, and unexpectedly following her tears, a sly, humorous smile puckered her lips.

'Well, at least your skeleton is a funny one and not a dismal one,' said Dolly smiling.

'No, it is a dismal one. Do you know why I am going to-day and not to-morrow? This is a confession of something that oppresses me, and I want to make it to you,' said Anna, determinedly throwing herself back in an arm-chair and looking straight into Dolly's eyes.

And to her surprise Dolly saw that Anna was blushing to her ears and to the curly black locks on her neck.

'Do you know,' continued Anna, 'why Kitty did not come to dinner? She is jealous of me. I have spoiled . . . I mean I was the cause of the ball being a torture instead of a pleasure to her. But really, really I was not to blame, or only a very little,' she said, drawling out the word 'very' in a high-pitched voice.

'Oh, how like Steve you said that,' remarked Dolly laughing.

Anna was annoyed.

'Oh no, no, I am not Steve,' she said frowning. 'The reason I have told you is that I do not even for a moment allow myself to distrust myself.'

But at the moment when she uttered these words she knew they were untrue: she not only distrusted herself but was agitated by the thought of Vronsky, and was leaving sooner than she had intended only that she might not meet him again.

'Yes, Steve told me that you danced the mazurka with him, and that he . . .'

'You cannot think how queerly it came about. I only thought of arranging the match, and—suddenly it all came out quite differently. . . . Perhaps against my own will I . . .'

She blushed and stopped.

'Oh, they feel that at once!' said Dolly.

'But I should be in despair if there were anything serious in it on his side,' Anna interrupted her. 'I am sure that it will all be forgotten, and Kitty will no longer hate me.'

'Well, do you know, Anna, to tell you the truth, I am not very anxious that Kitty should marry him. It is much better that it should come to nothing if he, Vronsky, is capable of falling in love with you in a day.'

'Oh, my goodness! How stupid it would be,' said

Anna, and again a deep flush of pleasure suffused her face at hearing the thought that occupied her mind expressed in words. 'So I am going away having made an enemy of Kitty, of whom I am so fond. Oh, what a darling she is! But you will put it right? Eh, Dolly?'

Dolly could hardly repress a smile. She was fond of Anna, but it was pleasant to find that she too had a weakness.

'An enemy? That is impossible.'

'I should so like you all to love me as I love you; and now I love you still more,' said Anna with tears in her eyes. 'Oh dear, how silly I am to-day.'

She dabbed her face with her handkerchief, and began to dress.

Oblonsky, smelling of wine and cigars, with his face red and happy, came in late, just as she was about to start.

Anna's emotion had spread to Dolly, who as she embraced her sister-in-law for the last time whispered: 'Remember that I love and always shall love you as my best friend!'

'I do not know why you should,' said Anna, kissing her and trying to hide her tears.

'You understood and understand me. Good-bye, my sweet one!'

CHAPTER XXIX

'Well, that's all over, thank Heaven!' was Anna's first thought when she had taken leave of her brother, who stood to the last moment obstructing the entrance to the railway carriage.

She sat down beside her maid Annushka, and peered round the dimly-lit sleeping compartment. 'Thank Heaven, to-morrow I shall see Serezha and Alexis Alexandrovich again, and my good accustomed life will go on as of old.'

With the same preoccupied mind she had had all that day, Anna prepared with pleasure and great deliberation for the journey. With her deft little hands she unlocked her red bag, took out a small pillow which she placed on her knees, and locked the bag again; then she carefully

wrapped up her feet and sat down comfortably. An invalid lady was already going to bed. Two other ladies began talking to Anna. One, a fat old woman, while wrapping up her feet, remarked upon the heating of the carriage. Anna said a few words in answer, but not foreseeing anything interesting from the conversation asked her maid to get out her reading-lamp, fixed it to the arm of her seat, and took a paper-knife and an English novel from her handbag. At first she could not read. For a while the bustle of people moving about disturbed her, and when the train had finally started it was impossible not to listen to the noises; then there was the snow, beating against the window on her left, to which it stuck, and the sight of the guard, who passed through the carriage closely wrapped up and covered with snow on one side; also the conversation about the awful snow-storm which was raging outside distracted her attention. And so it went on and on: the same jolting and knocking, the same beating of the snow on the window-pane, the same rapid changes from steaming heat to cold, and back again to heat, the gleam of the same faces through the semi-darkness, and the same voices,—but at last Anna began to read and to follow what she read. Annushka was already dozing, her broad hands, with a hole in one of the gloves, holding the red bag on her lap. Anna read and understood, but it was unpleasant to read, that is to say, to follow the reflection of other people's lives. She was too eager to live herself. When she read how the heroine of the novel nursed a sick man, she wanted to move about the sick-room with noiseless footsteps; when she read of a member of Parliament making a speech, she wished to make that speech; when she read how Lady Mary rode to hounds, teased her sister-in-law, and astonished everybody by her boldness—she wanted to do it herself. But there was nothing to be done, so she forced herself to read, while her little hand toyed with the smooth paper-knife.

The hero of the novel had nearly attained to his English happiness of a baronetcy and an estate, and Anna wanted to go to the estate with him, when she suddenly felt that he must have been ashamed, and that she was ashamed of the same thing,—but what was he ashamed of? 'What am I ashamed of?' she asked herself with

indignant surprise. She put down her book, leaned back, and clasped the paper-knife tightly in both hands. There was nothing to be ashamed of. She called up all her Moscow memories. They were all good and pleasant. She recalled the ball and Vronsky and his humble, enamoured gaze, and their relations with one another; there was nothing to be ashamed of. And yet at that very point of her recollections when she remembered Vronsky, the feeling of shame grew stronger and some inner voice seemed to say to her, 'warm, very warm, burning!' 'Well, what of it?' she finally said to herself with decision, changing her position on the seat. 'What does it signify? Am I afraid to look straight at it? What of it? Just as if there existed, or could exist, between me and this officer-lad any relations differing from those with other acquaintances.' She smiled disdainfully and again took up her book; but now she absolutely could not understand what she was reading. She passed her paper-knife over the window-pane, then pressed its cold smooth surface against her cheek and almost laughed aloud, suddenly overcome with unreasoning joy. She felt that her nerves were being stretched like strings drawn tighter and tighter round pegs. She felt her eyes opening wider, her fingers and toes nervously moving, and something inside her stopping her breath, and all the forms and sounds in the swaying semi-darkness around struck her with unusual vividness. Momentary doubts kept occurring in her mind as to whether the train was moving forwards or backwards, or standing still. Was it Annushka who was sitting beside her, or a stranger? 'And am I here, myself? Am I myself or another?' She was afraid of giving way to these delirious thoughts. Something seemed to draw her to them, but she had the power to give way to them or to resist. To get over it she rose, threw off her wrap, and took off the cape of her coat. She came to her senses for a moment, and knew that the lean peasant in the long nankin coat with a button missing who had come into the compartment was the carriage stoker and was looking at the thermometer, and that the wind and snow rushed in when he opened the door; but afterwards everything again became confused. . . .

The peasant in the long coat started gnawing at some-

thing on the wall; the old woman began stretching her legs the whole length of the carriage, which she filled with a black cloud; then something squeaked and clattered in a dreadful manner, as if some one was being torn to pieces; then a blinding red light appeared, and at last everything was hidden by a wall. Anna felt as if she had fallen through the floor. But all this did not seem dreadful, but amusing. The voice of a man wrapped up and covered with snow shouted something just above her ear. She rose and came to herself, understanding that they had stopped at a station and that this was the guard. She asked Annushka to give her the cape she had removed and a shawl, and putting them on she moved to the door.

'Are you going out?' asked Annushka.

'Yes, I want a breath of air. It is so hot in here.'

She opened the carriage door. The snow and wind rushed toward her and had a tussle with her for the door. And this too struck her as amusing. She went out. The wind seemed only to have waited for her: it whistled merrily and tried to seize and carry her off, but she held on to the cold door-post and held down her shawl, then stepping on to the platform she moved away from the carriage.

The wind blew boisterously into the little porch of the carriage, but on the platform, sheltered by the train, it was quiet. With enjoyment she drew in full breaths of the snowy, frosty air as she stood beside her carriage looking round at the platform and the lighted station.

CHAPTER XXX

A BLUSTERING storm was rushing and whistling between the wheels of the train and round the pillars and the corners of the station. The railway carriages, the pillars, the people, and everything that could be seen, were covered on one side with snow, and that covering became thicker and thicker. A momentary lull would be followed by such a terrific gust that it seemed hardly possible to stand against it. Yet people, merrily exchanging remarks, ran over the creaking boards of the platform, and the big station doors were constantly being opened and shut.

The shadow of a man stooping slipped past her feet and she heard a hammer striking the carriage wheels. 'Let me have the telegram!' came an angry voice from the other side out of the stormy darkness. 'Here, please, No. 28!' cried other voices, while many people muffled up and covered with snow ran hither and thither. Two gentlemen passed her with glowing cigarettes between their lips. She took another deep breath to get her fill of fresh air and had already drawn her hand out of her muff to take hold of the handrail and get into the train, when another man wearing a military overcoat came close between her and the wavering light of the lamp. She turned round, and instantly recognized Vronsky. With his hand in salute, he bowed and asked if she wanted anything and whether he could be of any service to her. For some time she looked into his face without answering, and, though he stood in the shade she noticed, or thought she noticed, the expression of his face and eyes. It was the same expression of respectful ecstasy that had so affected her the night before. She had assured herself more than once during those last few days, and again a moment ago, that Vronsky in relation to her was only one of the hundreds of everlastingly identical young men she met everywhere, and that she would never allow herself to give him a thought; yet now, at the first moment of seeing him again, she was seized by a feeling of joyful pride. There was no need for her to ask him why he was there. She knew as well as if he had told her, that he was there in order to be where she was.

'I did not know that you were going too. Why are you going?' she asked, dropping the hand with which she was about to take hold of the handrail. Her face beamed with a joy and animation she could not repress.

'Why am I going?' he repeated, looking straight into her eyes. 'You know that I am going in order to be where you are,' said he. 'I cannot do otherwise.'

At that moment the wind, as if it had mastered all obstacles, scattered the snow from the carriage roofs, and set a loose sheet of iron clattering; and in front the deep whistle of the engine howled mournfully and dismally. The awfulness of the storm appeared still more beautiful to her now. He had said just what her

soul desired but her reason dreaded. She did not reply, and he saw a struggle in her face.

'Forgive me if my words displease you,' he said humbly. He spoke courteously and respectfully, but so firmly and stubbornly that she was long unable to reply.

'What you are saying is wrong, and if you are a good man, I beg you to forget it, as I will forget it,' she said at last.

'Not a word, not a movement of yours will I ever forget, nor can I . . .'

'Enough, enough!' she cried, vainly trying to give a severe expression to her face, into which he was gazing eagerly. She took hold of the cold handrail, ascended the steps, and quickly entered the little lobby leading into the carriage. But in that little lobby she stopped, going over in her imagination what had just taken place. Though she could remember neither his nor her own words, she instinctively felt that that momentary conversation had drawn them terribly near to one another, and this both frightened her and made her happy. After standing still for a few seconds she went into the carriage and sat down. The overwrought condition which tormented her before not only returned again, but grew worse and reached such a degree that she feared every moment that something within her would give way under the intolerable strain. She did not sleep at all that night, but the strain and the visions which filled her imagination had nothing unpleasant or dismal about them; on the contrary they seemed joyful, glowing, and stimulating. Toward morning Anna, while still sitting up, fell into a doze; when she woke it was already light and the train was approaching Petersburg. At once thoughts of home, her husband, her son, and the cares of the coming day and of those that would follow, beset her.

When the train stopped at the Petersburg terminus and she got out, the first face she noticed was that of her husband.

'Great heavens! What has happened to his ears?' she thought, gazing at his cold and commanding figure, and especially at the gristly ears which now so struck her, pressing as they did against the rim of his hat. When he saw her, he came toward her with his customary

ironical smile and looked straight at her with his large tired eyes. An unpleasant feeling weighed on her heart when she felt his fixed and weary gaze, as if she had expected to find him different. She was particularly struck by the feeling of dissatisfaction with herself which she experienced when she met him. It was that ordinary well-known feeling, as if she were dissembling, which she experienced in regard to her husband; but formerly she had not noticed it, while now she was clearly and painfully conscious of it.

'Yes, as you see. Here is a devoted husband; devoted as in the first year of married life,—consumed by desire to see you,' said he in his slow, high-pitched voice and in the tone in which he always addressed her, a tone which ridiculed those who could use such words in earnest.

'Is Serezha well?' she asked.

'And is this all the reward I get,' he said, 'for my ardour? He is quite well, quite well. . . .'

CHAPTER XXXI

Vronsky did not even try to sleep that night. He sat in his place, his eyes staring straight before him, not observing the people who went in or out; and if previously his appearance of imperturbable calm had struck and annoyed those who did not know him, he now seemed to them even prouder and more self-confident. He looked at people as if they were inanimate things. A nervous young man, a Law Court official, who sat opposite, hated him for that look. The young man repeatedly lit his cigarette at Vronsky's, talked to him, and even jostled him to prove that he was not a thing but a man; yet Vronsky still looked at him as at a street lamp, and the young man made grimaces, feeling that he was losing self-control under the stress of this refusal to regard him as human.

Vronsky neither saw nor heard anyone. He felt himself a king, not because he believed that he had made an impression on Anna—he did not yet believe that—but because the impression she had made on him filled him with happiness and pride.

What would come of it all he did not know and did

not even consider. He felt that all his powers, hitherto dissipated and scattered, were now concentrated and directed with terrible energy toward one blissful aim. This made him happy. He knew only that he had told her the truth: that he would go where she went, that all the happiness of life and the only meaning of life for him now was in seeing and hearing her. When he had got out of the train at Bologoe station to drink a glass of seltzer water and had seen Anna, he had involuntarily at once told her just what he was thinking about it. He was glad he had said it to her, and that she now knew it and was thinking about it. He did not sleep at all that night. When he returned to the train, he kept recalling all the positions in which he had seen her, and all her words; and in his imagination, causing his heart to stand still, floated pictures of a possible future.

When he got out of the train at Petersburg he felt, despite his sleepless night, as fresh and animated as after a cold bath. He stopped outside the carriage, waiting till she appeared. 'I shall see her again,' he thought and smiled involuntarily. 'I shall see her walk, her face . . . she will say something, turn her head, look at me, perhaps even smile.' But before seeing her he saw her husband, whom the station-master was respectfully conducting through the crowd. 'Dear me! the husband!' Only now did Vronsky for the first time clearly realize that the husband was connected with her. He knew she had a husband, but had not believed in his existence, and only fully believed in him when he saw him there: his head and shoulders, and the black trousers containing his legs, and especially when he saw that husband with an air of ownership quietly take her hand.

When he saw Karenin, with his fresh Petersburg face, his sternly self-confident figure, his round hat and his slightly rounded back, Vronsky believed in his existence, and had such a disagreeable sensation as a man tortured by thirst might feel on reaching a spring and finding a dog, sheep, or pig in it, drinking the water and making it muddy. Karenin's gait, the swinging of his thighs, and his wide short feet, particularly offended Vronsky, who acknowledged only his own unquestionable right to love Anna. But she was still the same, and the sight of her still affected him physically, exhilarating and stimulating

him and filling him with joy. He ordered his German valet, who had run up from a second-class carriage, to get his luggage and take it home, and he himself went up to her. He saw the husband and wife meet, and with the penetration of a lover he noticed the signs of slight embarrassment when she spoke to her husband.

'No, she doesn't and can't love him,' he decided mentally.

While he was approaching her from behind he observed with joy that she became aware of his approach and was about to turn but, on recognizing him, again addressed her husband.

'Did you have a good night?' he inquired, bowing toward them both, and leaving it to Karenin to take the greeting as meant for himself and to recognize him, or not, as he pleased.

'Yes, quite comfortable, thank you,' she replied.

Her face seemed tired and had none of that play which showed now in a smile and now in the animation of her eyes; but just for an instant as she looked at him he saw a gleam in her eyes and, though the spark was at once extinguished, that one instant made him happy. She glanced at her husband to see whether he knew Vronsky. Karenin looked at him with displeasure, absently trying to recall who he might be. Vronsky's calm self-confidence struck like a scythe on a stone against the cold self-confidence of Karenin.

'Count Vronsky,' said Anna.

'Ah! I believe we have met before,' said Karenin, extending his hand with indifference. 'You travelled there with the mother and came back with the son,' he said, uttering every word distinctly as though it were something valuable he was giving away. 'I suppose you are returning from furlough?' he remarked; and without waiting for an answer said to his wife in his playful manner: 'Well, were many tears shed in Moscow over the parting?'

By addressing himself thus to his wife he conveyed to Vronsky his wish to be alone with her, and turning to Vronsky he touched his hat. But Vronsky, addressing Anna, said:

'I hope to have the honour of calling on you.'

Karenin glanced at him with his weary eyes.

'I shall be very pleased,' he said coldly. 'We are at home on Mondays.' Then having finally dismissed Vronsky he said to his wife in his usual bantering tone: 'What a good thing it was that I had just half an hour to spare to meet you and was able to show my devotion!'

'You insist too much on your devotion, for me to value it greatly,' she replied in the same playful tone, while she involuntarily listened to the sound of Vronsky's footsteps following them. 'But what does he matter to me?' she asked herself, and began inquiring of her husband how Serezha had got on during her absence.

'Oh, splendidly! Mariette says he was very sweet. But—I'm sorry to grieve you!—he did not fret after you . . . like your husband! . . . But I must thank you once again, my dear, for having made me the present of a day. Our dear samovar will be in ecstasies.' (He called the celebrated Countess Lydia Ivanovna *samovar* because she was always getting heated and boiling over about something.) 'She was asking after you. And, do you know, if I may advise, you should go and see her to-day. Her heart is always aching about somebody. At present, in addition to all her other worries, she is concerned about the Oblonskys' reconciliation.'

Countess Lydia Ivanovna was Anna's husband's friend, and the centre of that set in Petersburg Society with which Anna, through her husband, was most closely connected.

'But I wrote to her.'

'Yes, but she wants the particulars. Go and see her, my dear, if you are not too tired. . . . Kondraty is here with the carriage for you, and I must be off to the Committee. Now I shan't have to dine alone,' he went on, no longer in a bantering manner. 'You can't think how I used . . .' and with a long pressure of her hand and a special kind of smile he helped her into the carriage.

CHAPTER XXXII

The first person to meet Anna when she reached home was her son. He ran down the stairs to her regardless of his governess's cries, and with desperate delight called

out: 'Mama! Mama!' When he reached her he clung round her neck.

'I told you it was Mama!' he shouted to the governess. 'I knew!' Her son, like his father, produced on Anna a feeling akin to disappointment. Her fancy had pictured him nicer than he was in reality. She had to come down to reality in order to enjoy him as he was. But even as he was, he was charming, with his fair curls, blue eyes, and plump shapely legs in tight-fitting stockings. Anna experienced an almost physical pleasure in feeling his proximity and his caresses, and a moral solace when she met his simple, trustful, and loving gaze and heard his naïve questions. She unpacked the presents which Dolly's children had sent him, and told him that there was a girl in Moscow whose name was Tanya, who could read and even teach other children.

'And am I worse than she?' asked Serezha.

'To me, you are the best in the world.'

'I know,' he said, smiling.

Before Anna had time to finish her coffee the Countess Lydia Ivanovna was announced. The Countess was a tall, stout woman with a sickly sallow complexion and beautiful, dreamy, black eyes. Anna was fond of her, but to-day she seemed to see her for the first time with all her defects.

'Well, my dear! did you take the olive branch?' asked the Countess Lydia Ivanovna as soon as she entered the room.

'Yes, it's all over; but the whole affair was not as serious as we thought,' Anna replied. 'My sister-in-law is, in general, too impulsive.'

But the Countess, who was interested in everything that did not concern her, had a habit of never listening to what interested her, and she interrupted Anna:

'Ah, yes! There is much sorrow and evil in the world, and to-day I am terribly worried.'

'Why! What is the matter?' asked Anna, trying to suppress a smile.

'I am getting tired of breaking lances uselessly in the cause of truth, and sometimes I feel quite unstrung. That Little Sisters' affair' (this was a philanthropic, religio-patriotic society) 'was going splendidly, but to work with those gentlemen is impossible,' continued

the Countess Lydia Ivanovna with an ironical air of resignation to fate. 'They took the idea and perverted it, and are now discussing it in such a trivial, petty way! Two or three, your husband among them, understand the full significance of the affair, but the others just drop it. Yesterday I had a letter from Pravdin . . .'

Pravdin was a well-known Panslavist who resided abroad.

The Countess told Anna what he had written.

She then went on to tell her of other unpleasantnesses, and of the underhand opposition to the plan for uniting the Churches, and she went away in a hurry, as she had that afternoon to be at a meeting of another society as well as to attend a Slavonic Committee meeting.

'This is all just as it was before, but how is it that I never noticed it before?' said Anna to herself. 'Or is it that she is specially irritated this morning? But it is really funny; her aim is to do good, she is a Christian, and yet she is always angry and always has enemies—all on account of Christianity and philanthropy!'

After the Countess had left, a friend—a high official's wife—arrived and gave Anna all the Petersburg news. At three she also left, promising to come back to dinner.

Karenin was at the Ministry. Anna, left alone, spent part of the time before dinner in seeing her son have his dinner (he dined apart), in putting her things in order, and in reading and answering the notes and letters that had accumulated on her table.

The feeling of causeless shame she had felt during the journey, and her agitation, had quite vanished. In her accustomed conditions of life she again felt firm and blameless.

She thought with wonder of her state the day before. 'What had happened? Nothing! Vronsky said some silly things, to which it will be easy to put a stop, and I said what was necessary. It is unnecessary and impossible to speak of it to my husband. To speak of it would be to give it an importance that does not belong to it.' She remembered how she had once told her husband about one of his subordinates who very nearly made her a declaration, and how Karenin had answered that every woman living in Society was liable to such things, but that he had full confidence in her tact

and would never degrade himself and her by being jealous. 'So there is no need to tell him! Besides, thank Heaven, there is nothing to tell!' she said to herself.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Karenin returned from the Ministry at four o'clock, but, as often happened, he had no time to go up and see his wife. He went straight to his study to receive some petitioners and sign a few documents brought by his private secretary. At the Karenins' dinners there were usually about three visitors. This time there came an old lady, a cousin of Karenin's; the Director of a Department; the Director's wife; and a young man who had been recommended to Karenin for a post under him. Anna went into the drawing-room to entertain them. Exactly at five—the bronze clock (style of Peter I) had not finished striking—Karenin entered in evening dress with a white tie and two stars on his coat, as he had to attend an official meeting directly after dinner. Every moment of his life was filled up and apportioned, and in order to find time to perform all the tasks allotted to each day he observed the strictest regularity. 'Without haste and without rest,' was his motto. He entered the room, greeted everybody, and quickly sat down, smiling at his wife.

'So my solitude has come to an end. You wouldn't believe how uncomfortable'—he put special emphasis on the word *uncomfortable*—'it is to dine alone!'

At dinner he spoke a little about Moscow affairs with his wife, asking with an ironical smile after Stephen Oblonsky; but for the most part the conversation was general and dealt with Petersburg service and social affairs. After dinner he spent half an hour with his guests, and then, having again with a smile pressed his wife's hand, went away to the Council. That evening Anna went neither to see the Princess Betsy Tverskaya, who having heard of Anna's return had invited her, nor to the theatre, where she had a box for that evening. Her chief reason for not going was that a dress on which she had counted was not ready. Altogether, when, after her visitors had left, Anna busied herself with her toilet,

she was much vexed. Before going to Moscow, she—being an adept at dressing on comparatively little money—left three dresses to be altered. She wanted them made up so that they should be unrecognizable, and they were to have been sent home three days ago; but she now found that two were not ready at all, while the third had not been done in the way she wished. The dressmaker came to explain that it was better as she had done it, and Anna lost her temper to such a degree that she afterwards felt ashamed. Completely to regain her composure, she went to the nursery and spent the evening with her son. She put him to bed herself, made the sign of the cross over him, and tucked him up. She was glad she had not gone out that evening but had spent it so pleasantly at home. She felt light-hearted and tranquil, and saw clearly that what in the train had appeared so important had merely been an ordinary and trivial incident of Society life, and that there was no reason for her to feel ashamed, or for anyone to blame her. She sat down by the fire with an English novel and awaited her husband. Exactly at half-past nine there was a ring at the front door, and he entered the room.

'Here you are at last!' she said, holding out her hand to him.

He kissed it, and seated himself beside her.

'In general, I see that your journey has been a success,' said he.

'Yes, quite,' she replied, and related everything that had happened from the beginning: her journey with the Countess Vronskaya, her arrival, the accident at the railway station. Then she spoke of her pity, first for her brother and then for Dolly.

'I don't think that one can excuse such a man, even though he is your brother,' remarked Karenin, severely.

Anna smiled. She knew he had said that in order to show that no consideration of kinship could hinder the expression of his sincere opinion. She knew that trait in her husband's character, knew and liked it.

'I am glad it has all ended satisfactorily and that you are back again,' he continued. 'But what are they saying there about the new Statute I carried in the Council?'

Anna had heard nothing about the Statute, and felt

ashamed that she had so lightly forgotten what was of such importance to him.

'Here, on the contrary, it has made quite a stir,' he said with a self-satisfied smile.

Anna saw that he wanted to tell her something pleasant to himself about that affair, and by questioning she led him on to tell her all about it. With the same self-satisfied smile he told her about the ovations he had received on account of the enactment of that Statute.

'I was very, very pleased. It shows that at last a clear and reasonable view of the matter is beginning to be firmly held among us.'

Having finished his second cup of tea and cream and his bread and butter, he rose and went into his study.

'And have you not been out anywhere? You must have been dull,' he said.

'Oh no!' she answered, rising and following him through the room to his study. 'And what are you reading now?' she asked.

'I am now reading the Duc de Lille's *Poésie des enfers*,' he replied. 'A very remarkable book.'

Anna smiled, as one smiles at the weaknesses of people one loves, and slipping her hand under his arm walked with him to the study door. She knew his habit, which had become a necessity, of reading in the evening. She knew that in spite of his time being almost entirely absorbed by the duties of his post, he considered it incumbent on him to follow everything of importance that appeared in the world of thought. She also knew that really he was interested in political, philosophic, and theological books, and that art was quite foreign to his nature, yet in spite of this—or rather because of it—he never ignored anything that caused a stir in that sphere, but considered it his duty to read everything. She knew that in the sphere of politics, philosophy, and theology, Alexis Alexandrovich doubted and searched; but in questions of art, poetry, and especially music—which he did not at all understand—he held most definite and firm opinions. He liked talking of Shakespeare, Raphael, and Beethoven, and about the importance of the new schools of poetry and music, which in his mind were all classified with very logical exactitude.

'Well, God bless you!' she said at the door of the

study, where a shaded candle and a bottle of water had been placed ready for him beside his arm-chair; 'and I will go and write to them in Moscow.'

He pressed her hand and again kissed it.

'After all, he is a good man: truthful, kind, and remarkable in his own sphere,' said Anna to herself when she had returned to her room, as if defending him from some one who accused him and declared it was impossible to love him. 'But why do his ears stick out so? Or has he had his hair cut?'

Exactly at midnight, when Anna was still sitting at her writing-table finishing a letter to Dolly, she heard the measured tread of slippered feet, and Karenin entered, freshly washed, his hair brushed, and a book under his arm.

'It's time! It's time!' said he with a peculiar smile, going into their bedroom.

'And what right had he to look at him as he did?' thought Anna, remembering how Vronsky had looked at Karenin.

When she was undressed she went into the bedroom, but on her face not only was there not a trace of that animation which during her stay in Moscow had sparkled in her eyes and smile, but on the contrary the fire in her now seemed quenched or hidden somewhere very far away.

CHAPTER XXXIV

When he went to Moscow, Vronsky had left his large flat on the Morskaya to his friend and favourite comrade, Petritsky.

Petritsky was a young lieutenant, not of very aristocratic birth, and not only not wealthy but heavily in debt, tipsy every evening, and often under arrest for amusing or improper escapades, but popular both with his comrades and superiors. Arriving home from the station about noon, Vronsky recognized a hired brougham at the front door. When he rang the bell, while still outside, he heard men's laughter, a woman's lisping voice, and Petritsky shouting: 'If it is one of the villains, don't let him in!'

Vronsky told the servants not to announce his arrival,

and softly entered the first room. Petritsky's friend, the Baroness Chilton, her lilac satin dress and pink and white face glistening, and like a canary filling the whole room with her Parisian voice, was seated at the round table making coffee. Petritsky in his great coat, and Captain Kamerovsky in full uniform probably straight from parade, sat on each side of her.

'Vronsky! Bravo!' exclaimed Petritsky jumping up and noisily pushing back his chair. 'The master himself! Baroness, some coffee for him out of the new coffee-pot. . . . Well, this is unexpected! I hope you are pleased with this ornament to your study,' he added, pointing to the Baroness. 'Of course, you know one another?'

'I should think so!' replied Vronsky with a merry smile, as he pressed the Baroness's small hand. 'Of course: quite old friends.'

'You have returned from a journey?' said the Baroness. 'Oh, I'll be off home this very moment if I am in the way.'

'You are at home where you are, Baroness,' said Vronsky. 'How do you do, Kamerovsky?' he added, coldly shaking hands with the Captain.

'There now! You never manage to say such pretty things,' said the Baroness to Petritsky.

'Oh yes! Why not? After dinner I'll say things quite as good as that.'

'But after dinner there is no merit in it! Well then, I'll give you some coffee. . . . But have a wash and smarten yourself up,' said the Baroness, again sitting down and carefully turning a small screw of the coffee-pot.

'Pierre, pass me the coffee,' she said to Petritsky, whom, not concealing their relations, she called Pierre (the French for Peter), because of his surname. 'I'll put a little more into the pot.'

'You'll spoil it!'

'No, I shan't! And your wife?' the Baroness said suddenly, interrupting Vronsky's conversation with his comrade. 'We here have been marrying you off! Have you brought your wife?'

'No, Baroness. A Bohemian I was born, and a Bohemian I shall die!'

'So much the better! So much the better! Give me your hand.'

And the Baroness, instead of releasing Vronsky, began telling him her plans for the future, interspersing jokes and asking his advice.

'He won't agree to a divorce! Whatever am I to do?' (*He* was her husband.) 'I want to begin an action. What would you advise? Kamerovsky, mind the coffee, it's boiling over! Don't you see I am occupied? . . . I want to bring an action because I need my property. You see how absurd it is, that because I am supposed to be unfaithful,' she said contemptuously, 'he wishes to have the use of my property.'

Vronsky listened with pleasure to the merry prattle of the pretty young woman, agreed with what she said, and half in fun gave her advice; in a word he immediately took up his habitual manner with women of her kind. In his Petersburg world people were divided into two quite opposite sorts. One—the inferior sort: the paltry, stupid, and, above all, ridiculous people who believe that a husband should live with the one wife to whom he is married, that a maiden should be pure, a woman modest, and a man, manly, self-controlled and firm; that one should bring up one's children to earn their living, should pay one's debts, and other nonsense of that kind. These were the old-fashioned and ridiculous people. But there was another sort of people: the real people to which all his set belonged, who had above all to be well-bred, generous, bold, gay, and to abandon themselves unblushingly to all their passions and laugh at everything else.

Just for a moment Vronsky was staggered, having brought back from Moscow the impression of a totally different world, but immediately, as though he had put his foot into an old slipper, he re-entered his former gay and pleasant world.

The coffee never got made, but boiled over and splashed everybody, effecting just what was required: that is, it gave an excuse for much noise and laughter, staining the valuable carpet and the Baroness's dress.

'Now good-bye, or you'll never get washed, and on my conscience will lie the greatest crime of a gentleman —want of cleanliness. . . . So you advise me to put a knife to his throat?'

'Most certainly, and hold it so that your hand will be

near his lips. He will kiss the hand and all will end well!' said Vronsky.

'Then we meet at the French Theatre to-night?' and, her dress rustling, she vanished.

Kamerovsky rose also, and, without waiting for him to go, Vronsky shook hands with him and went to his dressing-room. While he was washing, Petritsky in a few words described his own position in so far as it had changed since Vronsky went away. He had no money at all. His father had said he would not give him any and would not pay his debts. His tailor and another creditor were threatening him with arrest. His C.O. had announced to him that if these scandals continued he (Petritsky) would have to resign. He was sick to death of the Baroness, especially because she was always wanting to give him money; but there was another—he would let Vronsky see her—who was charming, wonderful, of severely Oriental type, in the style of '"The Slave Rebecca," you know!' He had also had a quarrel with Berkashev, who wished to send his seconds, but of course nothing would come of it. But, in general, everything was first-rate and extremely jolly; and without letting his friend go into the details of his position, Petritsky began telling him all the interesting news. Listening to Petritsky's familiar tales, in the familiar surroundings of the house he had lived in for three years, Vronsky experienced the satisfaction of returning to his customary careless Petersburg life.

'Impossible!' he cried, releasing the pedal of his washstand, which controlled a jet of water under which he was bathing his healthy, ruddy neck. 'Impossible!' he cried, at the news that Laura was under the protection of Mileyev and had thrown up Fertinhof. 'And he is still as stupid and self-satisfied? And what of Buzulukov?'

'Oh, about Buzulukov there is such a tale—splendid!' shouted Petritsky. 'You know his passion for balls? He never misses a single Court ball. He went to a grand ball wearing one of the new helmets—have you seen the new helmets? They're very good, much lighter.—Well, he stood . . . But you are not listening.'

'Yes, I am,' replied Vronsky, rubbing himself with a bath-towel.

'The Grand Duchess passed by with one of the Ambassadors, and as his ill-luck would have it they were discussing the new helmets. The Grand Duchess wishes to show him one of them. . . . She sees our dear Buzulukov standing there'—Petritsky imitated the pose—'the Grand Duchess asks him for his helmet, but he won't let her have it! What can this mean? They wink at him, nod, frown, to make him give it up. . . . No! He stands there more dead than alive. . . . Just imagine it! . . . That—what's his name?—wishes to take it from him, but he won't let go. . . . The other snatches it away and hands it to the Grand Duchess. "Here, this is one of the new ones," says the Grand Duchess, turning it over, and—just fancy!—out tumbles a pear and sweets—two pounds of them! . . . The dear fellow had collected them in his helmet!'

Vronsky shook with laughter, and long after, when he was already talking of other things, he again went off into roars of hearty laughter, showing his compact row of strong teeth, at the remembrance of the helmet.

Having heard all the news, Vronsky, with the help of his valet, put on his uniform and went to report himself. After that he intended to go to see his brother and to see Betsy, and to pay a few calls in order to begin visiting the set in which he could meet Anna Karenina. As usual in Petersburg, he left the house not to return till late at night.

PART II

CHAPTER I

Toward the end of the winter a consultation was held at the Shcherbatskys' which was intended to ascertain the state of Kitty's health and to decide what should be done to restore her failing strength. She was ill, and with the approach of spring grew worse. Their own doctor prescribed cod-liver oil, then iron, and then nitrate of silver, but as none of them did her any good and as he advised her to go abroad for the spring they sent for a celebrated specialist.

The celebrated specialist, a very handsome man and by no means old, insisted on sounding the invalid.

He, with particular pleasure as it seemed, insisted that a maidenly sense of shame is only a relic of barbarism, and that nothing is more natural than for a man still in his prime to handle a young woman's naked body. He considered this natural because he did it every day, and did not, it seemed to him, either feel or think anything wrong when he did it. He therefore considered the feeling of shame in a girl to be not only a relic of barbarism but an insult to him.

They had to submit, for although all the doctors studied in the same schools and from the same books and knew the same sciences, and though some said that this celebrated man was a bad doctor, at the Princess Shcherbatskaya's and in her set it was for some reason assumed that he alone had a quite special knowledge and he alone could save Kitty. After having carefully examined and sounded the agitated invalid, who was stupefied with shame, the celebrity, having carefully washed his hands, stood in the drawing-room talking to the Prince. The Prince frowned and coughed as he listened to the doctor. As a man who had lived in the world and was neither stupid nor ill, the Prince did not believe in medicine, and

in his heart was vexed at this farce, especially as he himself was probably the only one who thoroughly understood the cause of Kitty's illness. 'What a windbag,' he thought as he listened to the celebrated doctor's chatter about Kitty's symptoms. The doctor meanwhile found it hard not to show his contempt for the old fellow, and with difficulty descended to the level of his comprehension. He saw that it was waste of time to talk to him, and that the head in this house was the mother. It was before her that he meant to spread his pearls.

Just then the Princess entered the room with the family doctor. The Prince moved away, trying not to show how absurd he thought the whole farce. The Princess was confused and did not know what to do. She felt guilty toward Kitty.

'Well, doctor, decide our fate,' she said. 'Tell me everything. . . . Is there any hope?' she meant to ask, but her lips trembled and she could not utter that question, and only added: 'Well, doctor?'

'In a moment, Princess. I will just have a talk with my colleague, and then I shall have the honour of giving you my opinion.'

'Then we had better leave you?'

'As you please.'

The Princess left the room with a sigh.

When the doctors were alone, the family doctor began timidly to express his opinion, which was that a tuberculous process had begun, but . . . etc. The celebrity listened, but in the midst of the speech looked at his large gold watch.

'Yes,' said he, 'but . . .'

The family doctor stopped respectfully in the middle of what he was saying.

'We cannot, as you know, determine the beginning of a tuberculous process. As long as there are no cavities there is nothing definite to go by. But we may suspect it; and there are indications—a bad appetite, nervous excitability, and so on. The question is this: When a tuberculous process is suspected, what should be done to nourish the patient?'

'But you know in these cases there is always some hidden moral cause,' the family doctor allowed himself to remark with a subtle smile.

'Yes, that goes without saying,' replied the celebrity, and again looked at his watch. 'Excuse me, has the bridge over the Yauza been repaired, or has one still to drive round?' he asked. 'Oh, it has been repaired! Well then, I can get there in twenty minutes. We were saying that the question is this: How to nourish the patient and strengthen the nerves. The two aims are connected, and we must act on both.'

'How about a journey abroad?' asked the family doctor.

'I am opposed to journeys abroad. You see, if a tuberculous process has begun (which we don't know), a journey abroad will not help the case. Something is necessary which will nourish the patient and do no harm.' And the celebrity explained his plan of a treatment with Soden Water, the chief reason for prescribing this evidently being that it could do no harm.

The family doctor listened attentively and respectfully to the end.

'But in favour of a journey abroad I should like to mention the change of habits, and the removal from surroundings which awaken memories. Besides which, the mother wishes it,' said he.

'Ah, in that case let them go, only those German quacks will do mischief. . . . They must obey. . . . However, let them go.'

He again glanced at his watch. 'I must be going!' he said, moving toward the door.

The celebrity informed the Princess (his sense of what was fitting suggested this to him) that he would have to see the patient again.

'What, another examination?' exclaimed the mother, horror-struck.

'Oh no, I must only find out a few details, Princess.'

'If you please, doctor.'

And the mother, followed by the doctor, entered the room in the middle of which Kitty was standing. Her thin cheeks were flushed and her eyes were burning after the ordeal she had endured. When the doctor entered she blushed all over and her eyes filled with tears. Her whole illness and the treatment appeared to her stupid and even ridiculous. Her treatment seemed to her as absurd as piecing together the bits of a smashed vase.

Her heart was broken. Why did they want to dose her with pills and powders ? But she did not want to pain her mother, especially as her mother considered herself to blame.

'Sit down, please, Princess,' said the celebrity.

He sat down opposite to her, smiling, felt her pulse and again began asking tiresome questions. She answered him, but suddenly grew angry and rose.

'Excuse me, doctor, but really this won't lead to anything. You are asking me the same things three times over.' The celebrity was not offended.

'It's only the excitability of an invalid,' he said to the mother after Kitty had gone out. 'And I had finished.'

And to the Princess, as to an exceptionally intelligent woman, the doctor diagnosed Kitty's condition in learned language, and concluded with directions how the unnecessary waters were to be drunk.

In reply to the question whether they should go abroad, the doctor thought deeply, as if solving a difficult problem, and at last he decided that they should go, but should not believe the quacks, and when in doubt should always refer to him.

It was just as if something pleasant had happened when the doctor had gone, and Kitty too pretended to be cheerful. She often now, almost always, had to pretend.

'Really, Mama ! I am quite well. But if you wish to travel, let us go ! ' and trying to appear interested in the journey she began to talk about the preparations for it.

CHAPTER II

Just after the doctor had left, Dolly came. She knew that there was to be a consultation that day, and though she had only recently got up after a confinement (she had given birth to a daughter at the end of the winter), and though she had many troubles and cares of her own, she left her baby and another little girl of hers who was ill, and called to hear Kitty's fate, which was to be decided that day.

'Well, how is she?' she said, entering the drawing-room without removing her bonnet.[1] 'You are all cheerful, so it must be all right!'

They tried to tell her what the doctor had said, but it turned out that though he had spoken very fluently and at great length, it was impossible to reproduce what he had said. The only thing of interest was that it had been decided they should go abroad.

Dolly could not suppress a sigh. Her best friend, her sister, was going away; and as it was, her life was not a bright one. Her relations with her husband after their reconciliation had become humiliating. Anna's soldering had not proved durable, and the family harmony had broken again at the same place. There was nothing definite, but Oblonsky was hardly ever at home, there was hardly ever any money, and suspicions of his infidelity continually tormented Dolly, who tried to repel them, fearing the already familiar pangs of jealousy. The first explosion of jealousy, once past, could not be repeated. Not even the discovery of an act of infidelity could again affect her as it had done the first time. Such a discovery could now only deprive her of her accustomed family life, and she let herself be deceived, despising him, and especially herself, for such weakness. Added to this the care of a large family worried her continually: either something went wrong with the feeding of the baby, or the nurse left, or, as now, one of the children fell ill.

'And how are you all getting on?' asked her mother.

'Ah, Mama, we have plenty of trouble of our own. Lily has fallen ill, and I'm afraid it's scarlet fever. I have come out to-day to hear the news, because I shall not come out at all if (which God forbid!) it really is scarlet fever.'

The old Prince came out of his study after the doctor had gone, and after giving his cheek to Dolly and greeting her he turned to his wife:

'Well, have you made up your minds to go? And what are you going to do with me?'

'I think you should stay behind, Alexander,' replied his wife.

'As you please.'

[1] In those days it was the fashion for married women to wear bonnets, rather than hats.

'Mama, why should not Papa come with us?' said Kitty. 'It would be pleasanter for him and for us too.'

The old Prince rose and stroked Kitty's hair. She lifted her face and, forcing a smile, looked up at him. She always felt that he understood her better than anyone else in the family, though he did not speak much to her. Being the youngest she was his favourite, and it seemed to her that his affection gave him insight. When her gaze now met his kindly blue eyes looking steadily at her, it seemed to her that he saw right through her, and knew all the trouble that was in her. She bent toward him, blushing, and expecting a kiss, but he only patted her on the head and remarked:

'These stupid chignons! One can't get at one's real daughter, but only caresses the hair of expired females. Well, Dolly,' he said, turning to his eldest daughter, 'and what is your prodigal about?'

'Nothing particular, Papa,' answered Dolly, understanding that he referred to her husband. 'He is always out, I hardly see him,'—she could not resist adding with an ironical smile.

'And has he not yet gone to the country to sell the forest?'

'No, he is always preparing to go.'

'Dear me!' said the Prince. 'And so I am also to prepare? I'm all obedience,' he said to his wife, as he sat down again. 'And look here, Kate,' he went on, turning to his youngest daughter: 'You must wake up one fine morning and say to yourself: "Why, I am quite well and happy, and will go out to walk in the frost again with Papa." Eh?'

Her father's words seemed very simple, but they made Kitty feel as confused and flurried as a detected criminal. 'Yes, he knows and understands it all, and in these words is telling me that, though I am ashamed, I must get over my shame.' She could not gather spirit enough to reply. She made an attempt, but suddenly burst into tears and ran away.

The Princess flew at her husband: 'That comes of your jokes. You always . . .' and she began reproaching him.

The Prince listened for some time to her rebukes in silence, but his face frowned more and more.

'She is so pitiful, poor thing, so pitiful, and you don't feel that every allusion to what has caused it hurts her. Oh dear, oh dear, to be so mistaken in anyone!' said the Princess, and from the change in her tone both Dolly and the Prince knew that she was thinking of Vronsky. 'I can't think why we have no laws to punish such horrid, ignoble people.'

'Oh, it makes me sick to hear it!' muttered the Prince gloomily, rising as if he meant to go away, but stopping at the door. 'The laws are there, my dear, and since you have invited it I will tell you who is at fault for it all: you, and you, and no one but you! There always have been and there still are laws against such fellows! Yes, and if nothing had been done that ought not to have been done, I, old as I am, would have challenged him —that fop! Yes, now go and dose her, and call in these quacks!'

The Prince appeared to have much more to say, but as soon as the Princess heard his tone she, as always happened in serious cases, gave in and became repentant.

'Alexander, Alexander,' she whispered, moving nearer and bursting into tears.

As soon as she began to cry the Prince quieted down, and came up to her.

'That will do, that will do! You suffer too, I know. It can't be helped! There's no great harm done. God is merciful . . . thank you . . .' he went on, no longer knowing what he was saying, and after responding to his wife's wet kiss which he felt on his hand, he went out.

When Kitty, in tears, had left the room, Dolly, with her motherly habit of mind, at once saw that here a woman's task lay before her, and prepared to fulfil it. She took off her bonnet and, having mentally rolled up her sleeves, prepared for action. While her mother was attacking her father, she tried to restrain the former as far as filial respect permitted. When the Prince flared up she kept silent, feeling shame for her mother and tenderness toward her father because of his immediate return to kindliness; but when her father left the room she was ready for the chief thing needful, which was to go to Kitty and comfort her.

'I wanted to tell you something long ago, Mama. Do

you know that Levin wished to propose to Kitty when he was here last? He told Stephen.'

'Well, what of that? I don't understand . . .'

'Perhaps Kitty rejected him? . . . Did she not tell you . . .?'

'No, she told me nothing about either—she is too proud. But I know it is all because of that . . .'

'Yes, and just imagine if she refused Levin—and she would not have refused him if it had not been for that other. I know. . . . And then . . . the other deceived her so dreadfully.'

It was too dreadful for the Princess to think how much she was to blame in regard to her daughter, and she grew angry.

'Oh! I can't make anything out! Nowadays girls all want to trust to their own reason. They don't tell their mothers anything, and then . . .'

'Mama, I will go to her.'

'Go. Am I preventing you?' said the mother.

CHAPTER III

On entering Kitty's little snuggery, a pretty pink room, decorated with *vieux saxe* figures—as fresh, rosy and gay as Kitty herself had been two months before, Dolly remembered how light-heartedly and with what love they two had arranged that room the year before. Her heart grew chill when she saw Kitty sitting on the low chair nearest the door, her eyes fixed on a corner of the carpet. Kitty glanced at her sister, but the cold and rather severe expression of her face did not change.

'I am going home now and shall have to shut myself up, and you won't be able to come to me,' said Dolly, sitting down beside her sister. 'I want to talk to you.'

'What about?' asked Kitty quickly, lifting her face in alarm.

'What but your troubles?'

'I have no troubles.'

'Come now, Kitty. Do you think I can help knowing? I know everything. And believe me it is so unimportant. . . . We have all passed through the same.'

Kitty was silent and her face looked stern.

'He is not worthy of your suffering for him,' continued Dolly, going straight to the point.

'No, because he has despised me,' said Kitty with a shaking voice. 'Don't speak! Please don't speak!'

'But who told you so? Nobody says so! I am sure he was in love with you and is still in love, but . . .'

'Oh dear! these commiserations are what I dread most of all!' cried Kitty, suddenly flaring up. She turned on her chair, blushed, and began rapidly moving her fingers, pressing now with one hand and now with the other the buckle of a belt she was holding. Dolly knew her sister's habit of fingering something when she was heated, and she knew how apt Kitty was to forget herself when in a passion and to say much that was unpleasant and had better not have been said. She tried to pacify her; but it was too late.

'What do you want me to feel, what?' said Kitty quickly. 'That I was in love with a man who wouldn't have anything to do with me, and that I am dying for love of him? And it is my sister who says that to me. My sister who imagines . . . that . . . that she sympathizes with me! . . . I don't want this commiseration and hypocrisy!'

'Kitty, you are unfair!'

'Why do you torment me?'

'On the contrary, I see you are in distress. . . .'

But Kitty in her excitement did not listen to her.

'There is nothing for me to grieve for or seek comfort about. I have enough pride never to let myself love a man who does not love me.'

'But I am not suggesting it. . . . Only, tell me frankly,' said Dolly, taking her by the hand, 'did Levin speak to you?'

The mention of Levin seemed to deprive Kitty of the last fragments of self-control: she jumped up from her chair, threw the buckle on the floor, and rapidly gesticulating with her hands she began:

'What has Levin to do with it? I don't understand why you need torment me! I have said and I repeat I will never, *never* do what you are doing—returning to a man who has betrayed you and has loved another woman. I can't understand it! You may do it, but I can't.'

Having said these words she looked at her sister and, seeing that Dolly remained silent with her head bowed sadly, Kitty, instead of leaving the room as she had intended to do, sat down by the door, and hiding her face in her handkerchief let her head sink down.

For a minute or two there was silence. Dolly was thinking about herself. The humiliation of which she was always conscious was peculiarly painful when her sister touched on it. She had not expected such cruelty from her, and was angry with her. But suddenly she heard the rustle of a dress and a burst of suppressed sobbing. A pair of arms encircled her neck from below and Kitty was kneeling before her.

'Dolly dear, I am so, so unhappy!' she whispered guiltily. And the sweet tear-stained face hid itself in the folds of Dolly's dress.

As if tears were the necessary lubricant without which the machine of mutual confidence could not work properly between the sisters, after having had a cry they started talking of indifferent matters, and in so doing understood one another. Kitty knew that what she had said in her anger about the unfaithfulness of Dolly's husband and about her humiliation had cut her poor sister to the depths of her heart, but that she was forgiven; while Dolly on her side learnt all that she wanted to know, her suspicions were confirmed and she understood that Kitty's grief, her hopeless grief, was really caused by the fact that Levin had proposed to her and that she had rejected him, and now that Vronsky had deceived her, she was prepared to love Levin and to hate Vronsky. Kitty did not say a word of this; she spoke only of her state of mind.

'I have no troubles whatever,' she said when she had grown calm,—'but can you understand that everything has become horrid, disgusting and coarse to me, and above all I myself? You can't think what horrid thoughts I have about everything.'

'But what horrid thoughts can you have?' asked Dolly smiling.

'The very nastiest and coarsest, I can't tell you. It is not grief, not dullness, but much worse. It is as if all that was good in me had hidden itself, and only what is horrid remains. How am I to tell you?'—she con-

tinued, noticing perplexity in her sister's eyes:—'Papa began to speak to me just now. . . . It seems to me that he thinks that all I need is to get married. Mama takes me to a ball: and it seems to me she only takes me there to marry me off as quickly as possible and get rid of me. I know it is not true, but I can't get rid of the idea. I can't bear to see the so-called eligible men. I always think they are taking my measure. Formerly to go anywhere in a ball-dress was just a pleasure to me. I used to like myself in it; but now I feel ashamed and uncomfortable. Well, what is one to do? The doctor . . .' Kitty became confused; she was going to say that since this change had come over her, Oblonsky had become intolerably disagreeable to her, and that she could not see him without having the coarsest and most monstrous fancies.

'Well, you see, everything appears to me in the coarsest and most horrid aspect,' she continued. 'That is my illness. Perhaps it will pass . . .'

'But don't think . . .'

'I can't. I only feel comfortable with children, only in your house.'

'What a pity you can't come to see us!'

'But I will come. I have had scarlet fever, and I will persuade Mama to let me.'

And Kitty insisted on having her own way, went to her sister's, and nursed the children all through the scarlet fever that really attacked them. The two sisters nursed all the six children successfully through the illness, but Kitty's health did not improve, and in Lent the Shcherbatskys went abroad.

CHAPTER IV

The highest Petersburg Society is really all one: all who belong to it know and even visit one another. But this large circle has its subdivisions. Anna Arkadyevna Karenina had friends and close connections in three different sets. One of these was her husband's official set, consisting of his colleagues and subordinates, who in most varied and capricious ways were connected and

separated by social conditions. Anna found it hard now to recall the feeling of almost religious respect she had at first felt for these people. Now she knew them all as well as the inhabitants of a provincial town know one another; she knew the habits and weaknesses of each of them, and where the shoe pinched this or that foot; she knew their relations to one another and to the governing centre; she knew who sided with whom, and how and by what means each supported himself, and who agreed or disagreed with whom and about what; but (in spite of admonitions and advice from the Countess Lydia Ivanovna) this bureaucratic circle of male interests could not interest Anna, and she avoided it.

Another circle with which Anna was intimate was that through which Karenin had made his career. The centre of that circle was the Countess Lydia Ivanovna. It consisted of elderly, plain, philanthropic and pious women and clever, well-educated, ambitious men. One of the clever men who belonged to it called it, 'the conscience of Petersburg Society.' Karenin set great value on this circle, and Anna, who knew how to get on with every one, had during the first part of her life in Petersburg made friends in it too. But now, on her return from Moscow, that circle became unbearable to her. It seemed to her that she, and all of them, were only pretending, and she felt so bored and uncomfortable in that Society that she visited Lydia Ivanovna as rarely as possible.

The third circle with which Anna was connected was Society in the accepted meaning of the word: the Society of balls, dinner-parties, brilliant toilettes, the Society which clung to the Court with one hand lest it should sink to the *demi-monde*, for this the members of that Society thought they despised, though its tastes were not only similar but identical with their own. Anna was connected with this set through the Princess Betsy Tverskaya, the wife of her cousin, who had an income of Rs. 120,000 a year, and who, from the time Anna first appeared in Society, had particularly liked her, made much of her, and drawn her into her own set, making fun of that to which the Countess Lydia Ivanovna belonged.

'When I am old and ugly I will become like that,' Betsy used to say, 'but for you, a young and beautiful

woman, it is too early to settle down in that almshouse.'

At first Anna had avoided the Princess Tverskaya's set as much as she could, because it demanded more expense than she could afford; and also because she really approved more of the other set; but after her visit to Moscow all this was reversed. She avoided her moral friends and went into grand Society. There she saw Vronsky, and experienced a tremulous joy when meeting him. She met him most frequently at Betsy's, who was a Vronsky herself and his cousin. Vronsky went everywhere where he had a chance of meeting Anna, and spoke to her of his love whenever he could. She gave him no encouragement, but every time they met there sprang up that feeling of animation which had seized her in the train on the morning when she first saw him. She was aware that when they met joy lit up her eyes and drew her lips into a smile, but she could not hide the expression of that joy.

At first Anna sincerely believed that she was displeased with him for allowing himself to persecute her; but soon after her return from Moscow, having gone to a party where she expected to meet him but to which he did not come, she clearly realized, by the sadness that overcame her, that she had been deceiving herself and that his persecution supplied the whole interest of her life.

. . . . . .

A famous *prima donna* was giving her second performance and all high Society was at the Opera House. Vronsky, from the front row of the stalls, seeing his cousin, went to her box without waiting for the interval.

'Why did you not come to dinner?' she said, adding with a smile and so that only he could hear her: 'I am amazed at the clairvoyance of lovers! She was not there! But come in after the opera.'

Vronsky looked at her inquiringly. She nodded, and he thanked her by a smile and sat down beside her.

'And how well I remember your ridicule!' continued the Princess Betsy, who took particular pleasure in following the progress of this passion. 'What has become of it all? You are caught, my dear fellow!'

'I wish for nothing better than to be caught,' replied Vronsky with his calm good-natured smile. 'To tell

the truth, if I complain at all, it is only of not being caught enough! I am beginning to lose hope.'

'What hope can you have?' said Betsy, offended on her friend's behalf: '*entendons nous!*'[1] But in her eyes little sparks twinkled which said that she understood very well, and just as he did, what hope he might have.

'None whatever,' said Vronsky, laughing and showing his close-set teeth. 'Excuse me!' he added, taking from her hand the opera-glasses, and he set to work to scan across her bare shoulder the row of boxes opposite. 'I am afraid I am becoming ridiculous.'

He knew very well that he ran no risk of appearing ridiculous either in Betsy's eyes or in the eyes of Society people generally. He knew very well that in their eyes, the rôle of the disappointed lover of a maiden or of any single woman might be ridiculous; but the rôle of a man who was pursuing a married woman, and who made it the purpose of his life at all cost to draw her into adultery, was one which had in it something beautiful and dignified and could never be ridiculous; so it was with a proud glad smile lurking under his moustache that he put down the opera-glasses and looked at his cousin.

'And why did you not come to dinner?' she said admiringly.

'I must tell you about that. I was engaged, and with what do you think? I'll give you a hundred or a thousand guesses—and you won't find out! I was making peace between a husband and a fellow who had insulted his wife. Yes, really!'

'Well, and did you succeed?'

'Nearly.'

'You must tell me all about it,' she said, rising. 'Come back in the next interval.'

'I can't: I am going to the French Theatre.'

'What? From Nilsson?' asked Betsy, quite horrified, though she could not have distinguished Nilsson's voice from that of a chorus girl.

'It can't be helped, I have an appointment there in connection with this same peacemaking of mine.'

'"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be saved!"' said Betsy, remembering that she had heard

[1] Let us understand one another.

some one say something like that. 'Well, then, sit down and tell me about it.'

And she sat down again.

CHAPTER V

'It's rather improper but so charming that I long to tell it,' said Vronsky, gazing at her with laughing eyes. 'I shan't mention names.'

'So much the better. I shall guess them.'

'Well then, listen: two gay young fellows were out driving . . .'

'Officers of your regiment, of course?'

'I didn't say officers, but just two young men who had been lunching . . .'

'Translate that "not wisely but too well."'

'It may be. They were on their way to dine with a comrade, and in the highest spirits. They see that a pretty woman in a hired sledge is passing them, looking at them, and laughing and nodding to them—at any rate they think so. Of course off they go after her, galloping full speed. To their surprise the lovely one stops at the door of the very house they are going to. She runs up to the top flat. They only manage to see a pair of red lips beneath a short veil, and lovely little feet . . .'

'You tell it with so much feeling that I think you yourself must have been one of the two.'

'And what did you say to me just now? Well, the young men go into their comrade's flat. He was giving a farewell dinner. There they may really have drunk rather too much, as always happens at farewell dinners. At dinner they inquire who lives in the top flat. No one knows; but their host's footman, in answer to their question whether "girls" lived there, replies that there are a lot of them thereabouts. After dinner the young men go into the host's study to compose a letter to the fair stranger, and, having written one full of passion and containing a declaration, they carry it upstairs themselves, in order to explain anything that might not be quite clear in the letter.'

'Why do you tell me such horrors? Well?'

'They ring. A maid opens the door; they give her

the letter and assure her that they are both so much in love that they will die at once on the doorstep. The maid, quite bewildered, carries on the negotiations. Suddenly a gentleman with sausage-shaped whiskers, and as red as a lobster, appears, announces that no one but his wife lives in that flat and turns them both out. . . .'

'How do you know he had "sausage-shaped whiskers," as you say?'

'You just listen! To-day I went to reconcile them.'

'Well, what happened?'

'This is the most interesting part. It turns out that the happy couple are a Titular Councillor [1] and a Titular Councilloress! The Titular Councillor lodges a complaint, and I turn into a peacemaker—and what a peacemaker! . . . I assure you Talleyrand was nothing to me!'

'What was the difficulty?'

'You shall hear. We duly apologized: "We are in despair; we beg to be forgiven for our unfortunate mistake." The Titular Councillor with his sausages begins to thaw, but also wishes to express his feelings, and as soon as he begins to express them he begins to get excited and grows insulting, and again I have to set all my diplomatic talents in motion. "I agree that they acted badly, but beg you to consider that it was a mistake; consider their youth; besides which the young men had just dined. You understand! They repent from the bottom of their hearts, and ask you to forgive their fault." The Titular Councillor again softens. "I am willing to forgive them, Count, but you must understand that my wife, a respectable woman, has been subjected to the rudeness and insults of these hobbledehoys, these scound . . .' And you must remember that one of the hobbledehoys is standing there, and I have to reconcile them! Again I set my diplomacy going, and again, just as the whole business should be concluded, my Titular Councillor flies into a rage, gets red, his sausages stick out, and again I dissolve into diplomatic subtlety.'

'Oh, you must hear this!' cried Betsy, laughing and turning to a lady who was just entering the box. 'He has made me laugh so!'

'Well, *bonne chance!*' [2] she added, giving Vronsky a

[1] A modest rank in the Civil Service. [2] Good luck!

finger that was not engaged in holding her fan, and with a movement of her shoulders making the bodice of her dress, that had risen a little, slip down again that she might be befittingly nude on returning to the front of the box into the glare of gas-light and the gaze of all eyes.

Vronsky went to the French Theatre, where he really had to see the Commander of his regiment (who never omitted a single performance there) to talk over this reconciliation business which had occupied and amused him for the last three days. Petritsky, whom Vronsky was fond of, was mixed up in the affair, and so was young Prince Kedrov, a first-rate fellow and a capital comrade, who had lately joined the regiment. Above all, the interests of the regiment were involved.

Both officers belonged to Vronsky's squadron. Titular Councillor Wenden had been to see the Commander and had lodged a complaint against the officers who had insulted his wife. His young wife, so Wenden declared (he had been married six months), had been to church with her mother, and suddenly feeling unwell as a result of her interesting condition, was unable to stand any longer and took the first good sledge she could find. These officers, in their sledge, raced after her; she became frightened, and feeling still more unwell ran up the stairs to her flat. Wenden himself, having returned from his office and hearing the front-door bell and voices, went out, saw the tipsy officers with the letter, and hustled them out. He requested that they should be severely punished.

'No, say what you like,' the Commander remarked to Vronsky, whom he had invited to his house, 'Petritsky is becoming impossible. Not a week passes without some scandal. That Councillor will not let the matter rest: he will go further with it.'

Vronsky realized how ungrateful a task it was—that a duel was out of the question, and that everything must be done to soften the Titular Councillor and hush up the affair. The C.O. had called Vronsky in just because he knew him to be honourable and able, and above all a man who valued the honour of the regiment. After discussing the matter, they decided that Vronsky should go with Petritsky and Kedrov to apologize to the Coun-

cillor. Both the Commander and Vronsky were aware that Vronsky's name and his badge as aide-de-camp to the Emperor ought greatly to help in softening the Titular Councillor's feelings, and really these things had a partial effect; but the result of the peacemaking still remained doubtful, as Vronsky had explained.

Having reached the French Theatre, Vronsky went out into the *foyer* with the C.O., and informed him of his success or lack of success. After considering the whole question, the Commander decided to let the matter drop; but, for amusement, he asked Vronsky for particulars of the interview, and could not help laughing for a long time as he listened to the description of how the Titular Councillor suddenly again flared up at the recollection of some incident of the affair, and how Vronsky manœuvred so as to retire just at the last half-word of reconciliation, pushing Petritsky before him.

'A bad business, but most amusing! Kedrov cannot fight that good man! And so he was in a great rage?' repeated the Commander, laughing. 'But what do you think of Clare this evening? Wonderful!' he went on, referring to the new French actress. 'However often one sees her, she is new each day. Only the French can do that!'

CHAPTER VI

Princess Betsy went home without waiting for the end of the last act. She had scarcely time to go to her dressing-room, put powder on her long pale face and rub it off again, smarten herself up, and order tea to be served in the big drawing-room, before one carriage after another began to arrive at the door of her immense house on the Great Morskaya. The visitors passed beneath the broad portico, and the massive hall porter, who in the mornings read a newspaper behind the glass panes of the front door for the edification of passers-by, now noiselessly opened this enormous door to admit them.

Almost at one and the same time the hostess, her hair rearranged and her face freshened up, entered at one door and the visitors at another of the large, dark-walled drawing-room, with its thick carpets and brightly-lit

table, shining in the candle-light with white tablecloth, silver samovar and translucent china.

The hostess sat down beside the samovar and took off her gloves. The chairs being moved by the aid of unobtrusive footmen, the company settled down, separating into two circles: one with the hostess round the samovar, the other, at the opposite end of the room, round the wife of an ambassador, a beautiful woman with black sharply-outlined eyebrows, in a black velvet dress. The conversation in both circles, as always happens at first, hesitated for a few minutes, was interrupted by greetings, recognitions, and offers of tea, and seemed to be seeking something to settle on.

'She is wonderfully good as an actress; one sees that she has studied Kaulbach,' remarked an attaché in the circle round the ambassador's wife. 'Did you notice how she fell . . .'

'Oh, please don't let us talk about Nilsson! It's impossible to say anything new about her,' said a stout, red-faced, fair-haired lady who wore an old silk dress and had no eyebrows and no chignon. This was the Princess Myagkaya, notorious for her simplicity and the roughness of her manners, and nicknamed *l'enfant terrible*. The Princess Myagkaya was seated midway between the two circles, listening and taking part in the conversation of both. 'This very same sentence about Kaulbach has been repeated to me by three different people to-day, as if by arrangement. That sentence, I don't know why, seemed to please them very much.' The conversation was broken by this remark, and it became necessary to find another topic.

'Tell us something amusing but not malicious,' said the ambassador's wife, a great adept at that kind of elegant conversation which the English call 'small-talk,' turning to the attaché, who was also at a loss what subject to start.

'People say that is very difficult, and that only what is malicious is amusing,' he began with a smile. 'But I will try, if you will give me a theme. The theme is everything. Once one has a theme, it is easy to embroider on it. I often think that the famous talkers of the last century would find it difficult to talk cleverly nowadays. We are all so tired of the clever things . . .'

'That was said long ago,' interrupted the ambassador's wife, laughingly.

The conversation had begun very prettily, but just because it was too pretty it languished again. They had to return to the one sure and never-failing resource—slander.

'Don't you think there is something Louis Quinze about Tushkevich?' said the attaché, glancing at a handsome, fair-haired young man who stood by the tea-table.

'Oh yes! He matches the drawing-room; that is why he comes here so often!'

This conversation did not flag, since it hinted at what could not be spoken of in this room, namely, at the relations existing between Tushkevich and their hostess.

Around the hostess and the samovar, the conversation, after flickering for some time in the same way between the three inevitable themes: the latest public news, the theatre, and criticism of one's neighbour, also caught on when it got to the last of these themes—slander.

'Have you heard? That that Maltyshcheva woman also—not the daughter but the mother—is having a *diable rose* costume made for herself?'

'You don't mean to say so! How delicious!'

'I wonder that she, with her common sense—for she is not stupid—does not see how ridiculous she makes herself.'

Every one had something disparaging to say about the unfortunate Maltyshcheva, and the conversation began crackling merrily like a kindling bonfire.

The Princess Betsy's husband, a fat, good-natured man, an enthusiastic collector of engravings, hearing that his wife had visitors, entered the drawing-room before going to his club. Stepping silently on the thick carpet, he approached the Princess Myagkaya.

'How did you like Nilsson?' he inquired.

'Oh, how can you steal on one like that? How you frightened me!' said she in reply. 'Please don't talk to me about the opera—you know nothing of music. I had better descend to your level and talk about your majolica and engravings. Come now, tell me about the treasures you have picked up lately at the rag fair!'

'Shall I show you? But you don't understand them.'

'Yes, let me see them. I have learnt from those—what is their name?—the bankers. . . . They have some splendid engravings. They showed them to us.'

'What? Have you been to the Schuzburgs?' asked the hostess from her place by the samovar.

'I have, *ma chère*. They asked my husband and me to dinner, and I was told that the sauce alone at that dinner cost a thousand roubles,' said the Princess Myagkaya loudly, feeling that everybody was listening. 'And a very nasty sauce it was too, something green! We had to invite them, and I gave them a sauce that cost eighty-five kopeks, and satisfied every one. I can't afford thousand-rouble sauces.'

'She is unique!' said the hostess.

'Wonderful!' said some one else.

The effect produced by the Princess Myagkaya's words was always the same; and the secret of that effect lay in the fact that although she often—as at that moment—spoke not quite to the point, her words were simple and had a meaning. In the Society in which she lived words of that kind produced the effect of a most witty joke. The Princess Myagkaya did not understand why her words had such an effect, but was aware that they did and availed herself of it.

As while she was speaking everybody listened to her and the conversation in the circle round the ambassador's wife stopped, the hostess wished to make one circle of the whole company, and turning to the ambassador's wife, said:

'Will you really not have a cup of tea? You should come and join us here.'

'No, we are very comfortable here,' replied the ambassador's wife smiling, and she continued the interrupted conversation.

It was a very pleasant conversation. They were disparaging the Karenins, husband and wife.

'Anna has changed very much since her trip to Moscow. There is something strange about her,' said a friend of Anna's.

'The chief change is that she has brought back with her the shadow of Alexis Vronsky,' said the ambassador's wife.

'Well, why not? Grimm has a fable called "The Man Without a Shadow"—about a man who lost his

shadow as a punishment for something or other. I never could understand why it was a punishment! But for a woman to be without a shadow can't be pleasant.'

'Yes, but a woman with a shadow generally ends badly,' said Anna's friend.

'A murrain on your tongue!' suddenly remarked the Princess Myagkaya, hearing these words. 'Anna Karenina is a splendid woman. I don't like her husband, but I am very fond of her.'

'Why don't you like her husband? He is such a remarkable man,' said the ambassador's wife. 'My husband says there are few statesmen like him in Europe.'

'My husband tells me the same, but I don't believe it,' replied the Princess Myagkaya. 'If our husbands didn't talk, we should see things as they really are; and it's my opinion that Karenin is simply stupid. I say it in a whisper! Does this not make everything quite clear? Formerly, when I was told to consider him wise, I kept trying to, and thought I was stupid myself because I was unable to perceive his wisdom; but as soon as I said to myself, he's stupid (only in a whisper of course), it all became quite clear! Don't you think so?'

'How malicious you are to-day!'

'Not at all. I have no choice. One of us is stupid, and you know it's impossible to say so of oneself.'

'No one is satisfied with his position, but every one is satisfied with his wit,' remarked the attaché, quoting some French lines.

'That's it, that's just it,' rejoined the Princess Myagkaya, turning quickly toward him. 'But the point is, that I won't abandon Anna to you. She is so excellent, so charming! What is she to do, if every one is in love with her and follows her about like a shadow?'

'But I don't even think of blaming her!' Anna's friend said, justifying herself.

'If no one follows us about like a shadow, that does not prove that we have a right to judge her.'

Having snubbed Anna's friend handsomely, the Princess Myagkaya rose with the ambassador's wife and joined those at the table, where there was a general conversation about the King of Prussia.

'Whom were you backbiting there?' asked Betsy.

'The Karenins. The Princess was characterizing

Karenin,' replied the ambassador's wife with a smile, seating herself at the table.

'It's a pity we did not hear it!' said the hostess, glancing at the door. 'Ah! Here you are at last!' she added, smilingly addressing Vronsky as he entered the room.

Vronsky not only knew everybody in the room, but saw them all every day, so he entered in the calm manner of one who rejoins those from whom he has parted only a short time before.

'Where do I come from?' he said in reply to the ambassador's wife. 'There's no help for it, I must confess that I come from the *Theatre Bouffe*. I have been there a hundred times, and always with fresh pleasure. Excellent! I know it's a disgrace, but at the opera I go to sleep, while at the *Bouffe* I stay till the last minute enjoying it. To-night . . .'

And he named a French actress and was about to tell them something about her when the ambassador's wife stopped him with mock alarm.

'Please don't talk about those horrors!'

'All right, I won't—especially as everybody knows those horrors!'

'And everybody would go there if it were considered the thing, as the opera is,' put in the Princess Myagkaya.

CHAPTER VII

Steps were heard at the entrance, and the Princess Betsy, knowing that it was Anna, glanced at Vronsky. He was looking at the door with a strange new expression on his face. He gazed joyfully, intently, and yet timidly at the lady who was entering, and slowly rose from his seat. Anna entered the room holding herself, as usual, very erect, and without changing the direction of her eyes, approached her hostess, walking with that quick, firm yet light step which distinguished her from other Society women. She shook hands, smilingly, and with the same smile looked round at Vronsky. He bowed low and moved a chair toward her.

Anna responded only by an inclination of the head,

though she blushed and frowned. But immediately, nodding rapidly to her acquaintances and pressing the hands extended to her, she turned again to her hostess:

'I have just been at the Countess Lydia's. I meant to come sooner, but could not get away. Sir John was there—he is very interesting.'

"Oh, that missionary?'

'Yes, he was telling us about Indian life. It was very interesting.'

The conversation, interrupted by her entrance, again burnt up like the flame of a lamp that has been blown about.

'Sir John! Oh yes, Sir John! I have seen him. He speaks very well. The elder Vlasyeva is quite in love with him.'

'And is it true that the younger Vlasyeva is going to be married to Topov.'

'Yes; they say it's quite settled.'

'I am surprised at her parents. They say it's a love match.'

'Love match! What antediluvian ideas you have! Who talks of love nowadays?' said the ambassador's wife.

'What's to be done? That silly old fashion hasn't died out yet!' said Vronsky.

'So much the worse for those who follow the fashion! I know of happy marriages, but only such as are founded on reason.'

'Yes, but how often the happiness of marriages founded on reason crumbles to dust because the very passion that was disregarded makes itself felt later,' said Vronsky.

'But by "marriages founded on reason," we mean marriages between those who have both passed through that madness. It's like scarlet fever: one has to get it over.'

'Then some one should invent a way of inoculating love, like vaccination.'

'When I was young I was in love with a chorister,' said Princess Myagkaya. 'I don't know whether it did me any good.'

'No, joking apart, I believe that to understand love one must first make a mistake and then correct it,' said the Princess Betsy.

'Even after marriage?' said the ambassador's wife archly.

'It is never too late to mend!' said the attaché, quoting the English proverb.

'Exactly!' chimed in Betsy. 'One has to make mistakes and correct them. What do you think?' she asked, addressing Anna, who with a scarcely discernible resolute smile was listening to this conversation.

'I think,' replied Anna, toying with the glove she had pulled off, 'I think . . . if it is true that there are as many minds as there are heads, then there are as many kinds of love as there are hearts.'

Vronsky had gazed at Anna and with sinking heart waited to hear what she would say. He sighed, as after a danger averted, when she had uttered these words.

Suddenly Anna addressed him:

'I have received a letter from Moscow. They write that Kitty Shcherbatskaya is very ill.'

'Really?' said Vronsky, frowning.

Anna glanced sternly at him. 'It does not interest you?'

'On the contrary, it interests me very much! What exactly do they write, if I may ask?' he inquired.

Anna rose and went up to Betsy. 'Give me a cup of tea,' she said, stopping behind Betsy's chair.

While Betsy was pouring out the tea, Vronsky went up to Anna. 'What do they write?' he asked again.

'I often think men don't understand honour, though they are always talking about it,' said Anna, without answering his question. 'I have long wanted to tell you,' she added, and, moving a few steps to a side table on which lay some albums, she sat down.

'I don't quite understand your meaning,' he said, handing her the cup.

'I wanted to tell you,' she began again, without looking at him, 'that you have behaved badly, very badly.'

'Don't I know that I behaved badly? But who was the cause?'

'Why say that to me?' she asked, looking severely at him.

'You know why,' he answered boldly and joyously, meeting her look and continuing to gaze at her.

It was not he, but she, who became abashed.

'That only proves you have no heart,' she said. But her look said that she knew he had a heart and that she therefore feared him.

'What you have just referred to was a mistake, and not love.'

Anna shuddered, and said: 'Don't you remember that I forbade you to mention that word, that horrid word?' But then she felt that the one word *forbade* showed that she claimed certain rights over him, thereby encouraging him to speak of love. 'I have long wanted to say that to you,' she went on, looking resolutely into his eyes, her face all aglow and suffused with a burning blush, 'and to-day I came on purpose, knowing I should meet you here. I have come to tell you that this must stop! I have never till now had to blush before anyone, but you make me feel as if I were guilty of something.'

He looked at her, and was struck by the new, spiritual beauty of her face.

'What do you want of me?' he asked, simply and seriously.

'I want you to go to Moscow and beg Kitty's pardon,' said she.

'You don't want that,' he replied.

He saw that she was saying what she forced herself to utter and not what she wished to say.

'If you love me as you say you do,' she whispered, 'behave so that I may be at peace.'

His face brightened.

'Don't you know that you are all my life to me? . . . But peace I do not know, and can't give to you. My whole being, my love . . . yes! I cannot think about you and about myself separately. You and I are one to me. And I do not see before us the possibility of peace either for me or for you. I see the possibility of despair, misfortune . . . or of happiness—what happiness! . . . Is it impossible?' he added with his lips only, but she heard.

She exerted all the powers of her mind to say what she ought; but instead she fixed on him her eyes filled with love and did not answer at all.

'This is it!' he thought with rapture. 'Just as I was beginning to despair, and when it seemed as though

the end would never come . . . here it is! She loves me! She acknowledges it!'

'Do this for me: never say such words to me, and let us be good friends.' These were her words, but her eyes said something very different.

'Friends we shall not be, you know that yourself; but whether we shall be the happiest or the most miserable of human beings . . . rests with you.'

She wished to say something, but he interrupted her.

'I ask only one thing: I ask the right to hope and suffer as I do now; but if even that is impossible, command me to disappear, and I will do it. You shall not see me if my presence is painful to you.'

'I don't want to drive you away.'

'Only don't change anything. Leave everything as it is!' he said with trembling voice. 'Here is your husband.'

Indeed, just at that moment Karenin, with his deliberate, ungraceful gait, entered the drawing-room.

He glanced at his wife and Vronsky, went up to the hostess, and having sat down with a cup of tea began talking in his deliberate and always clear tones, in his usual ironical way ridiculing somebody.

'Your Hotel Rambouillet is in full muster,' said he, glancing round the whole company, 'the Graces and the Muses.'

But the Princess Betsy could not bear that tone of his: "sneering,' she called it in English: so, like a clever hostess, she at once led him into a serious conversation on universal military service. Karenin was immediately absorbed in the conversation, and began defending the new law very earnestly against the Princess Betsy, who attacked it.

Vronsky and Anna remained sitting at the little table.

'This is becoming indecent!' whispered a lady, indicating by a glance Vronsky, Anna, and Anna's husband.

'What did I tell you?' replied Anna's friend.

Not these two ladies alone, but nearly all those present in the drawing-room, even the Princess Myagkaya and Betsy herself, several times glanced across at the pair who had gone away from the general circle, as if their having done so disturbed the others. Only Karenin

did not once glance that way and was not distracted from the interesting conversation in which he was engaged.

Noticing the unpleasant impression produced on every one, the Princess Betsy manœuvred for some one else to take her place and to listen to Karenin, and she herself went up to Anna.

'I am always amazed at your husband's clearness and exactitude of expression,' she said. 'The most transcendental ideas become accessible to me when he speaks.'

'Oh yes!' said Anna, radiant with a smile of happiness and not understanding a single word of what Betsy was saying; and going across to the big table she joined in the general conversation.

After half an hour's stay Karenin went up to his wife and suggested that they should go home together; but, without looking at him, she answered that she would stay to supper. Karenin bowed to the company and went away.

The Karenins' fat old Tartar coachman, in his shiny leather coat, was finding it hard to control the near grey horse that had grown restive with cold, waiting before the portico. The footman stood holding open the carriage door. The hall-porter stood with his hand on the outer front door, Anna with her deft little hand was disengaging the lace of her sleeve which had caught on a hook of her fur coat, and with bent head was listening with delight to what Vronsky, who accompanied her, was saying.

'Granted that you have not said anything! I don't demand anything,' he was saying, 'but you know that it is not friendship I want! Only one happiness is possible for me in life, the word you so dislike—yes, love . . .'

'Love,' she slowly repeated to herself, and suddenly, while releasing the lace, she added aloud: 'The reason I dislike that word is that it means too much for me, far more than you can understand,' and she looked him in the face. '*Au revoir!*'

She gave him her hand, and with her quick elastic step went past the hall-porter and vanished into the carriage.

Her glance and the touch of her hand burnt him. He kissed the palm of his hand where she had touched it, and went home happy in the knowledge that in this one evening he had made more progress toward his aim than he had during the previous two months.

CHAPTER VIII

Karenin did not see anything peculiar or improper in his wife's conversing animatedly with Vronsky at a separate table, but he noticed that others in the drawing-room considered it peculiar and improper, therefore he also considered it improper, and decided to speak to his wife about it.

When he reached home he went to his study as usual, seated himself in his easy-chair, and opened a book on the Papacy at the place where his paper-knife was inserted. He read till one o'clock as was his wont, only now and then rubbing his high forehead and jerking his head as if driving something away. At the usual hour he rose and prepared for bed. Anna had not yet returned. With the book under his arm he went upstairs; but to-night, instead of his usual thoughts and calculations about his official affairs, his mind was full of his wife and of something unpleasant that had happened concerning her. Contrary to his habit he did not go to bed, but with his hands clasped behind his back started pacing up and down the rooms. He felt that he could not lie down, till he had thought over these newly-arisen circumstances.

When Karenin had decided to talk the matter over with his wife, it had seemed to him quite easy and simple to do so; but now, when he began considering how to approach her, the matter appeared very difficult and complicated.

He was not of a jealous disposition. Jealousy in his opinion insulted a wife, and a man should have confidence in his wife. Why he should have confidence—that is, a full conviction that his young wife would always love him—he never asked himself; but he felt no distrust, and therefore had confidence, and assured himself that it was right to have it. Now, though his conviction that jealousy is a shameful feeling, and that one ought to have

confidence, had not been destroyed, he felt that he was face to face with something illogical and stupid, and he did not know what to do. Karenin was being confronted with life—with the possibility of his wife's loving somebody else, and this seemed stupid and incomprehensible to him, because it was life itself. He had lived and worked all his days in official spheres, which deal with reflections of life, and every time he had knocked up against life itself he had stepped out of its way. He now experienced a sensation such as a man might feel who, while quietly crossing a bridge over an abyss, suddenly sees that the bridge is being taken to pieces and that he is facing the abyss. The abyss was real life; the bridge was the artificial life Karenin had been living. It was the first time that the possibility of his wife's falling in love with anybody had occurred to him, and he was horrified.

He did not undress, but paced up and down with his even step on the resounding parquet floor of the dining-room, which was lit by one lamp, over the carpet of the dark drawing-room, where a light was reflected only from a recently painted portrait of himself which hung above the sofa, and on through her sitting-room, where two candles were burning, lighting up the portraits of her relatives and friends and the elegant knick-knacks, long familiar to him, on her writing-table. Through her room he reached the door of their bedroom and then turned back again.

From time to time he stopped, generally on the parquet floor of the lamp-lit dining-room, and thought: 'Yes, it is necessary to decide and to stop it: to express my opinion of it and my decision.' Then he turned back again. 'But express what? What decision?' he asked himself in the drawing-room, and could find no answer. 'But after all,' he reflected before turning into her room, 'what is it that has happened? Nothing at all. She had a long talk with him— Well? What of that? Are there not plenty of men with whom a woman may talk? Besides . . . to be jealous is to degrade myself and her,' he said to himself as he entered her sitting-room. But that consideration which formerly had weighed so much with him now had neither weight nor meaning. At the bedroom door he turned back, and as soon as he

re-entered the dark drawing-room a voice seemed to whisper that it was not so, and that if others noticed, that showed that there must have been something for them to notice. And again he repeated to himself in the dining-room: 'Yes, it is necessary to decide, and stop it, and express my opinion . . .' And again in the drawing-room, at the turn into her room, he asked himself: 'Decide what?' and then, 'What has happened?' and he replied 'Nothing,' and remembered that jealousy is a feeling which insults a wife; but in the drawing-room he came again to the conviction that something had happened. His mind as well as his body performed a complete circle each time without arriving at anything new. He noticed this, rubbed his forehead, and sat down in her room.

Here as he looked at her table, at the malachite cover of her blotting-book and an unfinished letter that lay there, his thoughts suddenly underwent a change. He began thinking about her: of what she thought and felt. For the first time he vividly pictured to himself her personal life, her thoughts, her wishes; but the idea that she might and should have her own independent life appeared to him so dreadful that he hastened to drive it away. That was the abyss into which he feared to look. To put himself in thought and feeling into another being was a mental action foreign to Karenin. He considered such mental acts to be injurious and dangerous romancing.

'And what is most terrible of all,' thought he, 'is that, just now, when my work is coming to completion' (he was thinking of the project he was then carrying through), 'when I need peace and all my powers of mind, just now this stupid anxiety falls on me. But what is to be done? I am not one of those who suffer anxiety and agitation and have not the courage to look them in the face!'

'I must think it over, come to a decision, and throw it off,' he said aloud. 'The question of her feelings, of what has taken place or may take place in her soul, is not my business; it is the business of her conscience and belongs to religion,' said he, feeling relieved at having found the formal category to which the newly-arisen circumstance rightly belonged.

'Well then,' thought he, 'the question of her feelings and so on are questions for her conscience, which cannot concern me. My duty is clearly defined. As head of the family I am the person whose duty it is to guide her, and who is therefore partly responsible ; I must show her the danger which I see, warn her, and even use my authority. I must speak plainly to her.'

What he would say to his wife took clear shape in Karenin's head. Thinking it over, he regretted having to expend his time and powers of mind on inconspicuous domestic affairs ; but nevertheless, clearly and definitely, as though it were an official report, the form and sequence of the speech he had to make shaped itself in his mind. 'I must make the following quite clear : First, the importance of public opinion and propriety ; secondly, the religious meaning of marriage ; thirdly, if necessary, I must refer to the harm that may result to our son ; fourthly, allude to her own unhappiness.' And interlacing his fingers, palms downwards, he stretched them and the joints cracked.

That movement—a bad habit of cracking his fingers—always tranquillized him and brought him back to that precision of mind which he now so needed. The sound of a carriage driving up to the front door was heard, and Karenin stood still in the middle of the room.

A woman's steps were heard ascending the stairs. Karenin, ready to deliver his speech, stood pressing his interlaced fingers together, trying whether some of them would not crack again. One of the joints did crack.

By the sound of her light step on the stair he was aware of her approach and, though he was satisfied with his speech, he felt some apprehension of the coming explanations.

CHAPTER IX

Anna walked in with bowed head, playing with the tassels of her hood. Her face shone with a vivid glow, but it was not a joyous glow—it resembled the terrible glow of a conflagration on a dark night. On seeing her husband she lifted her head and, as if awaking from sleep, smiled.

'You're not in bed ? What a wonder ! ' she said,

throwing off her hood, and without pausing she went on to her dressing-room. 'Alexis Alexandrovich, it's high time!' she added from beyond the door.

'Anna, I must have a talk with you.'

'With me?' she said with surprise, coming back from the other room and looking at him. 'What is it? What about?' she asked, seating herself. 'Well, let us have a talk, if it is so important. But it would be better to go to bed.'

Anna said what came into her head, and hearing her own words was astonished at her capacity for deception. How simple and natural her words sounded, and how really it seemed as if she were merely sleepy! She felt herself clothed in an impenetrable armour of lies and that some unseen power was helping and supporting her.

'Anna, I must warn you,' said he.

'Warn me?' she asked; 'what about?'

She looked so naturally and gaily at him, that one who did not know her as her husband did could not have noticed anything strange either in the intonation or the meaning of her words. But for him, who knew her—knew that when he went to bed five minutes late she noticed it and asked the reason—knew that she had always immediately told him all her joys, pleasures and sorrows—for him, her reluctance to notice his state of mind, or to say a word about herself, meant much. He saw that the depths of her soul, till now always open, were closed to him. More than that, he knew from her tone that she was not ashamed of this, but seemed to be saying frankly: 'Yes, it is closed, and so it should be and will be in future.' He now felt like a man who on coming home finds his house locked against him. 'But perhaps the key can still be found,' thought Karenin.

'I wish to warn you,' he said in low tones, 'that you may, by indiscretion and carelessness, give the world occasion to talk about you. Your too animated conversation to-night with Count Vronsky' (he pronounced the name firmly and with quiet deliberation) 'attracted attention.'

As he spoke he looked at her laughing eyes, terrible to him now in their impenetrability, and felt the uselessness and idleness of his words

'You are always like that,' she replied, as if not understanding him at all, and intentionally taking notice only of his last words. 'One day you dislike my being dull, another day my being happy. I was not dull. Does that offend you?'

Karenin started and bent his hands to crack his fingers.

'Oh, please don't crack your fingers! I dislike it so!' she said.

'Anna, is this you?' said he softly, making an effort and refraining from moving his hands.

'But whatever is the matter?' she asked in a tone of comical surprise and sincerity. 'What do you want of me?'

Karenin paused and rubbed his forehead and eyes. He felt that instead of doing what he had meant to do and warning his wife that she was making a mistake in the eyes of the world, he was involuntarily getting excited about a matter which concerned her conscience, and was struggling against some barrier of his imagination.

'This is what I intended to say,' he continued coldly and calmly, 'and I ask you to listen to me. As you know, I consider jealousy an insulting and degrading feeling and will never allow myself to be guided by it; but there are certain laws of propriety which one cannot disregard with impunity. I did not notice it this evening, but, judging by the impression created, all present noticed that you behaved and acted not quite as was desirable.'

'Really, I don't understand at all,' said Anna, shrugging her shoulders. 'It is all the same to him!' she said to herself. 'But Society noticed, and that disturbs him! You are not well, Alexis Alexandrovich!' she added, rose and was about to pass out of the room, but he moved forward as if wishing to stop her.

His face looked plainer and gloomier than she had ever yet seen it. Anna stopped and, throwing back her head and bending it to one side, she began with her quick hands to take out her hairpins.

'Well, I'm listening! What next?' said she quietly and mockingly. 'I am even listening with interest, because I should like to understand what it is all about.'

As she spoke she wondered at her quietly natural tone and at her correct choice of words.

'I have not the right to inquire into all the details of

your feelings, and in general I consider it useless and even harmful to do so,' began Karenin. 'By digging into our souls, we often dig up what might better have remained there unnoticed. Your feelings concern your own conscience, but it is my duty to you, to myself, and to God, to point out to you your duties. Our lives are bound together not by men but by God. This bond can only be broken by a crime, and that kind of crime brings its punishment.'

'I don't understand anything. . . . Oh dear! And as ill-luck will have it, I am dreadfully sleepy!' said she, while with deft fingers she felt for the remaining pins in her hair.

'Anna, for God's sake don't talk like that!' he said mildly. 'Perhaps I am mistaken, but believe me that what I am saying I say equally for my own sake and for yours. I am your husband, and I love you.'

For an instant her head had drooped and the mocking spark in her eyes had died away, but the word 'love' aroused her again. 'Love!' she thought, 'as if he can love! If he had never heard people talk of love, he would never have wanted that word. He does not know what love is.'

'Alexis Alexandrovich, I really do not understand,' she replied. 'Explain what you consider . . .'

'Allow me to finish. I love you. But I am not talking of myself. The chief persons concerned are our son and yourself. I repeat—perhaps my words may seem quite superfluous to you; perhaps they result from a mistake of mine. In that case I ask your pardon! But if you feel that there are any grounds, however slight, I beg you to reflect, and if your heart prompts you to tell me . . .'

Karenin did not notice that he was saying something quite different from what he had prepared.

'I have nothing to say. Besides . . .' she added, rapidly, and hardly repressing a smile, 'it really is bedtime.'

Karenin sighed, and without saying anything more went into the bedroom.

When she went there he was already in bed. His lips were sternly compressed and his eyes did not look at her. Anna got into her bed, and every moment

expected that he would address her. She was afraid of what he would say, and yet wished to hear it. But he remained silent. She lay waiting and motionless for a long time, and then forgot him. She was thinking of another; she saw him, and felt her heart fill with excitement and guilty joy at the thought. Suddenly she heard an even, quiet, nasal sound like whistling. For a moment the sound he emitted seemed to have startled Karenin, and he stopped; but, after he had breathed twice, the whistling recommenced with fresh and calm regularity.

'It's late, it's late,' she whispered to herself, and smiled. For a long time she lay still with wide-open eyes, the brightness of which it seemed to her she could herself see in the darkness.

CHAPTER X

From that time a new life began for Karenin and his wife. Nothing particular happened. Anna went into Society as before, frequently visiting the Princess Betsy, and she met Vronsky everywhere. Karenin noticed this, but could do nothing. She met all his efforts to bring about an explanation by presenting an impenetrable wall of merry perplexity. Externally things seemed as before, but their intimate relations with one another were completely changed. Karenin, strong as he was in his official activities, felt himself powerless here. Like an ox he waited submissively with bowed head for the pole-axe which he felt was raised above him. Each time he began to think about it, he felt that he must try again, that by kindness, tenderness, and persuasion there was still a hope of saving her and obliging her to bethink herself. Every day he prepared himself to have a talk with her. But each time he began to speak with her he felt the same spirit of evil and falsehood which had taken possession of her master him also, and he neither said the things he meant to, nor spoke in the tone he had meant to adopt. He spoke involuntarily in his habitual half-bantering tone which seemed to make fun of those who said such things seriously; and in that tone it was impossible to say what had to be said to her.

CHAPTER XI

THAT which for nearly a year had been Vronsky's sole and exclusive desire, supplanting all his former desires: that which for Anna had been an impossible, dreadful, but all the more bewitching dream of happiness, had come to pass. Pale, with trembling lower jaw, he stood over her, entreating her to be calm, himself not knowing why or how.

'Anna, Anna,' he said in trembling voice, 'Anna, for God's sake! . . .'

But the louder he spoke the lower she drooped her once proud, bright, but now dishonoured head, and she writhed, slipping down from the sofa on which she sat to the floor at his feet. She would have fallen on the carpet if he had not held her.

'My God! Forgive me!' she said, sobbing and pressing Vronsky's hand to her breast.

She felt so guilty, so much to blame, that it only remained for her to humble herself and ask to be forgiven; but she had no one in the world now except him, so that even her prayer for forgiveness was addressed to him. Looking at him, she felt her degradation physically, and could say nothing more. He felt what a murderer must feel when looking at the body he has deprived of life. The body he had deprived of life was their love, the first period of their love. There was something frightful and revolting in the recollection of what had been paid for with this terrible price of shame. The shame she felt at her spiritual nakedness communicated itself to him. But in spite of the murderer's horror of the body of his victim, that body must be cut in pieces and hidden away, and he must make use of what he has obtained by the murder.

Then, as the murderer desperately throws himself on the body, as though with passion, and drags it and hacks it, so Vronsky covered her face and shoulders with kisses.

She held his hand and did not move. Yes! These kisses were what had been bought by their shame! 'Yes, and this hand, which will always be mine, is the hand of my accomplice.' She lifted his hand and kissed it. He knelt down and tried to see her face, but she hid

it and did not speak. At last, as though mastering herself, she sat up and pushed him away. Her face was as beautiful as ever, but all the more piteous.

'It's all over,' she said. 'I have nothing but you left. Remember that.'

'I cannot help remembering what is life itself to me! For one moment of that bliss . . .'

'What bliss?' she said with disgust and horror, and the horror was involuntarily communicated to him. 'For heaven's sake, not another word!'

She rose quickly and moved away from him.

'Not another word!' she repeated, and with a look of cold despair, strange to him, she left him. She felt that at that moment she could not express in words her feeling of shame, joy, and horror at this entrance on a new life, and she did not wish to vulgarize that feeling by inadequate words. Later on, the next day and the next, she still could not find words to describe all the complexity of those feelings, and could not even find thoughts with which to reflect on all that was in her soul.

She said to herself: 'No, I can't think about it now; later, when I am calmer.' But that calm, necessary for reflection, never came. Every time the thought of what she had done, and of what was to become of her and of what she should do, came to her mind, she was seized with horror and drove these thoughts away.

'Not now; later, when I am calmer!' she said to herself.

But in her dreams, when she had no control over her thoughts, her position appeared to her in all its shocking nakedness. One dream she had almost every night. She dreamt that both at once were her husbands, and lavished their caresses on her. Alexis Alexandrovich wept, kissing her hands, saying: 'How beautiful it is now!' and Alexis Vronsky was there too, and he also was her husband. And she was surprised that formerly this had seemed impossible to her, and laughingly explained to them how much simpler it really was, and that they were both now contented and happy. But this dream weighed on her like a nightmare, and she woke from it filled with horror.

CHAPTER XII

When Levin first returned from Moscow, and while he still started and blushed every time he remembered the disgrace of the refusal, he had said to himself, 'I blushed and started like this when I was ploughed in physics, and had to remain in the second class; and in the same way I felt myself lost when I made a mess of my sister's affair that had been entrusted to me. And what happened? Now that years have passed, when I remember it, I am surprised that it could have grieved me so much. So it will be with this grief. Time will pass, and I shall become indifferent.'

But three months passed and he had not become indifferent to it, and to think of it still hurt him as it had done in the first days. He could not find peace, because he had so long dreamed of family life and felt so ripe for it, but was still unmarried and further than ever from marriage.

He himself felt painfully what all those around him felt too, that it is not good for a man of his age to be alone. He remembered how, just before leaving for Moscow, he had said to Nicholas, his cow-man, a naïve peasant with whom he liked to talk: 'Well, Nicholas, I want to get married,' and how Nicholas had promptly replied, as on a matter about which there could be no doubt: 'And it's high time, Constantine Dmitrich.' But now he was further from marriage than ever. The place was unoccupied, and when in imagination he tried to put one of the girls he knew there, he felt that it was quite impossible. Moreover, the memory of her refusal, and the part he had played in it, tormented him with shame. However much he told himself that he was not at all to blame in that matter, the memory of it, together with other shameful memories, made him start and blush. There had been in his past, as in that of every man, actions which he realized were bad, and for which his conscience ought to have tormented him: but the recollections of those bad actions did not torment him nearly as much as these trivial yet shameful memories. These wounds never closed up. And among these recollections stood the memory of her refusal and the pitiful rôle he

must have played in the eyes of the others that evening. But time and work told. The painful memories became more and more covered over by the commonplace but important events of country life. Every week he thought less and less about Kitty. He waited impatiently to hear that she was married or was getting married soon, hoping that such news, like the drawing of an aching tooth, would quite cure him.

Meanwhile spring had come, a glorious steady spring, without the expectations and disappointments spring usually brings. It was one of these rare springs which plants, animals, and men alike rejoice in. This lovely spring roused Levin still more and confirmed him in the determination completely to renounce the past in order to fashion his solitary life firmly and independently. Though he had not carried out many of the plans with which he had returned to the country from Moscow, he had held to the most important one, that of living a pure life, and he was not experiencing the shame which used to torment him when he had fallen, but was able to look people boldly in the face. Already in February he had received a letter from Mary Nikolavna to say that his brother Nicholas's health was getting worse, but that he would not submit to any treatment. In consequence of this news Levin went to Moscow, saw his brother, and managed to persuade him to consult a doctor and go to a watering-place abroad. He was so successful in persuading his brother, and in lending him money for the journey without irritating him, that he was satisfied with himself in this respect. Besides his agricultural pursuits, which required special attention in spring, and besides reading, Levin had another occupation. He had that winter begun writing a book on agriculture, the basis of which was that the character of the labourer was treated as a definite factor, like climate and soil, and that therefore the conclusions of agricultural science should be deduced not from data supplied by climate and soil only, but from data of climate, soil, and the immutable character of the labourer. So that in spite of his solitary life, or rather because of it, his time was completely filled up; only occasionally he felt an unsatisfied desire to share with some one besides Agatha Mikhaylovna the thoughts that wandered through his

brain—for even with her he often discussed physics, agricultural theories, and especially philosophy, which last was her favourite subject.

The spring had set in late. During the last weeks of Lent the weather had been clear and frosty. It thawed in the sunshine by day, but at night the thermometer went down to sixteen degrees Fahrenheit. The snow was covered with a crust of ice so thick that carts could pass even where there were no roads. Easter found snow still on the ground; but on Easter Monday a warm wind began to blow, the clouds gathered, and for three days and nights warm stormy rain poured down. On the Thursday the wind fell and a thick grey mist rose as if to hide the secret of the changes nature was carrying on. Beneath the mist the snow-waters rushed down, the ice on the river cracked and moved, and the turbid, foaming torrents flowed quicker, till on the first Sunday after Easter toward evening the mists dissolved, the clouds broke into fleecy cloudlets and dispersed, the sky cleared, and real spring was there. In the morning the bright rising sun quickly melted the thin ice on the water and the warm air all around vibrated with the vapour given off by the awakening earth. Last year's grass grew green again and new blades came up like needle-points, buds swelled on the guelder-rose and currant bushes and on the sticky, spicy birch trees, and among the golden catkins and on the willow branches the bees began to hum. The unseen larks burst into song above the velvety fresh green and the frozen stubble, the peewits began to cry above the water brought down by the storm and still flooding the low-lying places and marshes, and high up the cranes and geese flew, uttering their spring call. The cattle, who had lost all but a few patches of their winter coats, began to low in the meadows; the crooked-legged lambs began to play round their bleating mothers, who were losing their wool; swift-footed children began to run along the quickly-drying paths marked with imprints of bare feet, the merry voices of women who were bleaching their linen began to chatter by the ponds, and the axes of peasants, getting ready their wooden ploughs and harrows, clicked in the yards.

The real spring had come.

CHAPTER XIII

Levin put on his high boots and, for the first time, a cloth coat instead of a fur, and went out to attend to his farm. Stepping now on a piece of ice, now into the sticky mud, he crossed the stream of dazzling water.

Spring is the time for making plans and resolutions, and Levin, like a tree which in the spring-time does not yet know in which direction and in what manner its young shoots and twigs (still imprisoned in their buds) will develop, did not quite know what work on his beloved land he was going to take in hand, but he felt that his mind was full of the finest plans and resolutions. First of all he went to the cattle-yard. The cows had been let out there, and, warmed by the sunshine, their glossy new coats glistening, they were lowing to be let out into the fields. After he had for a while admired his cows, all familiar to him to the minutest detail, Levin gave orders for them to be driven into the field and for the calves to be let out into the yard. The cowherd ran away merrily to get ready. The dairymaids, with twigs in their hands, holding their skirts up over their bare white legs, not yet sun-burnt, splashed through the puddles into the yard, driving the calves, who were mad with the joy of spring.

Having gazed with admiration at the exceptionally fine calves born that year—the older ones were as big as peasants' cows, and Pava's three-month-old calf was as big as a yearling—Levin gave orders to bring a trough of food for them and to put some hay into the racks outside. But it turned out that the racks, which had been put up in autumn in the yard and not used during winter, were broken. He sent for the carpenter, who was under contract to be with the threshing-machine, but it turned out that he was mending the harrows,[1] which should have been mended the week before Lent. This was very annoying to Levin. It was vexing that the careless farm management, against which he had struggled so many years with all his might, still continued. He found out that the racks which were not wanted in winter had been taken into the farm-horses' stable, and

[1] Russian harrows were made of wood.

there had got broken, as they were lightly made, being meant only for the calves. Besides this, it proved that the harrows and all the agricultural implements which he had ordered to be examined and mended in winter, for which purpose three carpenters had been specially engaged, had not been seen to, and that the harrows were now being mended when it was time to start harrowing. Levin sent for the steward, but instead of waiting went at once to look for him himself. The steward, in his astrakhan-trimmed coat, as radiant as everything else that day, was coming from the threshing-ground breaking a bit of straw in his hands.

'Why is the carpenter not with the threshing-machine?'

'Oh, I meant to tell you yesterday that the harrows need mending. It's time to plough, you know.'

'Why wasn't it done in winter?'

'But what do you want with the carpenter?'

'Where are the racks from the calves' yard?'

'I have given orders for them to be put into their places. What is one to do with such people!' said the steward, waving his arm.

'It's not a case of such people, but of such a steward!' said Levin flaring up. 'Tell me what I keep you for!' he shouted; but remembering that this would not help matters, he stopped in the middle of what he was saying and only sighed. 'Well, can we begin sowing?' he asked after a pause.

'It will be possible, beyond Turkino, to-morrow or the day after.'

'And the clover?'

'I have sent Vasily, he and Mishka are sowing. Only I don't know if they will get through, it's very sticky.'

'How many acres?'

'Sixteen.'

'Why not the lot?' shouted Levin.

That they were only sowing sixteen instead of fifty acres with clover was still more annoying. To grow clover successfully it was necessary according to both theory and his own experience to sow it as early as possible, almost before the snow had finished melting, and Levin could never get this done.

'There is no one to do it. What are you to do with such people? Three have not come. And now Simon . . .'

'Well then, you should have let the straw wait.'

'So I have.'

'But where are the men?'

'Five are making compote' (he meant compost) 'and four are turning the oats over. They might begin sprouting, Constantine Dmitrich.'

Levin understood very well that 'might begin sprouting' meant that the English seed-oats were already spoiling. Here again his orders had not been obeyed.

'Oh dear, didn't I speak about it long ago in Lent. . . .'

'Don't worry, it will all be done in good time.'

Levin waved his hand angrily and went to the barn to look at the oats; then he came back to the stable. The oats were not yet spoilt, but the men were turning them over with shovels whereas they should have let them run down from the loft. Levin ordered them to do this, told off two of the men to help sow the clover, and got over his vexation with the foreman. Indeed, the day was so beautiful one could not long remain angry.

'Ignat!' he called to the coachman, who with sleeves rolled up was washing a carriage at the pump, 'saddle me . .'

'Which, sir?'

'Oh, Kolpik.'

'Yes, sir.'

While the horse was being saddled Levin again called the steward, who was hanging about within sight, in order to make it up with him, and began to talk about the spring work that lay before them and his plans for the estate.

'Carting manure must be started early so that it should be over before the first hay harvest, and the far field will have to be ploughed continually so as to keep the earth clean. We must hire labour for the hay harvest and not pay in kind.'

The foreman listened attentively and evidently tried to approve of his master's plans: but his face still wore that hopeless and despondent expression so familiar to Levin. This expression seemed to say, 'That's all very well, but it will be as God wills.'

Nothing grieved Levin so much as this manner, but it was a manner common to all the numerous stewards he had employed. They all took up the same attitude

toward his plans, and therefore he now no longer grew angry with them, but he was grieved, feeling all the more stimulated to resist this, so to say, elemental force for which he could find no other name but 'as God wills,' which always obstructed him.

'We'll see if we can manage it!' said the steward.

'Why should you not manage it?'

'We must have at least fifteen more labourers; but you see they don't come. Some came to-day, but they wanted seventy roubles each for the summer.'

Levin was silent. That force was opposing him again. He knew that try as they would they had never managed to get more than from thirty-seven to forty labourers at the proper price. Forty could be hired, but never more than forty. Yet all the same he could not but continue the struggle.

'Send to Sury and to Chefirovka, if they don't come. We must try and find men.'

'I'll send right enough,' said Vasily Fedorich, the steward, despondently. 'But the horses too are getting weak.'

'We will buy some more. But don't I know,' he added laughing, 'that you always want less of everything and worse? However, this year I will not let you have your way. I'll see to everything myself.'

'You don't sleep much as it is, I think. It's always pleasanter for us when the master's eye is on us. . . .'

'Then it's down in the Birch Valley that they are sowing the clover? I'll ride over and see,' said Levin, mounting the little light bay horse, Kolpik, which the coachman had brought.

'You won't be able to cross the brook, Constantine Dmitrich,' the coachman called out.

'Well then, I'll go through the forest.'

And Levin rode across the muddy yard and out of the gate into the field at a brisk amble, his fresh little horse snorting at the puddles and pulling at the bridle.

If he had felt light-hearted in the cattle and farm yards, he felt still more so in the fields. Gently swayed by the ambling pace of his good little horse, and drinking in the warm smell with the freshness of snow and air in it, he rode through the forest over the crumbling sinking snow that melted at each footstep, and rejoiced at the sight of

each one of his trees with its swelling buds and the moss reviving on its bark. When he had passed the forest, a vast expanse of velvety green unrolled before him without a single bare spot, and only sprinkled here and there in the hollows with patches of unmelted snow. He was not irritated either by the sight of a peasant's horse and colt treading down the young growth (he told a peasant he met to drive them off), nor by the jeering and stupid answer the peasant, Ipat, whom he happened to meet, gave him in reply to his question:

'Well, Ipat, will it soon be time to sow?'

'We must plough first, Constantine Dmitrich,' said Ipat.

The further he went the happier he felt, and all sorts of plans for his estate, each better than the last, presented themselves to him: to plant rows of willows with a southern aspect on all the fields, so that the snow should not remain long under them; to divide the fields, tilling six and keeping three under grass; to build a new cattle-yard at the further end of the field; to dig a pond, and to make folds for the cattle for manuring purposes. Then he would have three hundred desyatinas of wheat, one hundred of potatoes, and one hundred and fifty of clover, and not a single desyatina exhausted.

Dreaming such dreams, carefully guiding his horse so as not to trample down his young growth, he rode up to the labourers who were sowing the clover. The cart with the seed was standing not on the border [1] but in a field of winter-wheat, which was being cut up by the wheels and trampled by the horse's feet. Both the labourers were sitting on the narrow path between the fields, probably sharing a pipe of tobacco. The earth in the cart with which the seeds were mixed was not rubbed fine, but was pressed or frozen into lumps. On seeing the master the labourer Vasily moved toward the cart, and Mishka began to sow. This was not right, but Levin seldom got angry with the hired men. When Vasily came up Levin told him to take the cart and horse on to the border.

'It won't matter, sir, the wheat will recover.'

'Please don't argue,' said Levin, 'but do as you are told.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Vasily, and took hold of the horse's head.

[1] Narrow strips of grass are left between the fields.

'But the sowing, Constantine Dmitrich, is getting on first-rate,' he said making up to the master. 'Only the walking is dreadful. You drag half a hundredweight on your boots.'

'And why has not the earth been sifted?' said Levin.

'Oh, but we crumble it up,' said Vasily, taking a handful and rubbing the earth between his palms.

Vasily was not to blame that they had given him unsifted earth, but still it was annoying.

Having more than once successfully tested a patent remedy for conquering vexation and making all that seemed wrong right again, Levin employed it now. He looked at the strides Mishka took dragging the enormous lumps of earth that stuck to his feet, dismounted, took the seed-basket from Vasily, and prepared to sow.

'Where did you stop?'

Vasily pointed to a mark with his foot and Levin began scattering the seeds and earth as best he could. It was hard walking, and having done a row Levin, wet with perspiration, stopped and gave back the basket.

'Mind, sir, and don't scold me for this row when summer comes,' said Vasily.

'Why?' said Levin merrily, feeling that his remedy was acting well.

'Oh, you'll see when the summer comes. You'll distinguish it. You just look where I sowed last spring, how regularly I scattered it over. Why, Constantine Dmitrich, I don't think I could try harder if I was working for my own father. I don't like to do things badly myself, and I see that others don't. What's good for the master is good for us too. When one looks over there it makes one's heart rejoice,' said Vasily, pointing to the field.

'A fine spring, isn't it, Vasily?'

'It's a spring such as the old men don't remember. I've been home, and my old father also has sown three measures of wheat. They say it has caught up the rye.'

'And have you been sowing wheat long?'

'Why, it was you who taught us to sow it. The year before last you gave me a bushel of seed yourself. We sowed a quarter of it and sold the rest.'

'Well, mind and rub the lumps,' said Levin, going up to his horse, 'and keep an eye on Mishka, and if the clover

comes up well you shall have fifty kopeks for each desyatina.'

'Thank you kindly. We are very grateful to you as it is.'

Levin mounted his horse and rode to the field where clover had been sown the year before, and to another which was deeply ploughed and ready for sowing the spring wheat.

The clover was coming on splendidly. It was already reviving and steadily growing green among last year's wheat stubble. The horse sank into the ground up to its pasterns and drew each foot out of the half-thawed earth with a smacking noise. It was quite impossible to ride over the deeply-ploughed field; the earth bore only where there was still a little ice, in the thawed furrows the horse's legs sank in above its pasterns. The ploughed land was in excellent condition; it would be possible to harrow and sow it in a couple of days. Everything was beautiful and gay. Levin rode back by the way that led across the brook, hoping that the water would have gone down, and he did manage to ford the stream, scaring two ducks in so doing. 'There must be some snipe too,' he thought, and just at the turning to his house he met the keeper, who confirmed his supposition.

Levin rode on at a trot, so as to have dinner and get his gun ready for the evening.

CHAPTER XIV

As Levin, in the highest spirits, was nearing the house he heard the sound of a tinkling bell approaching the main entrance.

'Why, that must be some one from the station,' he thought. 'They would just have had time to get here from the Moscow train. Who is it? Can it be brother Nicholas? He did say, "Perhaps I'll go to a watering-place, or perhaps I'll come to you."' For a moment he felt frightened and disturbed lest his brother's presence should destroy the happy frame of mind that the spring had aroused in him. But he was ashamed of that feeling, and immediately, as it were, opened out his spiritual arms and with tender joy expected, and now hoped with

his whole soul, that it was his brother. He touched up his horse and, having passed the acacia trees, saw a hired three-horse sledge coming from the station and in it a gentleman in a fur coat. It was not his brother. 'Oh, if only it's some nice fellow with whom one can have a talk,' he thought. 'Ah,' he cried, joyfully lifting both arms, 'here's a welcome guest! Well, I am glad to see you!' he exclaimed, recognizing Oblonsky.

'I shall know now for certain whether she is married or when she will be,' thought Levin.

And on this lovely day he felt that the memory of her did not hurt him at all.

'You did not expect me, eh?' said Oblonsky, getting out of the sledge with mud on his nose, cheek, and eyebrows, but beaming with cheerfulness and health. 'I have come to see you, that's one thing,' he said, embracing and kissing Levin, 'to get some shooting, that's two, and to sell the Ergushevo forest, that's three.'

'That's grand! and what a spring we are having! How did you manage to get here in a sledge?'

'It would have been worse still on wheels, Constantine Dmitrich,' said the driver, whom Levin knew.

'Well, I am very, very glad to see you,' said Levin with a sincere smile, joyful as a child's.

He showed his guest into the spare bedroom, where Oblonsky's things, his bag, a gun in a case, and a satchel with cigars, were also brought, and leaving him to wash and change Levin went to the office to give orders about the ploughing and the clover. Agatha Mikhaylovna, always much concerned about the honour of the house, met him in the hall with questions about dinner.

'Do just as you please, only be quick,' he said and went out to see the steward.

When he returned, Oblonsky, fresh and clean, with hair brushed, and face radiant with smiles, was just coming out of his room, and they went upstairs together.

'How glad I am to have come to you! Now I shall be able to understand what the mysteries you perpetrate here consist of. But, seriously, I envy you. What a house, and everything so splendid, so light, so gay!' said Oblonsky, forgetting that it was not always spring and bright weather there, as on that day.

'And your nurse! quite charming! A pretty house-

maid with a little apron would be preferable; but with your severe and monastic style this one is more suitable.'

Oblonsky had much interesting news to tell, and one item of special interest to Levin was that his brother, Sergius Ivanich, intended to come and stay in the country with him that summer.

Not a word did Oblonsky say about Kitty or about any of the Shcherbatskys; he only delivered greetings from his wife. Levin was grateful to him for his delicacy and was very glad of his visit. As usual during his solitude a mass of thoughts and feelings he could not express to those around had collected in his mind, and now he poured out to Oblonsky the poetic joy of spring, his failures, his plans concerning the estate, his thoughts and remarks about the books he had read, and especially the idea of his own book, the basis of which, though he did not notice it himself, was a criticism of all previous works on agriculture. Oblonsky, always pleasant and quick at understanding everything from a hint, was specially pleasant on this visit; there was a new trait in him which Levin noticed and was flattered by—a kind of respect and a sort of tenderness toward him. The efforts of Agatha Mikhaylovna and the cook to make the dinner specially nice resulted only in both the hungry friends sitting down to a snack and having to appease their hunger with *hors d'œuvres* of bread and butter, smoked goose, and pickled mushrooms, and in Levin's ordering the soup to be served without waiting for the pasties with which the cook intended to astonish the visitor. But Oblonsky, though used to very different dinners, found everything delicious; the herb beer, the bread and butter, and especially the smoked goose and pickled mushrooms, the nettle soup and the fowl with melted-butter sauce, the Crimean white wine—everything was delicious, everything was excellent.

'Splendid, splendid!' he said, lighting a thick cigarette after the joint. 'I seem to have come to you as one lands from a noisy steamer on to a peaceful shore. So you maintain that the labourer should be studied as one of the factors which should decide the choice of agricultural methods? You know I am quite an outsider in these matters, but I should think this theory and its application ought to influence the labourer too.'

'Yes, but wait a bit, I am not talking about political economy but about the science of agriculture. It should resemble the natural sciences and should examine existing phenomena, including the labourer with his economic and ethnographic . . .'

At that moment Agatha Mikhaylovna came in with some jam.

'Ah, Agatha Mikhaylovna,' said Oblonsky, kissing the tips of his plump fingers; 'what smoked goose you have, what herb brandy! . . . But what d'you think, Constantine, is it not time?' he added.

Levin glanced out of the window at the sun which was setting behind the bare trees of the forest.

'High time, high time! Kuzma, tell them to harness the trap,' he said, and ran downstairs.

Oblonsky went down and himself carefully took the canvas cover off the varnished case, opened it, and set to work to put together his valuable gun, which was of the newest type.

Kuzma, already scenting a substantial tip, did not leave Oblonsky for a moment. He put on his stockings and his boots for him, and Oblonsky willingly allowed him to do so.

'Constantine, please leave word that if the dealer Ryabinin comes (I told him to come here to-day) they should ask him in and let him wait.'

'Are you selling the forest to Ryabinin?'

'Yes. Do you know him?'

'Of course I know him. I have had dealings with him, positively and finally.'

Oblonsky laughed. 'Positively and finally' were the dealer's favourite words.

'Yes, he does speak very funnily. She knows where the master is going,' he added, patting Laska, who was whining and jumping round Levin, now licking his hand, now his boots and his gun.

The trap was standing at the door when they went out.

'I told them to harness though it is not far, but if you like we can walk?'

'No, let us drive,' said Oblonsky, stepping up into the trap.[1] He sat down, wrapped a rug round his legs, and

[1] The trap was a long vehicle something like a jaunting-car, but with four wheels.

lit a cigar. 'How is it you don't smoke? A cigar is such a . . . not exactly a pleasure, but the crown and sign of pleasure. Ah, this is life! How delightful! This is how I should like to live.'

'But who prevents you?' Levin remarked, smiling.

'No—you are a lucky fellow! You have got all you are fond of. You like horses—you have them; hounds—you have them; shooting—you get it; farming—you get it too.'

'Perhaps it is because I am glad of what I get, and don't grieve about what I haven't,' said Levin, thinking of Kitty.

Oblonsky understood and looked at him but said nothing.

Levin was grateful to Oblonsky because, with his usual tact, noticing that Levin was afraid of talking about the Shcherbatskys, he avoided mentioning them; but now Levin wanted to find out about the matter that tormented him, and yet feared to speak of it.

'Well, and how are your affairs?' he asked, recollecting how wrong it was of him to be thinking only of his own concerns.

Oblonsky's eyes began to glitter merrily.

'But *you* don't admit that one may want a roll while one gets regular rations, you consider it a crime; and I don't believe in life without love,' he answered, understanding Levin's question in his own way. 'How can I help it? I am made that way. And really so little harm is done to anyone, and one gets so much pleasure . . .'

'Is there anything new then?' inquired Levin.

'There is! Well, you know Ossian's type of woman—such as one sees in a dream? Well, there are such women in reality, and these women are terrible. Woman, you see, is an object of such a kind that study it as much as you will, it is always quite new.'

'In that case, better not study them.'

'Oh, no! Some mathematician has said pleasure lies not in discovering truth but in seeking it.'

Levin listened in silence, but in spite of all his efforts he could not enter into his friend's soul and understand his feeling, nor the delight of studying women of that kind.

CHAPTER XV

THE place where they were going to shoot was not far away, by a stream among young aspen trees. When they had reached the wood Levin got down and led Oblonsky to the corner of a mossy and marshy glade, already free from snow. He himself went to a forked birch on the other side and, leaning his gun against the fork of the lower branch, took off his coat, tightened his girdle, and tried whether he could move his arms freely.

The old grey-haired Laska, following close on his heels, sat down warily in front of him and pricked up her ears. The sun was setting behind the forest, and the little birches interspersed among the aspen trees stood out clearly against the evening glow with their drooping branches and their swollen buds ready to burst into leaf. From the thicket, where the snow had not all melted, the water still flowed in branching streamlets with a gentle rippling sound. Small birds chirped and now and then flew from tree to tree.

In the intervals of profound silence last year's leaves were heard rustling, set in motion by the thawing of the earth and the growth of the grass.

'Just fancy! One can hear and see the grass growing,' thought Levin, as he noticed a wet slate-coloured aspen leaf move close to the point of a blade of grass. He stood listening, and gazing down now on the wet mossy ground, now at the attentive Laska, now at the sea of bare tree-tops stretched out before him at the foot of the hill, and now at the darkening sky streaked with fleecy clouds. A hawk flew leisurely past, high above the distant forest; another followed in the same direction and vanished. In the thicket the birds chirped louder and louder and more eagerly. A tawny owl hooted near by, and Laska started, took a few careful steps, and with her head on one side again listened intently. A cuckoo called beyond the river. It called twice in its usual note, then hoarsely and hurriedly and got out of time.

'Fancy a cuckoo already!' said Oblonsky, appearing from behind a bush.

'Yes, I heard,' answered Levin, so reluctant to disturb

the silence of the wood that his own voice sounded unpleasant to him. 'They won't be long now.'

Oblonsky's figure again disappeared behind the bush, and Levin only saw the flare of a match, followed by the red glow of a cigarette and a spiral of blue smoke.

Click! click! Oblonsky cocked his gun.

'And what's that screaming?' he asked, drawing Levin's attention to a long-drawn cry like the high-pitched whinny of a colt in play

'Don't you know? It's a male hare. But stop talking! Listen, they're coming!' Levin almost shouted, cocking his gun.

They heard a shrill whistle in the distance, and after the two seconds' interval so familiar to sportsmen, another followed, and then a third, and after the third whistle came a cry.

Levin looked to the right and to the left, and there before him against the dull light-blue sky, over the lower branches of the aspen tops, appeared the flying birds. They were flying straight toward him; the near sound of their cry—something like the sound made when tightly stretched cloth is steadily torn—seemed close to his ears; the long beak and neck of a bird were quite visible, and just as Levin took aim a red flash came from behind the bush where Oblonsky was standing and the bird descended like an arrow and then fluttered up again. Another flash, followed by a report, and the bird, flapping its wings as if trying to keep up in the air, remained stationary for a moment and then with a heavy thud fell on the swampy ground.

'Can I have missed?' cried Oblonsky, who could not see through the smoke.

'Here it is!' answered Levin, pointing to Laska, who with one ear erect, wagging her fluffy, high-arched tail, stepping slowly as if to prolong the pleasure and seeming almost to smile, brought the dead bird to her master. 'Well, I'm glad you got it,' said Levin, and while he spoke he was already experiencing a feeling of envy at not having killed the bird himself.

'A wretched miss with the right barrel,' replied Oblonsky, reloading. 'Hush . . . coming!'

Indeed, they heard two shrill whistles quickly following each other. Two snipe, playing and racing one another,

whistling but not crying, flew almost over the sportsmen's heads. Then there were four reports, the birds took a swift turn like swallows and vanished from sight.

. . . . . .

The shooting was splendid. Oblonsky brought down two more birds, and Levin brought down two, of which one was not recovered. It began to get dark. Through the young birches, Venus bright and silvery was already shining with her delicate glitter low down in the west, and high up in the east flickered the red fire of the dim Arcturus. Above his head Levin found, and again lost, stars of the Great Bear. The snipe had ceased flying; but Levin decided to stay until Venus, which he could see underneath a branch, should rise above it [1] and all the stars of the Great Bear should be visible.

Venus had risen above the branch and the car of the Great Bear as well as its shafts showed clearly against the dark blue sky, but he still waited.

'Is it not time to go?' asked Oblonsky.

It was quite quiet in the wood, not a bird stirred.

'Let's stay a little longer,' answered Levin.

'As you please.'

They were now standing some fifteen yards apart.

'Stephen!' said Levin suddenly and unexpectedly; 'why don't you tell me whether your sister-in-law is married, or when she will be?'

Levin felt so strong and calm that he thought the answer, whatever it might be, could not agitate him, but he did not at all expect the reply Oblonsky gave him.

'She has not thought, and is not thinking, of getting married, but she is very ill and the doctors have sent her abroad. They are even afraid for her life.'

'You don't mean it!' exclaimed Levin. 'Very ill? What's the matter with her? How did she? . . .'

While they were talking Laska, pricking her ears, kept looking up at the sky and then reproachfully at them.

'What a time they have chosen to talk,' thought she. 'And there it comes flying. . . . Just so, here it is. They'll miss it. . . .'

[1] Tolstoy seems to have made a slip. Being in the west Venus would be setting, not rising.

But at that moment both men heard a shrill whistle that seemed to smite on their ears; they both seized their guns, and there were two flashes and two reports at the same moment. The woodcock that was flying high up instantly folded its wings and fell into the thicket, bending down the thin young shoots.

'That's good! It belongs to both!' cried Levin, and ran into the thicket with Laska to look for the bird. 'Oh! but there was something unpleasant!' he thought. 'Yes, of course, Kitty is ill! But what can I do? I am very sorry,' he thought. 'Found? good dog!' he said, taking the warm bird from Laska's mouth and putting it into his well-filled game-bag.

'We've found it, Stephen!' he shouted.

CHAPTER XVI

On their way home Levin inquired the particulars of Kitty's illness and of the Shcherbatskys' plans, and though he would have been ashamed to confess it, what he heard was agreeable to him. It was agreeable because there was still hope for him, and even more because she was suffering, she who had made him suffer so much. But when Oblonsky began to speak of what caused Kitty's illness and to mention Vronsky's name, Levin interrupted him:

'I have no right whatever to know such family details, and frankly I am not interested in them either.'

Oblonsky gave a scarcely perceptible smile on noticing the quick change, so familiar to him, in Levin's face, which became as gloomy as it had been bright a moment before.

'Have you finally settled with Ryabinin about the forest?' asked Levin.

'Yes, I have. I'm getting a splendid price for it: thirty-eight thousand roubles; eight at once, and the rest to be paid within six years. I have been bothering about it a long time. No one would give more.'

'The fact is you are giving the forest away,' said Levin moodily.

'Why giving away?' said Oblonsky with a good-

natured smile, knowing well that everything would now seem wrong to Levin.

'Because the forest is worth at least five hundred roubles a desyatina,' replied Levin.

'Oh, you country gentlemen!' said Oblonsky jokingly. 'And your tone of contempt for us poor townfolk! . . . But when it comes to getting business done, we do it better than anyone. Believe me, I have reckoned it all out,' continued he, 'and have sold the forest so well that I am afraid he may change his mind. You know it's not timber but, for the most part, only fit for fuel,' said he, hoping by this remark finally to convince Levin of the injustice of his suspicions. 'And it will not yield more than ten sazhens [1] of wood to the desyatina . . . and he is paying me at the rate of two hundred roubles.'

Levin smiled contemptuously. 'I know this manner,' he thought, 'not his only, but all townsmen's, who visit the country two or three times in ten years, get hold of two or three expressions, use them in and out of season, and are firmly convinced they know everything. "Timber," and "yield ten sazhens." He uses these words but understands nothing about the business.'

'I should not try to teach you the things you scribble about at your office,' he said, 'but in case of need would come to you for advice about them, but you are firmly convinced that you understand all this forest lore. It is not easy! Have you counted the trees?'

'How can one count the trees?' said Oblonsky, still anxious to dispel his friend's ill-humour.

'"Count grains of sand, and planets' rays,
E'en though a lofty mind were able . . . "'

'Well, Ryabinin's lofty mind is able to do it. And no dealer will ever buy without first counting, unless the forest is given to him for nothing, as you are doing. I know your forest. I go shooting there every year, and it is worth five hundred roubles a desyatina cash down, and he is paying you two hundred on long term. That means that you have made him a present of about thirty thousand roubles.'

[1] Fuel-wood is sold by the sazhen.

'Come, don't get so carried away,' said Oblonsky piteously. 'Why did no one offer more?'

'Because he and the other dealers are in league, and he has bought them off. I have had dealings with them all, and I know them. They are not genuine dealers, but sharks. He would not consider a deal which would bring him in ten or fifteen per cent.; he waits till he can buy at a fifth of the value.'

'Oh, come! You are down in the dumps to-day.'

'Not at all,' said Levin gloomily, just as they drove up to the house.

At the porch stood a little cart strongly bound with leather and iron, and to the cart was harnessed a well-fed horse with broad, tightly-stretched straps. In the cart sat Ryabinin's clerk (who also performed a coachman's duties), his skin tightly stretched over his full-blooded face and his belt drawn tight. Ryabinin himself was already in the house and met the two friends in the hall. He was a tall, spare, middle-aged man, with a moustache, a prominent shaven chin, and prominent dim eyes. He wore a long-skirted blue coat with buttons very low down at the back, high boots drawn quite straight over the calves of his legs and crinkled round the ankles, and over them he had on a pair of large goloshes. He wiped his face all round with his handkerchief, and smoothing his coat, which was already quite in order, smilingly greeted the new arrivals. He held out his hand to Oblonsky as if he were trying to catch something.

'Oh, so you have come,' said Oblonsky taking his hand. 'That's right!'

'I dared not disobey your Excellency's commands, though the roads are quite too bad. I have literally had to walk all the way, but I have arrived in time. . . .'

'Constantine Dmitrich, my respects to you!' he said turning to Levin and trying to catch his hand too. But Levin, frowning, pretended not to see the hand, and began taking the snipe out of the game-bag.

'You have been pleased to amuse yourself with shooting? What kind of bird may that be?' added Ryabinin, looking contemptuously at the snipe. 'Something tasty?' and he shook his head disapprovingly as if much doubting whether this game were worth the candle.

'Would you like to go into my study?' said Levin, frowning moodily, and addressing Oblonsky in French. 'Go into the study, you can talk things over there.'

'That would do very well,—or wherever you like,' remarked Ryabinin with contemptuous dignity, as if to show them that though others might find it difficult to know how to behave with different people, yet for him no difficulty of any kind could ever exist.

On entering the study Ryabinin looked round by force of habit as though to find the icon, but after finding it he did not cross himself. He glanced at the book cupboards and book-shelves with the same look of doubt as he had bestowed on the snipe, smiled contemptuously, and again shook his head disapprovingly, decidedly refusing to admit that this game could be worth the candle.

'Well, have you brought the money?' asked Oblonsky. 'Take a seat.'

'There won't be any difficulty about the money. I've come to see you and to talk matters over.'

'Talk what matters over? But do take a seat.'

'I can do that,' said Ryabinin, sitting down and putting his arm on the back of his chair in a most uncomfortable way. 'You must let me off something, Prince. You're wronging me. As to the money, it is all ready to the last kopek. There will be no delay about the money.'

Levin, who had been putting away his gun in a cupboard, was just going out of the door, but on hearing the dealer's words he stopped.

'As it is you are getting the forest for next to nothing,' he said. 'He came to me too late, else *I* would have fixed the price.'

Ryabinin rose and smiled silently, surveying Levin from his feet to his head.

'He is very close, is Constantine Dmitrich,' he said, addressing Oblonsky with a smile. 'It's absolutely impossible to buy anything of him. I've been bargaining with him for wheat and offering a good price.'

'Why should I give you what is mine for nothing? I have not found it on the ground nor stolen it.'

'Oh dear no, nowadays it is quite impossible to steal. Absolutely everything nowadays goes before a jury, everything is judged honourably, there's no possibility of stealing. We speak honestly. It's too much for

the forest, there's no making any profit on it. I am asking to have something knocked off, if only a trifle.'

'Well, have you settled the business or not? If you have, there's no use bargaining, but if not,' said Levin. 'I will buy the forest myself.'

The smile vanished from Ryabinin's face, which assumed a hawk-like, rapacious, and cruel expression. With his bony fingers he rapidly unfastened his coat, exposing his braided shirt, the brass buttons of his waistcoat, and a watch-chain, and quickly took out a thick old pocket-book.

'If you please, the forest is mine,' he said, rapidly crossing himself and holding out his hand. 'Take your money, the forest is mine. That's the way Ryabinin does business, no fussing about kopeks,' he said, frowning and flourishing his pocket-book.

'If I were you I should not be in a hurry to take it,' remarked Levin.

'What d'you mean?' said Oblonsky with surprise. 'Why, I've given my word.'

Levin went out and slammed the door. Ryabinin looked at it and smiled, shaking his head.

'That's all his youthfulness, his absolute childishness. Why, I am making this purchase, believe me, just for the honour and glory of the thing, so that it should be Ryabinin and not another that has bought Oblonsky's forest. But it's still a question whether by God's mercy I can make a profit. Believe me, before God! Please, sir, the agreement must be written . . .'

An hour later the dealer, with his coat well lapped over, the hooks of his overcoat carefully fastened, and with the agreement in his pocket, seated himself in his little cart and drove home.

'Oh, these gentlefolks!' he remarked to his clerk, while hooking up the leather apron of the cart, 'regular objects!'

'But may I congratulate you on the purchase, Michael Ignatich?'

'Well, well . . .'

CHAPTER XVII

Oblonsky went upstairs, his pockets bulging with the treasury-bills payable in three months' time with which Ryabinin had paid him. The forest transaction was completed, he had the money in his pocket, the shooting had been fine, Oblonsky was in the best of spirits, and therefore all the more anxious to dispel Levin's ill-humour. He wanted to finish the day at supper as pleasantly as he had begun it.

Levin really was in a bad humour, and in spite of his desire to behave kindly and amiably to his charming guest he could not master himself. The intoxication of the news that Kitty was not married was beginning little by little to take effect on him.

Kitty was unmarried and ill, and ill for love of the man who had slighted her. This insult seemed to fall upon him. Vronsky had slighted her and she had slighted him, Levin. Consequently Vronsky had a right to despise him and was therefore his enemy. But Levin did not think all this. He dimly felt that there was something insulting to him in the affair, and was angry not with what had upset him but with everything that presented itself to him. The stupid sale of the forest, the swindle Oblonsky had fallen a prey to, which had been perpetrated in his house, irritated him.

'Well, have you finished?' he said when he met Oblonsky upstairs. 'Will you have some supper?'

'I won't say no. What an appetite I get in the country, wonderful! Why did you not offer Ryabinin something to eat?'

'Let him go to the devil!'

'Well, really, how you treat him!' said Oblonsky. 'You did not even give him your hand. Why not shake hands with him?'

'Because I do not shake hands with the footman, and the footman is a hundred times better than he.'

'What a reactionary you really are! What about merging the classes?' said Oblonsky.

'Let those who like it merge to their hearts' content, but it sickens me.'

'I see you are quite a reactionary.'

'I have really never considered what I am. I am Constantine Levin, that's all.'

'And Constantine Levin is in a very bad temper,' said Oblonsky, smiling.

'Yes, I am in a bad temper, and do you know why? Because, excuse me, of your stupid sale.'

Oblonsky wrinkled his face good-naturedly, like an innocent man who was being hurt and interfered with.

'Oh don't! he said. 'When has a man ever sold anything without being told immediately after that it was worth much more? But while he is trying to sell nobody offers him more. . . . No, I see you have a grudge against that unfortunate Ryabinin.'

'Maybe I have. And do you know why? You will again call me a reactionary or some other dreadful name, but all the same it vexes and hurts me to see on all sides the impoverishment of the *noblesse*, to which I too belong and to which, in spite of the merging of the classes, I am very glad to belong. . . . And impoverished not from extravagance. That would not matter so much: to spend like a nobleman is their business—only the *noblesse* know how to do it. At present the peasants around here are buying land—that does not pain me. The squire does nothing, the peasant works and squeezes out the idler. That is as it should be and I am very glad on the peasant's account. But it hurts me to see this impoverishment as a result of,—shall I call it simplicity? Here a Polish leaseholder buys for half its value the splendid estate of a lady who lives in Nice. There land that is worth ten roubles a desyatina is leased to a merchant for one rouble. And now you, without any reason, have presented that scamp with thirty thousand roubles.'

'Then what do you want? Is one to count every tree?'

'Certainly count them! You have not counted them but Ryabinin has! Ryabinin's children will have the means to live and get an education, while yours may not have!'

'Well, forgive me, but there is something petty in all this counting. We have our occupation and they have theirs, and they have to make a profit. Anyway the thing is done and there's an end to it. And here come the fried eggs, just the way I like them best. And

Agatha Mikhaylovna will give us some of that excellent herb brandy. . . .'

Oblonsky sat down to table and began joking with Agatha Mikhaylovna, assuring her that it was long since he had had such a dinner and supper as that day.

'Well, you appreciate it at least,' said Agatha Mikhaylovna; 'but Constantine Dmitrich, whatever one gives him, if it were only a crust of bread, would just eat it and go away.'

Try as Levin would to control himself, he remained morose and silent. There was one question he wanted to put to Oblonsky, but could not bring himself to ask, nor could he find the form to put it in or the moment to ask it. When Oblonsky had gone down to his room and, after again washing, had put on his frilled nightshirt and got into bed, Levin still lingered in his room talking about various trifles and unable to ask what he wanted to know.

'What wonderful soap they make!' he said, examining and unwrapping a cake of scented soap Agatha Mikhaylovna had prepared for the visitor, but which Oblonsky had not used. 'Just look, it is quite a work of art.'

'Yes, yes, there are all sorts of improvements in everything now,' said Oblonsky with a moist and beautiful yawn. 'In the theatres for instance and all places of amusement. . . . Oh, oh, oh!' he yawned. 'Electric light everywhere. Oh, oh!'

'Yes, electric light,' said Levin. 'Yes, by the by, where is Vronsky now?' he asked, suddenly putting down the soap.

'Vronsky?' said Oblonsky, ceasing to yawn. 'He is in Petersburg. He left soon after you did, and has not been in Moscow once since then. And do you know, Constantine, I will tell you quite frankly,' he said, leaning his elbow on the table by his bed and supporting on his hand his good-looking, rosy face with its glittering, kind, and sleepy eyes, 'it was your own fault. You were frightened of a rival. But, as I told you then, I do not know who had the better chance. Why did you not make a dash for it? I told you at the time that . . .' He yawned, but only with his jaw, without opening his mouth.

'Does he, or does he not, know that I proposed?'

thought Levin, looking at him. 'Yes, there is something sly and diplomatic in his face,' and feeling himself blush, he gazed in silence straight into Oblonsky's eyes.

'If there was anything on her side at that time, it was only the external attraction,' continued Oblonsky. 'You know his being a perfect aristocrat and his future position in Society had an effect, not on her but on her mother.'

Levin frowned. The insult of the refusal he had had to face burned in his heart like a fresh, newly-received wound. But he was at home and the walls of home are helpful.

'Wait, wait,' he began, interrupting Oblonsky. 'You talk of his being an aristocrat. But I should like to ask you what is Vronsky's or anyone else's aristocracy that I should be slighted because of it? You consider Vronsky an aristocrat. I don't. A man whose father crawled up from nothing by intrigues and whose mother has had relations with heaven knows whom. . . . No, pardon me, I consider myself and people like me aristocrats: people who can point back to three or four honourable generations of their family, all with a high standard of education (talent and intelligence are a different matter), who have never cringed before anyone, never depended on anyone, but have lived as my father and my grandfather did. I know many such. You consider it mean for me to count the trees in my wood while you give Ryabinin thirty thousand roubles; but you will receive a Government grant and I don't know what other rewards, and I shan't, so I value what is mine by birth and labour. . . . We—and not those who only manage to exist by the bounty of the mighty of this world, and who can be bought for a piece of silver—are the aristocrats.'

'But whom are you driving at? I agree with you,' said Oblonsky sincerely and cheerfully, though he felt that Levin ranked him with those who could be bought for silver. Levin's vehemence sincerely pleased him. 'Whom are you driving at? Though much of what you say is not true of Vronsky, I am not speaking about that. I want to tell you candidly that if I were you, I'd come to Moscow now with me, and . . .'

'No . . . I don't know if you knew it or not and I don't care, but I will tell you: I proposed and was

refused, and your sister-in-law (Catherine Alexandrovna) is now only a painful and humiliating memory to me.'

'Why? What nonsense!'

'But don't let us talk about it! Forgive me, please, if I have been rude to you,' said Levin. Now that he had spoken out he became once more as he had been in the morning. 'You are not angry with me, Steve? Please don't be angry,' he said smiling, and took his hand.

'Oh no, not at all! There was nothing to be angry about. I am glad we have had this explanation. And, do you know, the shooting in the early morning is often very good. Should we not go? I would not sleep again after it but go straight from there to the station?'

'A capital idea!'

CHAPTER XVIII

Though Vronsky's whole inner life was absorbed by his passion, his external life ran unalterably and inevitably along its former customary rails of social and regimental connections and interests. The interests of the regiment occupied an important place in his life, because he was fond of his regiment and still more because the regiment was fond of him. Not only were they fond of him, they respected him too and were proud of him: proud that this man, with his enormous wealth and excellent education and abilities, to whom the road to success of all kinds gratifying to ambition or vanity lay open, had disregarded all this, and of all life's interests had nearest to his heart those of his regiment and his comrades. Vronsky was aware of this attitude of his comrades toward him, and besides liking the life felt bound to justify their view of him.

It goes without saying that he spoke to none of them about his love, nor did he betray himself even in the wildest drinking-bouts (indeed, he never drank so as to lose all self-control). And he silenced any of his thoughtless comrades who tried to hint at the liaison. But in spite of this, his love affair was known to all the town: everybody guessed more or less correctly what his relations with Anna Karenina were. Most of the young men envied him just on account of what was most trying

in the affair, namely Karenin's high rank and the consequent prominence of the affair in Society.

The majority of young women, who envied Anna and had long been weary of hearing her virtues praised, were pleased at what they guessed, and only waited to be sure that public opinion had turned before throwing the whole weight of their scorn at her. They already prepared lumps of mud to pelt her with in due time. Most of the older people and of those highly-placed regretted this impending social scandal.

Vronsky's mother, on hearing of the matter, was at first pleased, both because in her opinion nothing gave such finishing touches to a brilliant young man as an intrigue in the best Society, and also because this Anna Karenina, who had so taken her fancy and who had talked so much about her little son, was after all such as the Countess Vronsky expected all handsome and well-bred women to be. But latterly she had heard that her son had refused a post of importance for his career, merely to remain with his regiment and be able to see Anna Karenina, and that exalted persons were dissatisfied with him for it, so she changed her opinion. She was also displeased because, from all she heard of it, this affair was not one of those brilliant, graceful, Society liaisons which she approved, but a desperate Werther-like passion which might lead him into doing something foolish. She had not seen him since his sudden departure from Moscow, and through her eldest son she sent him word to come and see her.

The elder brother was also dissatisfied with the younger. He did not distinguish what kind of love it was, great or small, passionate or passionless, guilty or pure (he himself, the father of a family, kept a ballet girl, and was therefore lenient in these matters): but he knew that it was a love affair which displeased those whom it is necessary to please, and he therefore disapproved of his brother's conduct.

Besides his military and social interests Vronsky had another one, namely horses, of which he was passionately fond.

That year there was to be an officers' steeplechase, and Vronsky had put down his name, bought an English thoroughbred mare, and, in spite of his love, was passion-

ately, though restrainedly, concerned about the coming races.

The two passions did not interfere with one another. On the contrary he needed an occupation and an interest apart from his love, in which to refresh himself and find rest from the impressions which agitated him too violently.

CHAPTER XIX

On the day of the Krasnoe Selo races Vronsky came earlier than usual to the regimental mess-room to eat his beefsteak. It was not necessary for him to train very strictly as his weight was just the regulation eleven-and-a-half stone, but he had to be careful not to get fatter and therefore avoided sweets and starchy foods. He sat waiting with his elbows on the table and his coat unbuttoned over a white waistcoat, and while waiting for the beefsteak he had ordered he looked at the pages of a French novel that lay on his plate. He only looked at the book in order not to have to talk to the officers who came in and out of the room while he was thinking.

He thought of Anna, who had promised to meet him after the races. But he had not seen her for three days and, as her husband had returned from abroad, he did not know whether she could keep the appointment to-day or not, and he did not know how to find out. He had seen her last at his cousin Betsy's country house. He went to the Karenins' country house [1] as seldom as possible, but now he meant to go there and was considering how to do it.

'Of course I can say that Betsy sent me to find out if she will be at the race. Yes, of course I will go,' he decided, lifting his eyes from the book, and a vivid sense of the joy of seeing her made his face radiant.

'Send to my house and tell them to harness three horses to the calèche at once,' he said to the waiter who had brought him a beefsteak on a hot silver plate; and drawing the plate nearer to him he began to eat.

[1] It is customary for people who have an occupation in a Russian town in summer to take a country house, near the town, where the family can live, while those members of it whose occupation is in town can go backwards and forwards.

From the neighbouring billiard-room came the click of balls, talk, and laughter. Two officers appeared at the entrance door: one with a weak thin face, a young officer who had just joined the regiment from the Cadet Corps; the other a plump old officer with a bracelet on his arm and small eyes sunk in a bloated face.

Vronsky glanced at them, frowned, and, as if he had not noticed them, turned his eyes on his book and began to eat and read at the same time.

'What? Fortifying yourself for your job?' asked the plump officer taking a seat beside him.

'As you see,' said Vronsky, frowning and wiping his mouth, without looking at the speaker.

'Not afraid of getting fat?' said the other, turning a chair round for the young officer.

'What?' said Vronsky frowning, making a grimace of disgust and showing his regular teeth.

'Not afraid of getting fat?'

'Waiter, sherry!' said Vronsky without replying, and moving his book to the other side of his plate he continued to read.

The plump officer took the wine-list and turned to the young one.

'You choose what we shall drink,' said he, handing him the list and looking at him.

'Suppose we have some Rhine wine,' said the young one, turning his eyes timidly to Vronsky while his fingers tried to catch hold of his just-budding moustache. Seeing that Vronsky did not turn round, he rose.

'Let us go into the billiard-room,' he said.

The plump officer got up obediently and they made their way toward the door.

At that moment Captain Yashvin, a tall man with a fine figure, entered the room, and having given a contemptuous backward nod to the two officers he came up to Vronsky.

'Ah, here he is!' he exclaimed, and with his big hand gave Vronsky a sharp slap on his shoulder-strap. Vronsky looked up angrily, but his face brightened at once into its characteristic look of quiet, firm kindliness.

'That is wise, Alexis,' said the captain in a loud baritone, 'eat now, and drink one small glass.'

'I don't want to eat.'

'There are the inseparables,' added Yashvin, glancing ironically at the two officers who were just going out of the room. He sat down beside Vronsky, and his legs, encased in tight riding-breeches, being too long for the size of the chair, bent at a sharp angle at the hip and knee-joints. 'Why did you not come to the Krasnensky Theatre last night?'

'I stayed late at the Tverskoys.'

'Ah!' said Yashvin.

Yashvin, a gambler, a rake, a man not merely without principles but with bad principles, was Vronsky's best friend in the regiment. Vronsky liked him both for his extraordinary physical strength, which he chiefly demonstrated by his ability to drink like a fish and go without sleep without its making any difference to him, and for the great mental power which was apparent in his relations with his commanding officers and comrades, who feared and respected him, and in his card-playing when he staked tens of thousands of roubles and, in spite of what he drank, always with such skill and decision that he was considered the best player in the English Club. Vronsky respected and liked Yashvin, particularly because he felt that the latter liked him, not for his name and money but for himself. Among all the people Vronsky knew Yashvin was the only one to whom he would have liked to talk about his love. He felt that Yashvin, though apparently despising all emotion, was the only one who could understand the power of the passion that now filled his whole life. Besides, he felt sure that Yashvin certainly found no pleasure in gossip and scandal, and understood his feeling in the right way—that is, knew and believed that this love was not a joke or an amusement, but something more serious and important.

Vronsky did not talk to him of his love, but was aware that he knew all about it and understood it rightly, and it was pleasant to him to read this in Yashvin's eyes.

'Ah, yes!' he said when he heard that Vronsky had been at the Tverskoys; his black eyes sparkled and he began twisting his left moustache round into his mouth—a bad habit he had.

'Well, and what were you doing last night? Winning?' asked Vronsky.

'Eight thousand. But three of them doubtful. I do not expect he will pay up.'

'Well, then, you can afford to lose on me,' said Vronsky, laughing. (Yashvin had staked heavily on Vronsky.)

'I am sure not to lose. Makhotin is the only dangerous one.' The conversation turned to the forecast of the day's race, the only subject Vronsky could now think about.

'Let us go. I have finished,' said Vronsky, and he rose and moved toward the door. Yashvin rose also and stretched his great legs and long back.

'It is too early for me to dine, but I must have a drink. I will come in a minute. Hallo, wine!' he cried in his loud voice, which was so famous at drill, and here made the glasses tremble. 'No, I do not want any,' he shouted again. 'You are going home and I'll go with you.'

And he and Vronsky went out together.

CHAPTER XX

Vronsky had his quarters in a roomy, clean, Finnish peasant cottage, divided in two by a partition. Here in camp also, Petritsky lived with him. Petritsky was asleep when Vronsky and Yashvin entered.

'Get up, you've slept enough!' said Yashvin, stepping behind the partition and shaking by the shoulder the dishevelled Petritsky, who lay with his nose buried in the pillow. Petritsky suddenly sprang to his knees and looked round.

'Your brother has been here,' he said to Vronsky. 'He woke me up, devil take him! . . . He said he would come back.' And drawing up his blanket he threw himself back on his pillow. 'Leave me alone, Yashvin!' he said angrily to Yashvin, who was pulling the blanket off him. 'Leave off!' He turned and opened his eyes. 'You had better tell me what to drink! I've such a horrid taste in my mouth that . . .'

'Vodka is better than anything,' said Yashvin in his base voice. 'Tereshchenko! Vodka and pickled cucumbers for your master!' he shouted, evidently enjoying the sound of his own voice.

'Vodka, you think, eh?' asked Petritsky, making a

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face and rubbing his eyes. 'And will you have a drink? Let us have a drink together! Vronsky, will you have a drink?' said Petritsky, getting up and wrapping himself to the arms in a rug of tiger-skin pattern.

He went to the partition door, held up his hands, and began singing in French, '"There was a king in Thule!" Vronsky, will you have a drink?'

'Get away!' said Vronsky, as he put on the overcoat his servant had handed him.

'Where to now?' asked Yashvin. 'Here are the horses,' he added as he saw the calèche drive up to the door.

'To the stables, and then I have to go to Bryansky about the horses,' said Vronsky.

He had really promised to go to Bryansky's, who lived seven miles from Peterhof, and pay him for the horses, and he hoped to make time to call there too. But his friends understood at once that it was not only there that he was going.

Petritsky, still singing, winked his eyes and pouted as if to say, 'We know what sort of Bryansky it is.'

'Mind and don't be late!' was all Yashvin said, and to change the subject he asked, 'Is my roan doing well?' looking out of the window at the middle horse, which he had sold to Vronsky.

'Wait!' shouted Petritsky to Vronsky, who was already going out. 'Your brother left a letter for you and a note. Wait! Where are they?'

Vronsky stopped. 'Well, where are they?'

'Where are they? That is the question!' declaimed Petritsky with solemnity, moving his finger upwards from his nose.

'Come, tell me. This is stupid!' said Vronsky, smiling.

'I have not lighted the fire. They must be somewhere here.'

'Enough of this! Where is the letter?'

'No, really I have forgotten. Or was it a dream? Wait, wait. Why get angry? If you had emptied four bottles a head as we did last night, you would not know where you were lying. Wait a bit, I'll remember it directly.'

Petritsky went behind the partition and lay down on his bed.

'Wait! So I lay, and so he stood. Yes, yes, yes. . . . Here it is!' and Petritsky drew the letter from under the mattress where he had put it.

Vronsky took the letter and his brother's note. It was just what he had expected: a letter from his mother reproaching him for not having come to see her, and a note from his brother saying that they must talk things over. Vronsky knew that it all referred to the same subject. 'What business is it of theirs?' thought he, and crumpling up the letters he pushed them in between the buttons of his coat, to be read more attentively on the way. In the passage he met two officers, one of his own and one of another regiment.

Vronsky's quarters were always the haunt of all the officers.

'Where are you going?'

'I have to go to Peterhof.'

'Has the mare come from Tsarskoe?'

'Yes, but I have not seen her since she came.'

'They say Makhotin's Gladiator has gone lame.'

'Nonsense! But how will you manage to ride through such mud?' said the other officer.

'These are the things to restore me!' shouted Petritsky on seeing the new-comers. The orderly stood before him with vodka and pickled cucumbers on a tray. 'Yashvin here has ordered vodka to freshen me up.'

'Well, you did give it us last night,' said one of the new-comers. 'You did not let us sleep all night.'

'Oh, but how we finished up!' said Petritsky. 'Volkov climbed out on to the roof and said he felt melancholy. I said, "Let us have music: a Funeral March!" And he fell asleep up there on the roof to the sound of the Funeral March.'

'Drink, you must drink some vodka and then some seltzer water with plenty of lemon,' said Yashvin, standing over Petritsky, like a mother urging her child to take its medicine. 'And after that a little champagne, about . . . a small bottle.'

'Now that is reasonable! Wait, Vronsky, let us have a drink.'

'No, good-bye, gentlemen. I am not drinking to-day.'

'Why, because of the weight? Well then, we will drink by ourselves. Let's have seltzers and lemons.'

'Vronsky!' shouted some one as Vronsky was already leaving.

'What?'

'You should have your hair cut; it will be too heavy, especially on the top.'

Vronsky was really beginning prematurely to get a little bald. He laughed merrily, showing his compact row of teeth, and drawing his cap over the bald patch, went out and got into the calèche.

'To the stables!' he said, and was taking out the letter to read, but then changed his mind, not wishing to be upset before examining his horse. 'Later will do! . . .'

CHAPTER XXI

The temporary stable, a wooden structure, had been built close to the racecourse, and it was there his mare was to have been brought the day before. He had not yet been to look at her. During these last days he had not exercised her himself, but had entrusted it to the trainer, and therefore did not in the least know in what condition she had arrived or now was. Hardly had he stepped out of the calèche before his groom, who had recognized it from a distance, had called out the trainer. A lean Englishman in top boots and a short jacket, with only a tuft of beard left under his chin, came to meet him with the awkward gait of a jockey, swaying from side to side with his elbows sticking out.

'Well, how is Frou-Frou?' asked Vronsky in English.

'All right, sir,' came the answer from somewhere inside the man's throat. 'Better not go in,' he added, touching his cap. 'I have put a muzzle on her, and she is fidgetty. Better not go in, it excites the mare.'

'No, I'll go in. I want to have a look at her.'

'Come along,' said the Englishman frowning and speaking as before without opening his mouth. Swaying his elbows and walking with his loose gait he led the way.

They entered a little yard in front of the shed. A smart, well-dressed lad in a short and clean jacket, with a broom in his hand, met them and followed them. In the shed five horses stood in the horse-boxes, and Vronsky knew that his principal rival, Makhotin's sixteen-hand

chestnut, Gladiator, was to have been brought that day and should be standing there too. Vronsky was even more anxious to have a look at Gladiator, whom he had never seen, than at his own mare; but he knew that horse-racing etiquette not only forbade his seeing it, but made it improper for him even to ask about it. As he went along the passage the lad opened the second horse-box to the left, and Vronsky caught sight of a big chestnut horse with white legs. He knew it was Gladiator, but like one who avoids seeing another's open letter, he turned and went to Frou-Frou's box.

'Here is the horse of Mak . . . Mak . . . I never can pronounce his name,' said the Englishman over his shoulder, pointing with his black-nailed thumb to Gladiator's box.

'Makhotin's? Yes, that is my only serious rival,' said Vronsky.

'If you were riding him, I would back you,' said the Englishman.

'Frou-Frou is the braver, but the other is the more powerful horse,' said Vronsky, smiling at the compliment to his riding.

'In a steeplechase everything depends on the riding and on pluck,' said the Englishman.

Vronsky felt that he not only had enough pluck (that is, energy and courage), but, what is much more important, he was firmly convinced that no one in the world could have more pluck than he had.

'Are you quite sure that more training was unnecessary?'

'Quite unnecessary,' said the Englishman. 'Please don't talk loud. The mare is nervous,' he added, nodding toward the closed horse-box before which they were standing, and from which was heard the trampling of hoofs among the straw.

He opened the door, and Vronsky entered the box, which was dimly lit by one small window. In the box stood a muzzled dark-bay mare stepping from foot to foot among the fresh litter. When he had got used to the dim light of the box, Vronsky again instinctively took in at one comprehensive glance all the points of his favourite mare. Frou-Frou was of medium size and by no means free from blemish. She was slenderly built.

Her chest, though well arched, was narrow. Her hind-quarters tapered rather too much, and her legs, especially her hind legs, were perceptibly bowed inwards. Neither fore nor hind legs were particularly muscular, but on the other hand she was extremely broad in the girth, now that she was lean from her strict training. Seen from the front, her canon bones were very fine and sharp, but unusually wide seen sideways. She appeared all the more narrow in build because so deep in the breadth. But she possessed in the highest degree a characteristic which made one forget all her defects. This was her thoroughbred quality—the kind of blood that *tells*, as they say in English. The muscles, clearly marked beneath the network of sinews, stretched in the fine, mobile skin, which was smooth as satin, seemed hard as bone. Her lean head with the prominent, bright, sparkling eyes, broadened out to her muzzle with its wide crimson nostrils. Her whole appearance, more especially about the head, was spirited yet gentle. She was one of those creatures who seem as if they would certainly speak if only the mechanical construction of their mouths allowed them to.

To Vronsky at any rate it seemed that she understood all he was feeling while looking at her.

As soon as Vronsky entered, she drew a deep breath and, turning her prominent eyes so that their whites became bloodshot, looked from the other side of the box at the new-comers, shook her muzzle, and stepped lightly from foot to foot.

'There, you see how nervous she is,' said the Englishman.

'Oh, you darling!' said Vronsky, stepping toward the horse and soothing her.

But the nearer he came the more nervous she grew. Only when he reached to her head did she suddenly calm down, and the muscles under her fine, delicate coat vibrated. Vronsky stroked her firm neck, adjusted a lock of her mane that had got on to the wrong side of her sharply-defined withers and brought his face close to her dilated nostrils, delicate as a bat's wing. Her extended nostrils loudly inhaled and exhaled her breath, and she set back one of her finely-pointed ears with a start, and stretched out her black firm lips toward Vronsky, as if wishing to catch hold of his sleeve. But remembering

her muzzle she gave it a jerk, and again began stepping from one of her finely chiselled feet to the other.

'Be quiet, darling, be quiet!' he said, again stroking her flank, and left the box with a joyful conviction that the horse was in the very best condition.

The mare's excitement had communicated itself to Vronsky. He felt that the blood was rushing to his heart, and that he, like the horse, wished to move and to bite; it was both frightening and joyful.

'Well then, I rely on you,' said Vronsky to the Englishman. 'You will be on the spot at half-past six.'

'All right,' said the Englishman. 'And where are you going, my lord?' he asked unexpectedly, addressing him as 'my lord,' which he hardly ever did.

Vronsky raised his head in amazement and looked as he knew how to, not into the Englishman's eyes but at his forehead, surprised at the boldness of the question. But realizing that the Englishman in asking the question regarded him not as an employer, but as a jockey, he replied:

'I have to see Bryansky, but I shall be home in an hour.'

'How often have I been asked that question to-day?' he thought, and blushed, a thing he rarely did. The Englishman looked at him attentively and, as if he knew where he was going, added: 'The chief thing before a race is to keep cool: don't be put out or upset.'

'All right,' said Vronsky smiling, and jumping into the calèche, he told the coachman to drive to Peterhof.

He had not gone many yards before the clouds, which had been threatening since morning, broke, and there was a downpour of rain.

'This is bad!' thought Vronsky, raising the hood of the calèche. 'It was muddy before, but now it will be a swamp.' Sitting alone in the closed calèche he drew out his mother's letter and his brother's note and read them through.

Yes, it was the same thing over and over again. They all, his mother and his brother and everybody, considered it necessary to interfere with his intimate affairs. This interference roused him to anger, a feeling he rarely experienced. 'What business is it of theirs? Why does everybody consider it his duty to look after me? And

why do they bother me? Because they see it is something they cannot understand. If it were an ordinary, empty Society intrigue they would let me alone. They feel that it is something different, that it is not a game, and that this woman is dearer to me than life. That is incomprehensible, and therefore it vexes them. Whatever our fate is or may be, we have made it and do not complain of it,' he said, joining Anna and himself in the word 'we.' 'No, they needs must teach us how to live. They have no conception of what happiness is, and they do not know that without love there is no happiness or unhappiness for us, for there would be no life,' he thought.

He was angry with everybody for their interference, just because he felt in his soul that they were right. He felt that the love that united him with Anna was not momentary infatuation, which would pass, as Society intrigues do, without leaving any trace in the lives of the one or the other except pleasant or disagreeable memories. He felt all the torment of his and her position, all the difficulties they were surrounded by in consequence of their station in life, which exposed them to the eyes of the whole world, obliged them to hide their love, to lie and deceive, and again to lie and deceive, to scheme and constantly think about others while the passion that bound them was so strong that they both forgot everything but their love.

The recollection of incidents often repeated rose vividly in his mind, where lies and deceptions revolting to his nature had been necessary. He remembered most vividly having more than once noticed her feeling of shame at the necessity for this deception and lying. And he experienced a strange feeling which since his union with Anna sometimes overcame him. It was a feeling of revulsion against something, against Karenin, or against himself, or against the whole world—he hardly knew which. But he always drove away this strange feeling. And now too, having given himself a shake, he continued the current of his thoughts:

'Yes, formerly she was unhappy, but proud and calm; but now she cannot be calm and dignified, though she still seems so. Yes, this must be brought to an end,' he decided.

And for the first time the clear idea occurred to him

that it was necessary to put an end to all this falsehood, and the sooner the better. 'Throw up everything and let us two conceal ourselves somewhere alone with our love,' said he to himself.

CHAPTER XXII

THE downpour did not last long, and as Vronsky approached his destination—with his shaft-horse at full trot pulling alone, and the trace-horses galloping over the mud with the traces loose—the sun appeared again, the roofs of the houses and the old lime trees in the gardens on both sides glittered with the moisture, and the water dripped merrily from the branches and ran down from the roofs. He no longer thought about the shower spoiling the racecourse, but was glad, because, thanks to the rain, he was sure to find Anna at home and alone, for he knew that Karenin, who had recently returned from a watering-place abroad, had not moved from Petersburg.

Hoping to find her alone, Vronsky, as usual, to attract less attention, alighted before crossing the little bridge that led to the house and walked on. He did not go straight to the entrance from the street but passed through the yard.

'Has your master returned?' he asked a gardener.

'No, sir. The mistress is at home. Go in at the front door; the servants are there and will open it,' replied the man.

'No, I will go through the garden.'

Having made sure that she was alone, and wishing to take her by surprise (he had not promised to come that day and she would certainly not expect him to come before the races), he went, holding up his sword and stepping carefully along the sand-strewn flower-bordered path to the verandah facing the garden. Vronsky had now forgotten all his thoughts on the way, about the hardness and difficulty of his situation. He only thought that he would see her immediately, not merely in fancy, but alive, all of her—as she was in reality. He was already ascending the shallow steps of the verandah, stepping on the whole of his foot so as not to make a noise, when he

suddenly remembered what he was always forgetting, the most painful part of his relations with her, namely her son, with his questioning and, as it seemed to Vronsky, inimical look.

That boy was a more frequent hindrance to their relations than anyone else. When he was present neither Vronsky nor Anna allowed themselves to speak about anything they could not have mentioned to every one or even to hint at things the boy would not have understood. They had not arranged this, but it had come about of itself. They would have considered it unworthy of themselves to deceive that child. In his presence they talked as acquaintances. Yet despite this caution Vronsky often noticed the child's attentive and perplexed gaze fixed upon him and a strange timidity and unevenness—now caressing, now cold and bashful—in the boy's manner toward him. It was as if the child felt that between that man and his mother there was some important relation which he could not understand.

And the boy really felt that he could not understand this relation. He tried but could not make out what he ought to feel toward this man. With a child's sensitiveness to indications of feeling, he clearly saw that his father, his governess, and his nurse all not only disliked Vronsky but regarded him with fear and loathing, though they said nothing about him, while his mother regarded him as her best friend.

'What does it mean? Who is he? How should I love him? If I don't understand, it is my fault, I am a silly or a bad boy,' thought the child, and that was the cause of his testing, questioning, and to some extent hostile expression and of the shyness and fitfulness Vronsky found so irksome. The presence of that child always aroused in Vronsky that strange feeling of unreasoning revulsion which had of late come to him. It evoked both in Vronsky and in Anna a feeling such as a sailor might have who saw by the compass that the direction in which he was swiftly sailing diverged widely from the right course but was quite unable to stop, and felt that every moment was taking him farther and farther astray, and that to acknowledge to himself that he was diverging from the right direction was tantamount to acknowledging that he was lost.

This child with his naïve outlook on life was the compass which showed them their degree of divergence from what they knew, but would not recognize, as the right course.

This time Serezha was not at home, and Anna was quite alone, sitting on the verandah waiting for the return of her son, who had gone for a walk and had been caught in the rain. She had sent a man and a maid-servant to look for him and sat waiting. She wore a white dress trimmed with wide embroidery, and as she sat in a corner of the verandah behind some plants, did not hear Vronsky coming. Bowing her curly head she pressed her forehead against a cold watering-can that stood on the balustrade, and both her beautiful hands, with the rings he knew so well, were holding the can. The beauty of her whole figure, her head, her neck, and her arms, always struck Vronsky with new surprise. He stopped, gazing at her with rapture. But just as he was going to step toward her, she felt his nearness, pushed away the can, and turned her hot face toward him.

'What is the matter? Aren't you well?' he said in French as he came up to her. He wished to run toward her, but remembering that there might be others near, turned to look at the verandah door and blushed, as he always did when he felt that he had reason to fear and to be circumspect.

'No, I am quite well,' she said, rising and firmly pressing his outstretched hand. 'I did not expect—you.'

'Oh, heavens! What cold hands!' he said.

'You frightened me,' she said. 'I am alone and was expecting Serezha. He went for a walk; they will return this way.'

But though she tried to be calm her lips trembled.

'Forgive me for coming, but I could not let the day pass without seeing you,' he continued in French. In Russian the word *you* sounded cold and it was dangerous to say *thou*, so he always spoke French to her.

'Why "forgive"? I am so glad!'

'But you are ill or in trouble,' he continued without releasing her hand, but bending over it. 'What were you thinking about?'

'Always about the same thing,' she said with a smile.

She spoke the truth. Whenever,—at whatever moment,—she was asked what she was thinking about she could have answered without fail, 'Always about my happiness and my unhappiness.' Just now when he entered she was wondering why, for others, Betsy for instance (of whose secret relations with Tushkevich she knew), it was all easy, while for her it was so tormenting. For certain reasons this thought troubled her more particularly to-day. She inquired about the races. Vronsky answered her, and noticing that she was excited, in order to distract her thoughts began giving her in a very matter-of-fact way particulars of the preparations for the races.

'Shall I tell him or not?' she thought, looking at his calm, caressing eyes. 'He is so happy, so full of his races, that he won't understand it properly, won't understand all the importance of the event for us.'

'But you have not told me what you were thinking about when I came in,' he said, breaking off his narration.

She did not answer, but, slightly bowing her head, looked at him from under her brows questioningly, her eyes shining from under their long lashes. Her hand, toying with a leaf that she had pulled off, trembled. He noticed this, and his face assumed that submissive, slavishly-devoted expression that had such an effect on Anna.

'I see that something has happened. How can I be a moment at peace knowing that you have some sorrow which I am not sharing? Tell me, for Heaven's sake!' repeated he entreatingly.

'I cannot forgive him if he does not understand all the importance of it. Better not tell him,—why put him to the proof?' she thought, continuing to look at him in the same way and feeling that her hand with the leaf was trembling more and more.

'For heaven's sake!' he repeated, taking her hand.

'Shall I?'

'Yes, yes, yes . . .'

'I am pregnant,' she said softly and slowly.

The leaf in her hand shook still more violently, but she did not move her eyes from his face, watching to see how he would take it. He grew pale, tried to say something,

but stopped, dropped her hand, and bowed his head. 'Yes, he understands its full significance,' she thought, and gratefully pressed his hand.

But she was mistaken in thinking that he understood the importance of the news as she, a woman, understood it. It brought on with tenfold force an attack of that strange repulsion to—he knew not whom; but at the same time he felt that the crisis he had hoped for had now come, that concealment from the husband was no longer possible, and that somehow or other the unnatural situation must be quickly ended. But, besides this, her physical agitation communicated itself to him. He gave her a look full of emotion, humbly kissed her hand, rose, and began silently pacing up and down the verandah.

'Yes,' he said, resolutely approaching her. 'Neither you nor I looked on our union as an amusement, and now our fate is sealed. We must end'—he went on, looking round—'this falsehood in which we are living.'

'End it? How are we to end it, Alexis?' she said softly.

She was quiet now and her face shone with a tender smile.

'By your leaving your husband and our uniting our lives.'

'They are united already,' she replied in a scarcely audible tone.

'Yes, but entirely.'

'But how, Alexis, teach me how?' she said with pathetic irony at the inevitability of her position. 'Is there any escape from such a position? Am I not my husband's wife?'

'There is a way out of every position. One has to take a decision,' he said. 'Anything would be better than the condition in which you are living. Don't I see how you suffer from everything—Society, your son, and your husband?'

'Oh, but not through my husband,' she said with natural irony. 'I don't know him and don't think about him. He does not exist.'

'You are not speaking sincerely. I know you. You suffer from him too.'

'But he does not even know,' she said, and suddenly a vivid flush suffused her face. Her cheeks, her fore-

'Always about the same thing,' she said with a smile.

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'Shall I?'

'Yes, yes, yes . . .'

'I am pregnant,' she said softly and slowly.

The leaf in her hand shook still more violently, but she did not move her eyes from his face, watching to see how he would take it. He grew pale, tried to say something,

a cruel machine when angry,' she added, picturing Karenin to herself with every detail of his figure and way of speaking, setting against him everything bad she could find in him and forgiving him nothing, on account of the terrible fault toward him of which she was guilty.

'But, Anna,' said Vronsky persuasively and gently, trying to pacify her, 'he must be told, all the same, and afterwards our action will be guided by his attitude.'

'What then, run away?'

'And why not run away? I think it is impossible to continue in this way. And not on my account,—I see that you suffer.'

'Yes, run away, and for me to live as your mistress,' she said maliciously.

'Anna,' he murmured with reproachful tenderness.

'Yes,' she continued. 'Become your mistress and ruin my . . . everything.'

She was again going to say 'son' but could not utter the word.

Vronsky could not understand how she, with her strong honest nature, could endure this state of deception and not wish to escape from it; but he did not guess that the chief cause lay in the one word 'son' which she could not bring herself to utter. When she thought about her son and his future relations with the mother who had left his father, she was so terrified at what she had done that she did not reason, but woman-like only tried to comfort herself with false arguments and words in order that everything should remain as before and that she might forget the dreadful question of what would happen to her son.

'I beg you, I entreat you,' said she suddenly in quite an altered tone, sincerely and tenderly, taking him by the hand, 'never to speak to me about that!'

'But, Anna . . .'

'Never. Leave it to me. I know all the degradation, all the horror of my position; but it is not so easy to settle the matter as you think. Leave it to me and listen to me. Never speak to me about it. Do you promise? . . . Yes, yes, promise! . . .'

'I promise everything, but I cannot be at peace, especially after what you have told me. I cannot be at peace when you are not.'

'I?' she said. 'Yes, I do suffer sometimes; but it will pass if you never speak to me about it. It is only when you speak to me about it that I suffer.'

'I don't understand . . .' said he.

'I know,' she interrupted him, 'how hard it is for your honest nature to lie and I pity you. I often think how you have ruined your life because of me.'

'I was just thinking the same,' he said; 'wondering how you could sacrifice everything for my sake. I cannot forgive myself for your unhappiness.'

'I unhappy?' she said, drawing near to him and gazing at him with a smile of rapturous love. 'I am like a hungry man to whom food has been given. He may be cold, his clothes may be ragged, and he may be ashamed, but he is not unhappy. I unhappy? No, this is my happiness. . . .'

But she heard the voice of her son approaching, and glancing quickly round the verandah she rose hurriedly. Her eyes kindled with the light Vronsky knew so well, and with a rapid motion she raised her lovely hands, covered with rings, seized his head, gave him a long look, lifted her face with parted smiling lips, quickly kissed his mouth and both eyes, and then pushed him away. She was about to go but he held her back.

'When?' he whispered, gazing rapturously at her.

'To-night at one,' she whispered, and with her quick light step went to meet her son.

Serezha had been caught in the rain in the public gardens, and he and his nurse had taken shelter in the pavilion.

'Well, *au revoir*,' she said to Vronsky. 'It will soon be time to start for the races. Betsy has promised to call for me.'

Vronsky looked at his watch and hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIV

When Vronsky looked at his watch on the Karenins' verandah he was so agitated and so preoccupied that he saw the hands and face of the watch without realizing the time. He went to the high road, stepping carefully over the mud, and made his way to his calèche. He was

so full of his feeling for Anna that he did not consider what o'clock it was or whether he still had time to call on Bryansky. He only retained, as often happens, the external capacity of memory which indicated what he had decided to do next. He approached his coachman, who was dozing on the box, in the already slanting shadow of a large lime tree, looked with pleasure at the swaying swarms of midgets that whirled above the perspiring horses, and having roused the coachman jumped into the calèche and told him to drive to Bryansky's. Only after going some five miles did he recollect himself sufficiently to look at his watch and to realize that it was already half-past five, and that he was late.

There were to be several races that day: a Life-Guards' race, then an officers' two-verst race, a four-verst race, and then the one for which he had entered. He could be in time for his own race, but, if he called on Bryansky first, he could only just manage it, and the whole Court would already be at the racecourse. That was not the correct thing to do. But he had promised Bryansky to call and therefore he decided to go on, telling the coachman not to spare the horses.

He saw Bryansky, stayed with him five minutes, and drove back at a gallop. This quick drive soothed him. All that was depressing in his relations with Anna, the indefiniteness that remained after their conversation, escaped from his mind. He now thought with enjoyment and agitation of the race, and that after all he would be there in time, and occasionally the expectation of that night's meeting flashed brightly in his imagination.

The spirit of the coming races overcame him more and more as he drove further and further into their atmosphere and overtook carriages making their way to the course from Petersburg and from outlying country places.

When he reached his quarters he found no one there—they had all gone to the races and his valet was waiting at the gate. While he was changing his things, the valet told him that the second race had already begun and that many gentlemen had been to inquire for him, and a lad had run over twice from the stables.

Having changed without hurrying (he never hurried or lost his self-control), Vronsky ordered the coachman to drive him to the stables. From there he could see the

sea of carriages, pedestrians, and soldiers surrounding the racecourse, and the stands, which were thronged with people. Probably the second race was just taking place, for as he entered the stables he heard the bell ring. On his way he met Makhotin's white-legged chestnut Gladiator, which in a blue-bordered orange covering, with his ears looking enormous in their blue-trimmed cloth, was being led to the course.

'Where is Cord?' he asked the groom.

'In the stables, saddling.'

In her open box Frou-Frou stood ready saddled. They were just going to lead her out.

'I am not late?'

'All right! all right!' answered the Englishman. 'Don't upset yourself.'

Vronsky once again glanced at the beautiful fascinating shape of the mare, whose whole body was trembling, and tearing himself with difficulty from this sight he left the shed. He came toward the pavilions at the very best time to avoid attracting anyone's attention. The two-verst race was nearly over, and all eyes were fixed on an officer of the horse-guards in front and on a hussar officer behind, who were urging their horses to the last limits of their strength as they neared the winning-post. From within and without the ring every one was crowding toward the winning-post, and a group of horse-guards,—officers and men,—with loud shouts were expressing their joy at the expected triumph of their officer and comrade. Vronsky joined the crowd unnoticed, almost at the moment that the bell rang to announce the end of the race, and the tall officer of the horse-guards all bespattered with mud, who had come in first, was bending down in his saddle, loosening the reins of his grey gelding, which was dark with perspiration and panting heavily.

The gelding, planting its feet with effort, reduced the speed of its enormous body, and the guards' officer, like one waking from deep sleep, looked round and forced himself to smile. A crowd of friends and strangers surrounded him.

Vronsky purposely avoided the select and fashionable crowd which moved and chatted with restrained freedom in front of the pavilions. He ascertained that Anna, Betsy, and his brother's wife were there, but in order not

to agitate himself, intentionally avoided going near them. But he continually met acquaintances who stopped him, told him about the races that had been run, and asked him why he was so late.

When the winners were called up to the pavilion to receive their prizes and every one was looking that way, Vronsky's elder brother, Alexander, a colonel with shoulder knots, of medium height, as sturdy as Alexis but handsomer and ruddier, with a red nose and a drunken though open countenance, came up to him.

'Did you get my note?' he asked. 'One can never find you.'

Alexander Vronsky, despite the loose and, in particular, drunken life for which he was noted, was quite a courtier.

While speaking to his brother of a matter very unpleasant to him he, knowing that many eyes might be fixed on them, wore a smiling expression, as if he were joking with him about some unimportant matter.

'I received it, but really do not understand what *you* are worrying about,' replied Alexis.

'I am worrying because people have just remarked to me that you were not here and that you were seen in Peterhof last Monday.'

'There are things which should be discussed only by those who are directly interested, and the matter you are concerning yourself about is one . . .'

'Yes, but then one should not be in the army, or . . .'

'I beg you not to interfere, that is all.'

Alexis Vronsky's frowning face turned pale, and his prominent lower jaw twitched, a thing that rarely happened to him. Being a very kind-hearted man he seldom got angry, but when he did, and when his chin twitched, then he was dangerous, as Alexander Vronsky knew. Alexander smiled gaily.

'I only wanted to deliver mother's letter. Answer her, and don't upset yourself before the race. *Bonne chance!*'[1] he added smiling and went away.

But just then another friendly greeting stopped Vronsky.

'Won't you recognize your friends? How do you do, *mon cher*?' said Oblonsky, shining here, amid all this Petersburg brilliancy, no less than he shone in Moscow, with his rosy face and glistening, well-brushed whiskers.

[1] Good luck!

'I came yesterday and am very glad that I shall witness your triumph. When can we meet?'

'Come to the mess-room to-morrow,' said Vronsky, and apologetically pressing the sleeve of Oblonsky's overcoat, he went to the centre of the racecourse where the horses were already being led out for the steeplechase.

The perspiring, exhausted horses which had raced were being led away by their grooms, and one by one the fresh ones for the next race were appearing, most of them English horses, which in their hooded coverings and with their tightly-girthed stomachs looked like strange gigantic birds. To the right the slender and beautiful Frou-Frou was being led up and down, stepping as on springs with her rather long elastic pasterns. Not far from her they were taking the horse-cloth off the big-eared Gladiator. The large, beautiful, perfectly regular shape of the horse, with his wonderful hind-quarters and his exceptionally short pasterns just above his hoofs, involuntarily arrested Vronsky's attention. He wished to go up to his own horse, but was again stopped by an acquaintance.

'Ah, there is Karenin!' said the acquaintance with whom he was talking. 'He is looking for his wife, and she is in the centre of the pavilion. Have you not seen her?'

'No, I have not,' said Vronsky, and without even glancing at the pavilion where Anna was pointed out to him, he went to his horse.

He had not had time to examine the saddle, about which he wished to give some directions, when the riders were summoned to the pavilion to draw their numbers and places. With serious, stern, and in many cases pale faces, seventeen officers assembled at the pavilion and drew their numbers. Vronsky got number seven. The order was given: 'Mount!'

Feeling that he and the other riders were the centre toward which all eyes were turned, Vronsky, in the highly-strung state which generally made his movements calm and deliberate, approached his horse. Cord, in honour of the races, was dressed in his best clothes: a black buttoned-up coat, a stiff starched collar that pressed against his cheeks, a bowler hat, and top boots. He was calm and important as usual, and, standing in front of the horse, was himself holding both its reins. Frou-Frou

continued to tremble as if in a fever. Her fiery eyes turned on the approaching Vronsky Vronsky pushed his fingers under the girths. The mare turned her eyes still further back, showed her teeth, and set back an ear. The Englishman puckered his lip, wishing to express a smile at anyone testing his saddling.

'You'd better mount. You will be less excited.'

Vronsky glanced round at his rivals for the last time. He knew that he would not see them during the race. Two of them were already riding toward the starting-point. Galtsin, one of the formidable competitors and a friend of Vronsky's, was struggling with a sorrel gelding that would not let him mount. A short hussar in tight riding-breeches was galloping along bunched up like a cat in his desire to imitate an English jockey. Prince Kusovlev sat pale-faced on his thoroughbred mare from the Grabov stud farm, which an Englishman was leading by the bridle. Vronsky and all his set knew Kusovlev and his peculiarities, which were weak nerves and terrible vanity. They knew he was afraid of everything, even of riding an army horse; but now, just because it was dangerous, because necks might be broken and at each obstacle there was a doctor in attendance, an ambulance wagon with a red cross sewn on it, and a nurse, he had determined to ride. Their eyes met and Vronsky winked at him kindly and approvingly. The only one Vronsky did not see was his chief rival Makhotin on his Gladiator.

'Don't hurry,' said Cord to Vronsky, 'and remember one thing: do not hold back or urge on your horse at an obstacle. Let her have her way.'

'Very well, very well,' said Vronsky taking the reins.

'Lead if you can, but do not despair till the last moment if you are behind.'

The mare had not time to stir before Vronsky with a powerful and agile movement put his foot in the notched steel stirrup and seated himself lightly but firmly on the creaking leather of the saddle. Having got his right foot also in its stirrup he straightened out the double reins between his practised fingers, and Cord removed his hand. As if not knowing which foot to step on first, Frou-Frou stretched the reins with her long neck, and started as if on springs, shaking her rider on her flexible back. Cord, quickening his steps, followed them. The

restive horse tugged at the reins, now to one side, now to the other, trying to deceive her rider, and Vronsky vainly sought by voice and hand to soothe her.

They were already approaching the dammed-up stream on their way to the starting-post. Some of the riders were in front, some behind, when Vronsky suddenly heard a horse galloping through the mud behind him, and Makhotin on his white-legged, large-eared Gladiator went past him. Makhotin smiled, showing his long teeth, but Vronsky looked at him angrily. Vronsky always disliked him, and now considered him his most dangerous rival, and he was vexed with him for galloping past and so exciting Frou-Frou. She broke into a canter, gave two leaps, and, angry at the tightened rein, changed back into a jerky trot, jolting her rider. Cord also frowned, following Vronsky almost at a run.

CHAPTER XXV

Seventeen officers in all had entered for the steeplechase. It was to take place on the large four-verst elliptical course in front of the pavilion. On that course there were nine obstacles: the brook; a barrier nearly five feet high just in front of the pavilion; a dry ditch; a water-jump; an incline; an Irish bank (one of the most difficult obstacles), consisting of a bank with brushwood on top, beyond which there was another ditch which the horses could not see, so that they had to clear both obstacles or come to grief; then two more water-jumps, and another dry ditch. The winning-post was opposite the pavilion. But the start was not in the ellipse, but about 250 yards to one side of it, and the first obstacle, the dammed-up brook seven feet wide, was there. The riders could either ford or jump it at their discretion.

Three times the riders drew up in line, but each time some one's horse made a false start and they had to line up again. Colonel Sestrin, an expert starter, was already getting angry, but at last, at the fourth try, he shouted 'Go!' and the race began.

All eyes and all glasses were turned on the bright group of riders while they were getting into line.

'They have started! They are off!' was heard from every side after the hush of expectation.

Lookers-on, in groups or singly, started running from place to place to get a better view. In the first minute the group of riders began to stretch out and could be seen in twos and threes, and one behind another, approaching the brook. It had looked to the public as if they had all started together, but the riders were aware of a difference of seconds which to them were of great importance.

The excited and over-nervous Frou-Frou lost in the first moment, and several horses started ahead of her, but before reaching the brook Vronsky, who with all his strength was holding back the mare that was tugging at the reins, had easily passed three riders, and ahead of him there was only Makhotin's chestnut Gladiator (whose hind-quarters moved regularly and lightly just in front of him), and in front of all, the exquisite Diana, carrying Kusovlev, who was more dead than alive.

In the first moments Vronsky was master neither of himself nor of his mare. Up to the first obstacle, the brook, he could not control her movements.

Gladiator and Diana approached the stream together, and almost at the same moment rose above it and flew across to the other side; lightly as if on wings Frou-Frou rose up behind them; but at the moment when Vronsky felt himself raised in the air he suddenly saw, almost under his horse's feet, Kusovlev, who was floundering on the other side of the stream with his Diana (Kusovlev had let go of the reins at the jump and the horse fell, throwing him over her head). These particulars Vronsky learned later, now he only saw that Diana's head or legs might come just where Frou-Frou had to alight. But Frou-Frou, like a falling cat, made an effort with her legs and back while in the air, and clearing the other horse rushed on.

'Oh, you darling!' thought Vronsky.

After crossing the brook Vronsky had the mare quite under control, and held her in, intending to cross the big barrier behind Makhotin and then to try and pass him on the flat 300 yards before the next obstacle.

The big barrier was right in front of the Imperial Pavilion. The Emperor, the whole Court, and crowds of people were all looking at them—at him and at Makhotin,

who was a full length ahead of him when they approached the Devil (as the solid barrier was called). Vronsky felt eyes directed toward him from all sides, but he saw nothing except the ears and neck of his mare, the ground racing toward him, and Gladiator's hind-quarters and white legs rapidly striding before him, and keeping always the same distance ahead. Gladiator rose without touching anything, swished his short tail, and disappeared from Vronsky's sight.

'Bravo!' shouted a single voice.

Just then the boards of the barrier flashed close before Vronsky's eyes. Without the least change in her action his mare rose under him; the boards disappeared, only behind him there was a knock. Excited by the fact that Gladiator was in front, the mare had risen at the barrier a little too soon and had struck it with a hind hoof. But her pace did not change, and Vronsky, hit in the face by a lump of mud, realized that he was again at the same distance behind Gladiator. He again saw before him that horse's hind-quarters, short tail and flashing white legs, no farther away.

At the very moment that Vronsky thought it time to pass Makhotin, Frou-Frou, understanding what was in his mind, without any urging, considerably increased her speed and began to draw nearer to Makhotin on the side where it was most advantageous to pass him—the side of the rope. Makhotin would not let her pass that side. Vronsky had just time to think of coming up on the outside, when Frou-Frou changed her legs and started to do so. Frou-Frou's shoulder, which was already growing dark with sweat, was on a level with Gladiator's hind-quarters. They ran side by side for a few strides, but before the obstacle they were approaching, Vronsky, not to lose ground, gave the mare her head and just on the declivity passed Mahkotin. He caught sight of his mud-bespattered face, and even thought he saw him smile. He passed, but felt that Makhotin was close behind him, and continually heard just behind his back the regular beating of hoofs and the short, still fresh breathing of Gladiator's nostrils.

The next two obstacles, a ditch and a fence, were easily passed, but Vronsky heard Gladiator galloping and snorting closer. He urged on his mare and felt with joy

that she easily increased her speed, and he heard the sound of Gladiator's hoofs again at the former distance behind.

Vronsky now had the lead, as he had wished and as Cord had advised, and he was confident of success. His excitement and joy, and his tenderness for Frou-Frou, grew stronger and stronger. He wished to glance round but dared not do so, and he tried to keep calm and not to urge his mare, but to let her retain a reserve of strength such as he felt that Gladiator still had.

There remained the most difficult obstacle ; if he crossed it ahead of the others, he would come in first. He was galloping up to the Irish bank. He and Frou-Frou both saw the bank while still some way off, and to both of them came a momentary doubt. He noticed the mare's hesitation by her ears and raised his whip, but immediately felt that his doubt was groundless : the mare knew what was wanted, and, as he expected, she increased her speed, took off exactly at the right moment, and gave a leap the force of which carried her far across the ditch. Then without effort and without changing her legs Frou-Frou continued her gallop.

'Bravo, Vronsky!' he heard the voices of a knot of people he knew—friends of his regiment—who were standing by this obstacle. He could not fail to recognize Yashvin's voice, though he did not see him.

'Oh, my beauty!' he thought of Frou-Frou, as he listened to what was happening behind. 'He is over it!' he thought, as he heard Gladiator again galloping behind him. There remained one last water jump, only a yard and a half wide. Vronsky did not even look at it, but hoping to win by a distance, began working the reins with a circular movement, raising and dropping the mare's head in time with her stride. He felt the mare was using her last reserve of strength; not only her neck and shoulders were wet, but on her withers, her head, and her pointed ears the sweat stood in drops, and she was breathing short and sharp. But he knew that her reserve of strength was more than enough for the remaining five hundred yards. It was only by feeling himself nearer to the ground and by the smoothness of the pace that Vronsky knew how much the mare had increased her speed. She leapt the ditch as if she did not notice it,

seeming to fly across it like a bird. But at that very moment Vronsky, to his horror, felt that something terrible had happened. He himself, without knowing it, had made the unpardonable mistake of dropping back in his saddle and pulling up her head. Before he could realize this, the white legs of the gelding flashed close by him and Makhotin passed at a rapid gallop. Vronsky was touching the ground with one foot. He scarcely had time to withdraw the foot before Frou-Frou fell on her side, and snorting heavily and with her delicate damp neck making vain efforts to rise, began struggling on the ground at his feet, like a wounded, fluttering bird. Owing to Vronsky's awkward movement she had dropped her hind legs and broken her back. But he only understood this much later. Now he only saw that Makhotin was quickly galloping away, while he, reeling, stood alone on the muddy, stationary ground; before him, breathing heavily, lay Frou-Frou, who, bending her head toward him, gazed at him with her beautiful eyes. Still not understanding what had happened, Vronsky pulled at the reins. The mare again began to struggle like a fish, causing the flaps of the saddle to creak; she got her front legs free, but unable to lift her hind-quarters, struggled and immediately again fell on her side.

His face distorted with passion, pale and with quivering jaw, Vronsky kicked her with his heel in the belly and again pulled at the reins. But she did not move and, nuzzling the ground, only looked at her master with eloquent eyes.

'Ah, ah, ah!' groaned Vronsky, seizing his head. 'Ah! what have I done?' he exclaimed. 'The race lost! And the fault mine—shameful and unpardonable. And this dear, unfortunate mare ruined! Ah! what have I done!'

Onlookers, a doctor, an attendant, and officers of his regiment ran toward him. To his regret he felt that he was himself sound and unhurt. The mare had broken her back, and it was decided to shoot her. Vronsky was unable to reply to questions or to speak to anyone. He turned away and, without picking up the cap that had fallen from his head, left the racecourse without knowing where he was going. He felt miserable. For the first time in his life he experienced the worst kind of mis-

fortune—one that was irretrievable, and caused by his own fault.

Yashvin overtook him with his cap and led him home, and in half an hour Vronsky came to himself. But the memory of that steeplechase long remained the most painful and distressing memory of his life.

CHAPTER XXVI

Externally Karenin's relations with his wife remained as before. The only difference was that he was even more occupied than before. As in former years, at the beginning of the spring he went abroad to recuperate his health, which was upset each year by the winter's work. And as usual he returned in July and at once with increased energy took up his customary work. And as usual his wife had moved to the country house while he remained in Petersburg.

Since their conversation on the night of the Princess Tverskaya's party he had never spoken to Anna of his suspicions and jealousy, and that habitual tone of his which seemed to mock at some one was exactly suited to his present relations with her. He was rather colder toward her. He appeared only to be slightly dissatisfied with her for that first night's talk which she had evaded. In his behaviour to her there was a shade of vexation, but nothing more. 'You did not wish to have an explanation,' he seemed to say to her in imagination, 'so much the worse for you. Now you will ask me to explain, and I shall not do so. So much the worse for you,' he thought, like a man who having vainly tried to extinguish a fire should be vexed at his vain exertions and say to it: 'Well, go on and burn, it is your own fault.'

He who was so wise and astute in official affairs did not realize the insanity of such an attitude toward his wife. He did not understand it because it would have been too terrible to realize his real situation, and he had closed, locked, and sealed that compartment of his soul which contained his feelings for his family—that is, his wife and son.

He who had been a considerate father, since the end

of that winter had become particularly cold toward his son, and treated him in the same bantering manner as he did his wife. 'Ah, young man!' was the way in which he addressed him.

Karenin thought and said that in no previous year had he had so much official business as this year; but he was not conscious of the fact that this year he invented work for himself, and that this was one of the means of keeping that compartment closed where lay his feelings for and thoughts of his family, which became more terrible the longer they lay there. If anyone had ventured to ask him what he thought of his wife's conduct, the mild and gentle Karenin would not have given any answer, but would have been angry with the man who put such a question. That was why Karenin's face bore a stern, proud expression when anyone asked about his wife's health. He did not wish to think about his wife's conduct and feelings at all, and he really did not think about them.

The country house the Karenins regularly occupied in summer was in Peterhof, and generally the Countess Lydia Ivanovna also lived near by and was in constant touch with Anna. That year the Countess Lydia Ivanovna refused to live in Peterhof, did not once come to see Anna, and hinted to Karenin the undesirability of Anna's intimacy with Betsy and Vronsky. Karenin stopped her severely, expressing the opinion that his wife was above suspicion, and from that time began to avoid the Countess. He did not wish to see, and did not see, that many people in Society already looked askance at Anna; he did not wish to understand, and did not understand, why his wife particularly insisted on moving to Tsarskoe Selo, where Betsy lived and near which place Vronsky's regiment was stationed. He did not let himself think about this and did not think about it; yet at the bottom of his soul, without admitting it to himself or having any proofs or even suspicions of it, he nevertheless knew certainly that he was a wronged husband, and was therefore profoundly unhappy

How often during the eight years of happy married life with his wife, when he saw others who were unfaithful wives or deceived husbands, had Karenin said to himself, 'How could they let it come to that? How is it they do

not end such a hideous state of things?' But now, when the misfortune had fallen on his own head, he not only did not think of how to end it, but did not wish to recognize it at all—and did not wish to recognize it just because it was too terrible, too unnatural.

Since his return from abroad Karenin had been twice at the country house. Once he dined there, and the other time he spent an evening with some visitors, but he had not once stayed the night, as he used to do in former years.

The day of the races was a very busy one for Karenin; but in the morning when he made his plans for the day he decided that immediately after an early dinner he would go to see his wife at the country house, and from there to the races, at which the whole Court would be present and where he ought to appear. He would call on his wife, because he had decided to do so once a week for the sake of propriety. Besides, he had that day to give her money for her expenses, due according to their custom by the fifteenth of each month.

Having with the mental control habitual to him considered these matters concerning his wife, he did not allow his thoughts to run on further about her.

He had a very busy morning. On the previous day the Countess Lydia Ivanovna had sent him a pamphlet by a celebrated traveller in China, and a letter asking him to receive this traveller, who for various reasons was very interesting and necessary to them. Karenin had not had time to finish the pamphlet the evening before, and did so in the morning. Then he received petitioners, heard reports, gave audiences, assigned posts and ordered dismissals, apportioned rewards, pensions, and salaries, and attended to correspondence—everyday matters, as he called them, which took up so much of his time. After that came personal matters—a visit from his doctor and one from his steward. The latter did not keep him long. He only handed Karenin the money he wanted and gave him a short account of the state of his affairs, which was not quite satisfactory, for it happened that, owing to their having been from home a good deal, more had been spent that year than usual and there was a deficit. But the doctor, a celebrated Petersburg physician who was on friendly terms with Karenin, took up a good

deal of time. Karenin had not expected him to-day and was surprised to see him, and yet more surprised that the doctor questioned him very particularly about his state of health, sounding his chest and tapping and feeling his liver. Karenin did not know that his friend Lydia Ivanovna, having noticed that he was not in good health that summer, had asked the doctor to go and see his patient. 'Do it for my sake,' the Countess Lydia Ivanovna had said.

'I will do it for the sake of Russia, Countess,' replied the doctor.

'Dear man!' the Countess Lydia Ivanovna had exclaimed.

The doctor was very dissatisfied with Karenin's state of health. He found him insufficiently nourished and his liver much enlarged, and that the waters had had no effect at all. He prescribed as much physical exercise and as little mental strain as possible, and above all no worries of any kind—that is, he advised what was for Karenin as impossible as not to breathe, and he went away leaving Karenin with a disagreeable consciousness that something was wrong with him which could not be remedied.

In the porch, after leaving Karenin, the doctor met Slyudin, Karenin's private secretary, whom he knew very well. They had been at the University together, and though they very seldom met, they respected one another and were good friends, and to no one but Slyudin would the doctor have expressed his opinion about his patient.

'I am very glad you have been to see him,' said Slyudin. 'He is not well, and I believe that . . . Well, what is it?'

'It is this,' said the doctor, beckoning over Slyudin's head to his coachman to drive up. 'It's this,' and with his white hands he took a finger of his kid glove and stretched it; 'if you try to break a cord that is slack it is not easy to break it, but strain that cord to its utmost and the weight of a finger will snap it. And he, by his hard work and the conscientious way he does it, is strained to the utmost; and there is a pressure from outside, and a heavy one,' concluded the doctor, raising his eyebrows significantly. 'Will you be at

the races?' he added, descending the steps to his brougham.

'Yes, yes, of course it takes a lot of time,' he replied to some remark of Slyudin's which he had not quite caught.

After the doctor, who had taken up so much time, came the famous traveller, and Karenin, thanks to the pamphlet he had just read and to what he knew before, greatly impressed the traveller by the depth of his knowledge of the subject and the breadth of his enlightened outlook.

At the same time as the traveller, a provincial Marshal of the Nobility was announced with whom Karenin had some things to talk over. When he too had left, he had to finish his everyday business with his private secretary and had also to drive to see an important personage on a grave and serious matter. He only managed to get back at five, his dinner-time, and having dined with his private secretary, he invited the latter to drive with him to his country house and to go to the races with him.

Without acknowledging it to himself, Karenin now looked out for opportunities of having a third person present at his interviews with his wife.

CHAPTER XXVII

Anna was upstairs standing in front of a mirror pinning, with Annushka's help, a last bow to her dress, when she heard the wheels of a carriage grating on the gravel at the entrance.

'It is too early for Betsy,' she thought, and glancing out of the window she saw the carriage, and sticking out of it a black hat and Karenin's familiar ears. 'How unfortunate! Can he mean to stay the night?' thought she, and so awful and horrible appeared to her the consequences that might result therefrom that, without a moment's hesitation, she went out to meet him with a bright beaming face; and feeling within herself the presence of the already familiar spirit of lies and deceit, she gave herself up to it at once and began speaking without knowing what she was going to say.

'Ah, how nice this is!' she said, giving her husband

her hand and smilingly greeting Slyudin as a member of the household. 'You are staying the night, I hope?' were the first words prompted by the spirit of lies. 'And now we shall go together. Only it is a pity that I promised to go with Betsy. She will be coming for me.'

Karenin made a grimace at the mention of Betsy's name.

'Oh, I will not separate the inseparables,' he said in his usual facetious tone. 'I will go with Slyudin. The doctors have ordered me to walk. I will walk part way and imagine that I am still taking the waters.'

'There is no hurry,' said Anna. 'Would you like some tea?'

She rang.

'Tea, please, and tell Serezha that his father is here. Well, how is your health? You have not been here before; look how pretty my verandah is,' she went on, turning now to her husband, now to Slyudin.

She spoke very simply and naturally, but too much and too fast. She felt this herself, especially as by the inquisitive way Slyudin looked at her she noticed that he seemed to be watching her.

Slyudin immediately went out on to the verandah, and she sat down by her husband.

'You are not looking quite well,' she said.

'No,' he replied, 'the doctor came to see me this morning and robbed me of an hour. I feel that some friend of mine must have sent him: my health is so precious . . .'

'Yes, but what did he say?'

She questioned him about his health and his work, persuading him to take a rest and to move out to her in the country.

She said all this lightly, rapidly, and with peculiarly sparkling eyes; but Karenin did not now attach any importance to this tone of hers. He only heard her words, and gave them only their direct meaning. And he answered simply, though jokingly. In all this conversation nothing particular passed, but never afterwards could Anna recall this short scene without being tormented by shame.

Serezha came in, preceded by his governess. Had Karenin allowed himself to observe, he would have

noticed the timid, confused look which the child cast first at his father and then at his mother. But he did not want to see, and did not see, anything.

'Ah, young man! He has grown. He is really getting quite a man. How do you do, young man?'

And he held out his hand to the frightened boy.

Serezha, who had always been timid with his father, now that the latter addressed him as 'young man,' and that the question whether Vronsky was a friend or a foe had entered his head, shrank from him. He looked round at his mother, as if asking for protection. Only with his mother he felt at ease. Karenin meanwhile talked to the governess with his hand on his son's shoulder, and Serezha felt so extremely uncomfortable that Anna saw he was about to cry.

Anna, who had blushed when the boy came in, saw how distressed he was, and, rising, lifted Karenin's hand off her son's shoulder, kissed the boy, led him out on to the verandah, and returned at once.

'Well, it's time we were going,' she said, glancing at her watch. 'I wonder Betsy has not come . . .'

'Yes,' said Karenin, and interlacing his hands he cracked his fingers. 'I also came to bring you some money, since "nightingales are not fed on fables,"' he added. 'I expect you want it?'

'No, I don't. . . . Yes, I do,' she replied without looking at him, and blushing to the roots of her hair. 'But I suppose you will call here after the races.'

'Oh, yes!' answered Karenin. 'And here is the ornament of Peterhof, the Princess Tverskaya,' he added, glancing out of the window at an approaching carriage of English build with a small body placed very high. 'What elegance! Charming! Well then, we will start too.'

The Princess Tverskaya did not get out, only her footman in his black hat, cape, and gaiters jumped down at the front door.

'I am going, good-bye!' said Anna, and giving her son a kiss she went up to Karenin and held out her hand to him. 'You were very kind to come.'

Karenin kissed her hand.

'Well then, *au revoir!* You will come back for tea, that is right!' she said, and went out beaming and gay.

But as soon as she ceased to see him she became conscious of the place on her hand his lips had touched and shuddered with disgust.

CHAPTER XXVIII

When Karenin appeared at the racecourse Anna was already sitting beside Betsy in the Grand Stand: the stand where all the highest Society was assembled. She saw her husband from afar. Two men—her husband and her lover—were the two centres of her life, and without the aid of her senses she was aware of the presence of either. From afar she already felt the approach of her husband, and involuntarily watched him amid the surging crowd through which he was moving. She saw how he approached the Grand Stand, now condescendingly replying to obsequious bows, now amiably and absent-mindedly greeting his equals, now watchfully waiting to catch the eye of the great ones of this world and raising his large round hat, which pressed on the tips of his ears. She knew all these ways of his and they were all repulsive to her. 'Nothing but ambition, nothing but a wish to get on—that is all he has in his soul,' she thought; 'and lofty views, love of enlightenment, and religion, are all only means toward getting on.'

She knew by the way he looked at the Ladies' Stand that he was trying to find her (he looked straight at her, without recognizing her amid the sea of muslin, ribbons, feathers, sunshades, and flowers), but she purposely disregarded him.

'Alexis Alexandrovich!' the Princess Betsy called to him, 'I am sure you don't see your wife; here she is!'

He smiled his usual cold smile.

'There is so much splendour here that my eyes are dazzled,' he replied, and approached the stand. He smiled at Anna as a husband should smile when meeting his wife whom he has seen shortly before, and greeted the Princess and other acquaintances, giving to each what was due—that is to say, joking with the ladies and exchanging greetings with the men. At the foot of the stand stood a General Aide-de-Camp respected by Karenin,

and noted for his intelligence and education. With him Karenin entered into conversation.

There was an interval between two races, so that nothing hindered the conversation. The General A.-de-C. disapproved of the races. Karenin replied, defending them. Anna heard his high measured voice and did not miss a single word. Each word seemed to her false and grated painfully on her ear.

When the four-verst steeplechase was beginning she leaned forward, and did not take her eyes off Vronsky while he went up to his horse and mounted it, and at the same time she heard her husband's repulsive, unceasing voice. She was tormented by anxiety for Vronsky, but suffered even more from what seemed to her the incessant flow of her husband's shrill voice with its familiar intonations.

'I am a bad woman, a ruined woman,' she thought, 'but I dislike lies. I cannot stand falsehood, but *his* food is falsehood. He knows everything, sees everything—what then does he feel, if he can talk so calmly? If he were to kill me, and if he were to kill Vronsky, I should respect him. But no, lies and propriety is all he cares about,' said Anna to herself, without considering what she really wanted of her husband or what she would have liked him to be. Nor did she understand that Karenin's peculiar volubility, which so irritated her, was only an expression of the anxiety and unrest within him. As a child that has been hurt skips about, making its muscles move in order to dull its pain, so Karenin needed mental activity to smother those thoughts about his wife which in her presence and in the presence of Vronsky, and amid the continual mention of his name, forced themselves upon him. And as it is natural for the child to skip about, so it was natural for him to speak cleverly and well. He said: 'The danger in military, that is, cavalry, steeplechases is an unavoidable element of the racing. If England can point to the most brilliant cavalry charges in military history, it is entirely due to the fact that she has historically developed this capacity in her men and horses. Sport in my opinion has great value, but we, as usual, see only what is most external.'

'Not external at all,' said the Princess Tverskaya. 'They say one of the officers has broken two ribs.'

Karenin smiled his usual smile, which showed his teeth but expressed nothing.

'Granted, Princess,' said he, 'that that is not external, but internal. But that is not the point,' and he again turned to the General with whom he was talking seriously: 'Do not forget that it is military men who are racing, men who have chosen that career, and one must admit that every calling has a reverse side to its medal. It is directly involved in their military duty. The monstrous sports of prize-fighting, or the Spanish bull-fights, are indications of barbarism, but specialized sport is a sign of progress.'

'No, I shan't come again; it excites me too much,' said the Princess Betsy. 'Don't you think so, Anna?'

'It is exciting, but one cannot tear oneself away,' said another lady. 'If I had been a Roman, I should never have missed a gladiatorial show.'

Anna said nothing, but without putting down her glasses looked steadily at one point.

At that moment a highly-placed general made his way through the stand. Interrupting his speech, Karenin rose hurriedly, but with dignity, and bowed low to this general.

'You are not racing,' said the latter to him jokingly.

'My race is a harder one,' replied Karenin respectfully.

And though the answer did not mean anything, the general made as though he had heard a clever reply from a clever man, and quite appreciated *la pointe de la sauce.*[1]

'There are two sides to it,' continued Karenin, 'that of the performers and that of the spectators. The love of such spectacles is the surest proof of low development in the onlookers, I admit, but . . .'

'Princess, a bet!' came the voice of Oblonsky from below, addressing Betsy. 'Whom are you backing?'

'Anna and I are betting on Kuzovlev,' replied Betsy.

'And I on Vronsky. A pair of gloves?'

'All right.'

'What a fine scene, is it not?'

Karenin was silent while others were speaking near him, but began again immediately.

'I agree that unmanly sports . . .' he was continuing. But at that moment the race began and all conversation

[1] The flavour of the sauce.

ceased. Karenin was silent too, as everybody rose and turned their eyes toward the stream. Karenin was not interested in races and therefore did not watch the riders, but began absent-mindedly looking at the spectators with his weary eyes. His gaze rested on Anna.

Her face was pale and stern. She evidently saw nothing and nobody, with one exception. Her hand convulsively grasped her fan, and she did not breathe. He looked at her and hurriedly turned away, scrutinizing other faces.

'Yes, that lady—and those others—are very excited too; it is quite natural,' he said to himself. He did not wish to look at her, but his eyes were involuntarily drawn toward her. He again watched her face, trying not to read what was so plainly written on it, but against his will he read in it with horror that which he did not want to know.

The first fall—Kuzovlev's at the stream—excited every one, but Karenin saw clearly by Anna's pale, triumphant face that he whom she was watching had not fallen. When after Makhotin and Vronsky had jumped the big barrier the officer following them fell on his head and swooned, a murmur of horror passed through the whole crowd; but Karenin saw that Anna did not even notice the fall and with difficulty understood what those around her were talking about. He looked at her more and more often, and more intently. Anna, though fully engrossed by the sight of the galloping Vronsky, became aware of the cold eyes of her husband bent upon her from one side.

She glanced for an instant at him with a look of inquiry, and, slightly frowning, turned away again.

'Oh, I don't care,' she seemed to say to him, and then did not once look at him again.

The steeplechase was unlucky: more than half of the seventeen officers were thrown and hurt. By the end of the race every one was disturbed, and this disturbance was increased by the fact that the Emperor was displeased.

CHAPTER XXIX

Every one was loudly expressing disapproval and repeating the words some one had uttered: 'They will have gladiators and lions next,' and every one was feeling the horror of it, so that when Vronsky fell and Anna gave a loud exclamation, there was nothing remarkable about it. But afterwards a change came over Anna's face which was positively improper. She quite lost self-control. She began to flutter like a captive bird, now rising to go, now addressing Betsy.

'Let us go!' she said.

But Betsy did not hear her. She was leaning over to speak to a General who was below.

Karenin approached Anna and politely offered her his arm.

'Come, if you like,' he said in French; but Anna listened to what the General was saying and did not notice her husband.

'He too has broken his leg, they say. It's too bad,' the General said.

Anna, without replying to her husband, raised her glasses and looked toward the spot where Vronsky had fallen; but it was so far off, and so many people had crowded there, that it was impossible to distinguish anything. She put down her glasses and was about to go; but at that moment an officer galloped up and reported something to the Emperor. Anna bent forward to listen.

'Steve! Steve!' she called to her brother.

But he did not hear her. She was again on the point of going.

'I again offer you my arm if you wish to go,' said her husband, touching her arm.

With a look of repulsion she drew back, and without looking at him replied:

'No, no, leave me alone, I shall stay here.'

She now saw an officer running to the Grand Stand from the place where Vronsky had fallen. Betsy waved her handkerchief to him. The officer brought the news that the rider was unhurt but that the horse had broken its back.

On hearing this Anna quickly sat down and hid her face behind her fan. Karenin saw that she was crying, and that she was unable to keep back either her tears or the sobs that made her bosom heave. He stepped forward so as to screen her, giving her time to recover.

'For the third time I offer you my arm,' he said after a while, turning toward her. Anna looked at him and did not know what to say. The Princess Betsy came to her aid.

'No, Alexis Alexandrovich,' she put in, 'I brought Anna here and I have promised to take her back again.'

'Excuse me, Princess,' he said, smiling politely but looking her firmly in the eyes, 'but I see that Anna is not very well, and I wish her to come with me.'

Anna looked round with alarm, rose obediently and put her hand on her husband's arm.

'I will send to him and find out, and will let you know,' Betsy whispered to her.

On leaving the stand Karenin as usual spoke to people he met, and Anna as usual had to reply and make conversation: but she was beside herself and walked as in a dream, holding her husband's arm.

'Is he hurt or not? Is it true? Will he come or not? Shall I see him to-night?' she thought.

In silence she took her place in her husband's carriage, and in silence they drove out of the crowd of vehicles. In spite of all he had seen, Karenin would still not allow himself to think of his wife's real position. He only saw the external sights. He saw that she had behaved with impropriety and he considered it his duty to tell her so. But it was very difficult for him to say that and nothing more. He opened his mouth to say that she had behaved improperly, but involuntarily said something quite different.

'After all, how inclined we all are to these cruel spectacles,' he said. 'I notice . . .'

'What? I do not understand,' said Anna contemptuously.

He was offended and at once began to tell her what he wanted to.

'I must tell you . . .' he said.

'It's coming—the explanation!' she thought and felt frightened.

'I must tell you that you behaved improperly to-day,' he said in French.

'How did I behave improperly?' she said aloud, quickly turning her head and looking him straight in the eyes, now without any of the former deceptive gaiety but with a determined air beneath which she had difficulty in hiding the fright she felt.

'Don't forget,' said he to her, pointing at the open window behind the coachman's box; and, slightly rising, he lifted the window.

'What did you consider improper?' she asked again.

'The despair you were unable to conceal when one of the riders fell.'

He expected a rejoinder from her; but she remained silent, looking straight before her.

'I asked you once before to conduct yourself in Society so that evil tongues might be unable to say anything against you. There was a time when I spoke about inner relations; now I do not speak of them. I speak now of external relations. Your conduct was improper and I do not wish it to occur again.'

She did not hear half that he said, but felt afraid of him and wondered whether it was true that Vronsky was not hurt. Was it of him they were speaking when they said that he was not hurt but the horse had broken its back? She only smiled with simulated irony when he had finished; and she did not reply because she had not heard what he said. Karenin had begun to speak boldly, but when he realized clearly what he was talking about, the fear she was experiencing communicated itself to him. He saw her smile and a strange delusion possessed him. 'She smiles at my suspicions. In a moment she will tell me what she told me then: that these suspicions are groundless and ridiculous.'

Now that a complete disclosure was impending, he expected nothing so much as that she would, as before, answer him mockingly that his suspicions were ridiculous and groundless. What he knew, was so terrible that he was now prepared to believe anything. But the expression of her frightened and gloomy face did not now even promise deception.

'Perhaps I am mistaken,' said he. 'In that case I beg your pardon.'

'No, you were not mistaken,' she said slowly, looking despairingly into his cold face. 'You were not mistaken. I was, and cannot help being, in despair. I listen to you but I am thinking of him. I love him, I am his mistress, I cannot endure you, I am afraid of you, and I hate you. . . . Do what you like to me.'

And throwing herself back into the corner of the carriage she burst into sobs, hiding her face in her hands. Karenin did not move, and did not change the direction in which he was looking, but his face suddenly assumed the solemn immobility of the dead, and that expression did not alter till they reached the house. As they were driving up to it, he turned his face to her still with the same expression and said:

'Yes! But I demand that the external conditions of propriety shall be observed till'—his voice trembled—'till I take measures to safeguard my honour and inform you of them.'

He alighted first and helped her out. In the presence of the servants he pressed her hand, re-entered the carriage, and drove off toward Petersburg.

After he had gone the Princess Betsy's footman brought Anna a note.

'I sent to Alexis to inquire about his health. He writes that he is safe and sound, but in despair.'

'Then he will come,' thought she. 'What a good thing it is that I spoke out.'

She looked at the clock. She had three hours still to wait, and the memory of the incidents of their last meeting fired her blood.

'Dear me, how light it is! It is dreadful, but I love to see his face, and I love this fantastic light. . . . My husband! Ah, yes. . . . Well, thank heaven that all is over with him!

CHAPTER XXX

As always happens where people congregate, the usual crystallization, if we may so call it, of Society took place in the little German watering-place to which the Shcherbatskys had come, assigning to each person a definite and fixed position. As definitely and inevitably

as a particle of water exposed to the cold assumes the well-known form of a snow crystal, did each new-comer on his arrival at the watering-place immediately settle into his natural position.

'Fürst Shcherbatsky sammt Gemahlin und Tochter,'[1] by the premises they occupied, by their name, and by the people they were acquainted with, at once crystallized into their definite and preordained place.

There was a real German Fürstin[2] at the watering-place that season, and consequently the crystallizing process was acccomplished with special energy.

Princess Shcherbatskaya particularly wished to introduce her daughter to the German Royal Princess, and on the second day after their arrival performed that rite.

Kitty made a low and graceful curtsy in her very simple dress—that is to say, very stylish summer gown ordered from Paris. The Royal Princess said: 'I hope the roses will soon return to this pretty little face,' and at once a definite path was firmly established for the Shcherbatskys from which it was impossible to deviate.

They made acquaintance with the family of an English 'Lady,' with a German Countess and her son who had been wounded in the last war, with a Swedish savant, and with a Mr. Canut and his sister. But the people with whom they necessarily associated most were a Moscow lady, Mary Evgenyevna Rtishcheva, and her daughter, whom Kitty found unpleasant because her illness was due to the same cause as Kitty's—a love affair; and a Moscow Colonel, whom Kitty from childhood had seen and known in uniform with epaulettes, and who here—with his small eyes, low collar and coloured necktie—looked indescribably comical, and was also wearisome because it was impossible to get rid of him. When all this had become firmly established, Kitty began to feel very dull, especially as her father had gone to Carlsbad and she was left alone with her mother. She was not interested in the people she knew, for she felt that nothing new would come from them. Her chief private interest at the watering-place consisted in observing those whom she did not know and making conjectures about them. It was a characteristic of Kitty's always

[1] Prince Shcherbatsky with his wife and daughter.
[2] Princess.

to expect to find the most excellent qualities in people, especially in those she did not know. And now, when guessing who and what kind of people the strangers were, and in what relation they stood to one another, Kitty attributed to them extraordinary and splendid characters, and found confirmation in her observations.

Among these people she was specially interested in a young Russian girl who had come to the watering-place with an invalid Russian lady, Madame Stahl, as every one called her. Madame Stahl belonged to the highest Society, but she was so ill that she could not walk, and only on fine days occasionally appeared on the promenade in a bath-chair. But—not so much from illness as from pride, as the Princess Shcherbatskaya explained—Madame Stahl was not acquainted with any of the Russians there. The Russian girl looked after Madame Stahl, and also, as Kitty noticed, became intimate with all those who were seriously ill (of whom there were many in the place) and waited on them in the most natural way. This Russian girl, Kitty decided, was not related to Madame Stahl, but neither was she a paid companion. Madame Stahl called her by the diminutive 'Varenka,' and others called her Mademoiselle Varenka. But besides the fact that it interested Kitty to observe the relations of this girl with Madame Stahl and with others, she experienced (as often happens) an inexplicable attraction toward this Mlle Varenka, and felt, when the girl's eyes met hers, that the feeling was mutual.

This Mlle Varenka was not exactly past her early youth, but seemed to be a person destitute of youthfulness: she might be nineteen years old or she might be thirty.

If one examined her features, she was good-looking rather than plain, despite her unhealthy complexion. Her figure would have been good had she not been too lean and her head too large for her medium height; but she was not likely to prove attractive to men. She was like a beautiful flower which though not yet in full bloom is already beginning to fade and has no scent. Another reason why she could not be attractive to men was because she lacked that of which Kitty had too much—a restrained flame of vitality and consciousness of her own attractiveness. She seemed always occupied with some-

thing there could be no doubt about, and therefore it seemed that no side issue could interest her. By this contrast to herself Kitty was specially attracted. She felt that in her and in her way of life could be found a model of what she herself was painfully seeking: interest in life, the worth of life—outside the social relations of girls to men, which now seemed disgusting to Kitty, who regarded them as shameful exhibitions of goods awaiting a buyer. The more Kitty observed her unknown friend, the more she was convinced that this girl really was the perfect being she imagined her to be, and the more she wished to make her acquaintance.

The two girls came across one another several times a day, and every time they met Kitty's eyes said: 'Who are you? What are you? Surely you are the delightful creature I imagine you to be? But for heaven's sake'—her look added—'do not think that I shall force myself on you. I simply admire and love you.' 'I too love you, and you are very, very sweet. I should love you still more if I had the time,' the stranger's look replied. And Kitty saw that the girl really was always occupied: now taking the children of some Russian family home from the Wells, now carrying an invalid's plaid or wrapping it round her, now trying to soothe an irritable patient, now choosing and buying biscuits for some one's coffee.

Soon after the Shcherbatskys' arrival, two new persons who provoked everybody's disapproval began to appear of a morning at the Wells. They were a very tall, round-shouldered man with black eyes, naïve and at the same time dreadful, and enormous hands, who wore an old overcoat too short for him, and a slightly pock-marked, sweet-faced woman, badly and tastelessly dressed. Having recognized them to be Russians, Kitty at once began to make up a beautiful and touching romance about them. But the Princess, having found out from the visitors' list that they were Nicholas Levin and Mary Ivanovna, explained to Kitty what a bad man this Levin was, and all her dreams about those two people vanished. Not so much because of what her mother had told her, as because the man was Constantine's brother, these two people appeared very disagreeable to Kitty. This Levin, by his habit of jerking his head, now inspired an irrepressible feeling of aversion in her.

It seemed to her that his large, dreadful eyes, which followed her insistently, expressed hatred and irony, and she tried to avoid encountering him.

CHAPTER XXXI

It was a dull day, it rained the whole morning, and the patients with their umbrellas crowded the covered gallery.

Kitty was walking with her mother and the Moscow Colonel, who swaggered gaily in his short, German coat, bought ready-made in Frankfort. They kept to one side of the gallery, trying to avoid Levin, who was walking on the other side. Varenka, in her dark dress and a black hat with turned-down rim, was pacing the whole length of the gallery with a blind Frenchwoman, and each time she met Kitty they exchanged a friendly look.

'Mama, may I speak to her?' asked Kitty, following her unknown friend with her eyes and noticing that she was moving toward the Well and that they could meet her there.

'Well, if you want to so much, I will inquire about her first and will speak to her myself,' answered her mother. 'What do you see particular in her? I expect she's a companion. If you like I will make Madame Stahl's acquaintance. I knew her sister-in-law,' added the Princess, raising her head proudly.

Kitty knew that her mother was offended that Madame Stahl seemed to avoid making her acquaintance. Kitty did not insist.

'She is wonderfully sweet!' she said, looking at Varenka. who was handing a tumbler to the Frenchwoman. 'See how naturally and sweetly she does it.'

'How absurd your infatuations are,' said the Princess. 'Come, we'd better turn back,' she added, as she noticed Levin coming toward them with his lady and a German doctor, to whom he was talking loudly and angrily.

They were just turning to go back, when they suddenly heard voices not merely loud, but shouting. Levin had stopped and was shouting, and the doctor was also excited. A crowd collected about them. The Princess

and Kitty withdrew hurriedly, but the Colonel joined the crowd to find out what the noise was all about.

In a few minutes he overtook Kitty and her mother.

'What was the matter?' asked the Princess.

'It's shameful and scandalous,' replied the Colonel. 'The one thing to fear is meeting Russians abroad. That tall gentleman has been quarrelling with the doctor and insulting him, because he is dissatisfied with the doctor's treatment. He shook his stick at him! It's simply shameful!'

'Ah, how unpleasant!' said the Princess. 'But how did it all end?'

'Luckily that . . . you know the girl with a hat like a mushroom—she's Russian, I think—intervened,' said the Colonel.

'Mlle Varenka?' asked Kitty in a pleased tone.

'Yes, yes. She knew what to do before anyone else. She took that fellow by the arm and led him away.'

'There, Mama,' said Kitty. 'And you are surprised that I admire her.'

The next day, watching her unknown friend, Kitty noticed that she was already on the same footing with Levin and his young woman as she was with her other protégés. She went up to them, talked to them, and acted as interpreter for the woman, who spoke nothing but Russian.

Kitty begged her mother more than ever to allow her to make Varenka's acquaintance, and, much as the Princess disliked appearing to take the first step toward getting acquainted with Madame Stahl, who allowed herself to be proud of something or other, she made inquiries about Varenka, and, having learnt particulars which allowed her to conclude that though there might be little good there would be no harm in this acquaintance, she herself approached Varenka.

Choosing a moment when her daughter had gone to the Well and Varenka had stopped in front of a baker's shop, the Princess went up to her.

'Allow me to introduce myself,' said the Princess with her dignified smile. 'My daughter has fallen in love with you. Perhaps you don't know me. I . . .'

'It is more than mutual, Princess,' replied Varenka hurriedly.

'What a good action you performed yesterday for our unfortunate fellow-countryman!' said the Princess.

Varenka blushed. 'I don't remember; I don't think I did anything,' said she.

'Oh, yes, you saved that Levin from unpleasantness.'

'Well, you see, his companion called me, and I tried to soothe him; he is very ill and was dissatisfied with his doctor. I am used to looking after invalids of that kind.'

'Oh, yes, I have heard that you live in Mentone with your aunt, I think, Madame Stahl. I knew her sister-in-law.'

'No, she is not my aunt. I call her Mama, but I am not related to her. She adopted me,' answered Varenka, and blushed again.

This was said so simply, and the frank and open expression of her face was so amiable, that the Princess understood what made Kitty so fond of this Varenka.

'Well, and what about that Levin?'

'He is leaving,' answered Varenka.

Just then Kitty, beaming with joy that her mother had made acquaintance with her unknown friend, returned from the Well.

'There, Kitty, your great wish to make acquaintance with Mlle . . .'

'Varenka,' prompted Varenka with a smile, 'everybody calls me so.'

Kitty blushed with joy, long and silently pressing her new friend's hand, which lay passively in hers. But though her hand did not return the pressure, Mlle Varenka's face shone with a soft and pleased, though rather sad, smile, which disclosed her large but splendid teeth.

'I have long wished it myself,' she said.

'But you are so busy . . .'

'Oh, on the contrary, I have no occupation at all,' answered Varenka; but at that very moment she had to leave her new friends because two little Russian girls, the children of one of the invalids, ran up to her.

'Varenka, Mama wants you!' they shouted.

And Varenka went with them.

CHAPTER XXXII

The particulars the Princess Shcherbatskaya learnt about Varenka's past and about her relations with Madame Stahl, and about Madame Stahl herself, were the following:

Madame Stahl, of whom some people said that she had tormented her husband to death, while others said that, by his immoral conduct, he had tormented her, had always been a sickly and ecstatic woman. When her first baby was born, she being already divorced from her husband, it died at once; and her relations, knowing how susceptible she was and fearing that this news might kill her, changed her dead child for one who had been born that night in the same house in Petersburg, the daughter of a *chef* at a palace. That child was Varenka. Madame Stahl learnt afterwards that Varenka was not her daughter, but continued to bring her up, the more readily because it happened that very soon Varenka had no relations left.

Madame Stahl had lived continuously abroad in the South for more than ten years, hardly ever leaving her bed. Some people said that she had made for herself a position in Society by her pose as a philanthropic and highly religious woman; others said that she really was the highly moral being, living only to do good, that she seemed to be. No one knew what her religion was: Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Greek Orthodox, but one thing was certain, namely, that she was in friendly relations with the most highly-placed personages of all the churches and denominations.

Varenka always lived with her abroad, and all who knew Madame Stahl knew and liked Mlle Varenka, as everybody called her.

Having learnt all these particulars, the Princess saw nothing to object to in a friendship between her daughter and Varenka, especially as Varenka's manners and education were excellent—she spoke French and English admirably, and, above all, she brought Madame Stahl's regrets at having been deprived through illness of the pleasure of making the Princess's acquaintance.

When she had made Varenka's acquaintance Kitty

became more and more fascinated by her friend and found new virtues in her every day.

The Princess, having heard that Varenka sang very well, invited her to come and sing to them one evening.

'Kitty plays, and we have a piano,—though not a good one,—and you would give us great pleasure,' said the Princess with her feigned smile, which was especially unpleasant to Kitty now because she noticed that Varenka did not wish to sing. Varenka, however, came in the evening and brought her music. The Princess had also invited Mary Evgenyevna with her daughter and the Colonel.

Varenka did not seem at all abashed by the fact that strangers were present, and she went straight up to the piano. She could not accompany herself but she sang at sight admirably. Kitty, who played well, accompanied her.

'You have an exceptional talent,' said the Princess, after Varenka had sung her first song excellently.

Mary Evgenyevna and her daughter thanked her and praised her singing.

'See,' said the Colonel, looking out of the window, 'what an audience has assembled to hear you.' Underneath the window a considerable crowd really had collected.

'I am very glad it gives you pleasure,' said Varenka simply.

Kitty looked at her friend with pride. She was enraptured by her singing, her voice, her face, and above all by her manner,—by the fact that Varenka evidently attached no importance to her own singing and was quite indifferent to the praise she got; she only seemed to ask: 'Have I to sing again or is it enough?'

'If it were I,' thought Kitty, 'how proud I should feel! How glad I should be to see that crowd under the windows! But she is quite indifferent. She only wished not to refuse, and to give Mama pleasure. What is it in her? What gives her this power to disregard everything and to be so quietly independent? How I should like to know this, and to learn it from her!' thought Kitty, gazing into the calm face. The Princess asked Varenka to sing again, and she sang another song just as truly, clearly, and well, standing straight at the

piano, and beating time on it with her thin brown hand.

The next piece in the music book was an Italian song. Kitty played the prelude and looked round at Varenka.

'Let us skip this one,' said Varenka, blushing.

Kitty anxiously and inquiringly fixed her eyes on Varenka's face. 'Well then, another one,' she said, hurriedly turning over the pages, immediately realizing that there was something particular connected with that song.

'No,' answered Varenka, putting her hand on the music and smiling. 'No, let us sing that one.' And she sang the piece just as calmly, coldly, and well as the previous ones.

When she had finished everybody again thanked her and went to drink tea. But Kitty and Varenka went out into the little garden belonging to the house.

'Am I not right, you have some memory attached to that song?' asked Kitty. 'Don't tell me about it,' she added hurriedly, 'only say if I am right!'

'Why not? I will tell you,' said Varenka simply; and without waiting for a reply continued: 'Yes, there is a memory attached to it and it was painful once. I loved a man and used to sing that song to him.'

Kitty, deeply moved, gazed silently with wide-open eyes at Varenka.

'I loved him and he loved me; but his mother would not have it, and he married another. He lives not far from us now, and I see him sometimes. You did not think that I too have had a romance?' she said, and on her handsome face there flickered for an instant a spark of the fire which, Kitty felt, had once lighted up her whole being.

'I—not think it? Why, if I were a man I could not have loved anyone else after knowing you. But I can't understand how, to satisfy his mother, he could forget you and make you unhappy. He must be quite heartless.'

'Oh no. He is a very good man, and I am not unhappy; on the contrary, I am very happy. Well, we shan't sing any more to-day?' she added, and went toward the house.

'How good you are, how good!' exclaimed Kitty,

stopping her and kissing her. 'If only I could be a little bit like you!'

'Why should you be like anyone? You're very good as you are,' said Varenka, smiling her gentle, weary smile.

'No, I am not at all good. But tell me . . . Wait a bit, let us sit down again,' said Kitty, making Varenka sit down on a garden seat beside her. 'Tell me, is it possible that you are not offended at the thought that a man despised your love? That he did not wish . . .?'

'But he did not despise it; I believe that he loved me, but he was an obedient son . . .'

'Yes, but if it had not been his mother's doing, but his own?' said Kitty, feeling that she had given away her secret and that her face, burning with a blush of shame, had already betrayed her.

'Then he would have behaved badly and I should not regret him,' replied Varenka, evidently conscious that they were now speaking not about her but about Kitty.

'But the humiliation?' said Kitty. 'One cannot forget the humiliation, one cannot,' and she remembered the look she gave Vronsky at the ball, when the music stopped.

'Where is the humiliation? You did not do anything wrong?'

'Worse than wrong, shameful.'

Varenka shook her head and put her hand on Kitty's.

'Shameful in what respect?' she said. 'You could not have told a man who was himself indifferent to you that you loved him?'

'Of course not; I never said a single word, but he knew it. No, no; there are such things as looks and ways of behaving. If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget it.'

'What does it matter? I don't understand. The question is, do you love him now or not?' said Varenka, calling everything by its plain name.

'I hate him: and I cannot forgive myself.'

'But what does it matter?'

'The shame, the humiliation . . .'

'Dear me, if every one were as sensitive as you are!' said Varenka. 'There is no girl who has not gone

through the same sort of thing. And it is all so unimportant.'

'Then what is important?' asked Kitty, looking into her face with surprised curiosity.

'Ah, many things are important,' replied Varenka, not knowing what to say. But at that moment they heard the Princess's voice from the window:

'Kitty, it is getting chilly! Either take a shawl or come in.'

'Yes, I really must be going!' said Varenka, rising. 'I have to look in at Madame Berthe's; she asked me to.'

Kitty held her hands, and with passionate curiosity and entreaty questioned Varenka with her eyes: 'What—what is most important? What gives you such peace? You know, tell me!' But Varenka did not even understand what Kitty's eyes were asking. She only knew that she had to call on Madame Berthe and get home in time for Mama's midnight tea. She went in, collected her music, and having said good-night to everybody, prepared to go.

'Allow me to see you home,' said the Colonel.

'Yes, how can you go alone at this time of night?' agreed the Princess. 'I will at any rate send Parasha with you.'

Kitty noticed that Varenka had difficulty in suppressing a smile at the idea that she needed anyone to see her home.

'Oh no, I always go out alone and nothing ever happens to me,' she said, taking up her hat. And kissing Kitty again, but without telling her what was most important, she went out with vigorous steps with her music under her arm, and disappeared in the semi-darkness of the summer night, carrying with her the secret of what was important, and to what she owed her enviable tranquillity and dignity

CHAPTER XXXIII

Kitty also became acquainted with Madame Stahl, and this acquaintanceship, together with Varenka's friendship, not only had a great influence on Kitty, but comforted

her in her sorrow. What comforted her was that a perfectly new world was revealed to her, a world that had nothing in common with her past: an exalted, admirable world, from the heights of which it was possible to regard that past calmly. It was revealed to her that besides that instinctive life she had lived hitherto there was also a spiritual life. That life was revealed by religion, but a religion that had nothing in common with that which Kitty had known since her childhood and which found expression in Mass and vespers at the private chapel of the Widows' Almshouse where one could meet one's friends, and in learning Slavonic texts by heart with the priest. This was a lofty, mystical religion connected with a series of beautiful thoughts and feelings, which it was not only possible to believe because one was told to, but even to love.

Kitty did not learn all this from words. Madame Stahl spoke with her as with a dear child who gives one pleasure by reminding one of one's own past, and only once mentioned that love and faith alone can bring relief in all human sorrows and that no sorrows are too trivial for Christ's compassion. Then she immediately changed the subject. But in Madame Stahl's every movement, every word, every 'heavenly' look (as Kitty called it), and especially in the whole story of her life, which Kitty learnt from Varenka, she discovered what was important and what she had not known before.

But however lofty may have been Madame Stahl's character, however touching her story, and however elevated and tender her words, Kitty could not help noticing some perplexing traits in her. She noticed that Madame Stahl, when inquiring about Kitty's relatives, smiled contemptuously, which did not accord with Christian kindness. And once, when Kitty met a Roman Catholic priest at the house, she observed that Madame Stahl carefully hid her face behind the lampshade and smiled in a peculiar manner. Trifling as these things were, they disturbed Kitty, and she felt doubts about Madame Stahl. But Varenka, lonely, without relatives or friends, with her sad disillusionment, wishing for nothing and regretting nothing, personified that perfection of which Kitty only allowed herself to dream. In Varenka she saw that it was only necessary to forget

oneself and to love others in order to be at peace, happy, and lovely. And such a person Kitty wished to be. Having now clearly understood what was *most important*, Kitty was not content merely to delight in it, but immediately with her whole soul devoted herself to this newly-revealed life. She formed a plan for her future life, based on what Varenka told her about the work of Madame Stahl and of others whom she named. Like Madame Stahl's niece, Aline, of whom Varenka told her a great deal, Kitty determined, wherever she lived, to seek out the unfortunate, help them as much as she could, distribute Gospels, and read the Gospel to the sick, to criminals, and to the dying. The idea of reading the Gospels to criminals, as Aline did, charmed Kitty particularly. But all these were secret dreams, which she did not speak of either to her mother or to Varenka.

However, while waiting for the time when she could put her plans into operation on a larger scale, Kitty, imitating Varenka, here at the watering-place where there were so many sick and unhappy people, easily found opportunities to apply her new rules.

At first the Princess only noticed that Kitty was strongly influenced by her *engoument*,[1] as she called it, for Madame Stahl and especially for Varenka. She noticed that Kitty not only imitated Varenka's activities, but involuntarily copied her manner of walking, speaking, and blinking her eyes. But afterwards the Princess also noticed that, apart from this infatuation, a serious spiritual change was taking place in her daughter.

She saw that in the evening Kitty read the Gospels in French (given her by Madame Stahl)—which she had not done before—that she avoided her Society acquaintances and made up to the invalids who were under Varenka's protection, and especially to the family of Petrov, a poor, sick artist. Kitty evidently prided herself on fulfilling the duties of a sister-of-mercy in that family. This was all very well, and the Princess had nothing against it, especially as Petrov's wife was quite a well-bred woman, and the German Princess, having noticed Kitty's activities, praised her, calling her a ministering angel. It would have been quite right had it not been

[1] Infatuation.

overdone. But the Princess saw that her daughter was getting out of bounds and spoke to her about it.

'*Il ne faut jamais rien outrer*,'[1] she said to her one day.

But her daughter did not reply; she only felt in her soul that one could not speak of overdoing Christianity. How was it possible to exaggerate, when following the teaching which bids us turn the other cheek when we are struck, and give our coat when our cloak is taken? But the Princess disliked this excess, and disliked it all the more because she felt that Kitty did not wish to open her whole heart to her. And Kitty really did hide her new views and feelings from her mother. She kept them secret not from want of respect and love, but just because her mother was her mother. She would have revealed them to anyone sooner than to her.

'It seems a long time since Anna Pavlovna was here,' said the Princess once, speaking of Mrs Petrova. 'I invited her and she did not seem pleased.'

'I did not notice anything, Mama,' said Kitty, flushing up.

'Is it long since you went to see them?'

'We are all arranging to go for a drive up the mountains to-morrow,' replied Kitty.

'Well, go if you like,' said the Princess, looking intently into her daughter's confused face and trying to guess the cause of her confusion.

That same day Varenka came to dinner, and said that Anna Pavlovna had changed her mind about going to the mountains to-morrow.

The Princess noticed that Kitty blushed again.

'Kitty, have you not had some unpleasantness with the Petrovs?' the Princess asked when they were again alone together. 'Why has she stopped sending the children here and coming herself?'

Kitty replied that nothing had passed between them and that she did not at all understand why Anna Pavlovna seemed dissatisfied with her. Kitty spoke the truth: she did not know why Anna Pavlovna had changed toward her, but she guessed it. She guessed it to be something that she could not tell her mother and did

[1] You should never overdo anything.

not even say to herself. It was one of those things which one knows and yet cannot say even to oneself—so dreadful and shameful would it be to make a mistake.

Again and again she went over in memory all the relations she had had with that family. She remembered the naïve pleasure expressed in Anna Pavlovna's round, good-natured face whenever they met; remembered their secret consultations about the patient, and their plots to draw him away from his work which the doctor had forbidden and to take him for walks, and the attachment to her felt by the youngest boy, who called her 'my Kitty,' and did not want to go to bed without her. How good it had all been! Then she recalled Petrov's thin, emaciated figure in his brown coat, with his long neck, his thin, curly hair, his inquiring blue eyes,—which had at first seemed to her terrible,—and his sickly efforts to appear vigorous and animated in her presence. She remembered her first efforts to conquer the repulsion she felt for him, as for all consumptives, and her efforts to find something to say to him. She remembered the timid look, full of emotion, with which he gazed at her, and the strange feeling of compassion and awkwardness, followed by a consciousness of her own benevolence, that she had experienced. How good it had all been! But all that had been at first. Now for some days past all had suddenly been spoilt. Anna Pavlovna now met Kitty with affected amiability and constantly watched her husband and her.

Could his touching pleasure when she drew near be the cause of Anna Pavlovna's coldness?

'Yes,' she remembered, 'there was something unnatural in Anna Pavlovna, quite unlike her usual kindness, when the day before yesterday she said crossly:

'"There, he has been waiting for you and would not drink his coffee without you, though he was growing dreadfully weak."

'Yes, and perhaps my giving him his plaid may also have been unpleasant to her. It was such a simple thing, but he took it so awkwardly, and thanked me so much that I myself felt awkward. And then that portrait of me, which he did so well! And above all—that look, confused and tender. . . . Yes, yes, it is so!' Kitty said

to herself quite horrified; and then, 'No, it is impossible, it must not be! He is so pathetic.'

This doubt poisoned her delight in her new life.

CHAPTER XXXIV

QUITE toward the end of the season Prince Shcherbatsky, who from Carlsbad had gone on to Baden and Kissingen to see some Russian friends and to 'inhale some Russian spirit,' as he expressed it, returned to his family.

The views of the Prince and Princess on life abroad were diametrically opposed. The Princess found everything admirable, and, in spite of her firmly-established position in Russian Society, tried when abroad to appear like a European lady, which she was not—being thoroughly Russian. She therefore became somewhat artificial, which made her feel uncomfortable. The Prince, on the contrary, considered everything foreign detestable and life abroad oppressive, and kept to his Russian habits, purposely trying to appear more unlike a European than he really was.

He returned looking thinner, with the skin on his cheeks hanging loose, but in the brightest of spirits. His spirits were still better when he saw Kitty completely recovered. The news of her friendship with Madame Stahl and Varenka, and the information the Princess gave him of the change she had observed in Kitty, disturbed him and aroused in him his usual feelings of jealousy toward anything that drew his daughter away from him and of fear lest she might escape from his influence into regions inaccessible to him. But these unpleasant rumours were soon drowned in that sea of kind-hearted cheerfulness which was always within him and which was increased by the Carlsbad water.

The day after his arrival the Prince, attired in a long overcoat, and with his Russian wrinkles, and his slightly puffy cheeks supported by a stiff collar, went out in the brightest of spirits to the Springs with his daughter.

The morning was lovely: the bright, tidy houses with their little gardens, the sight of the red-faced, red-armed, beer-saturated German housemaids, and the clear sunshine, cheered the heart; but the nearer one came to

the Spring the more often one met sick people, whose appearance seemed yet sadder amid these customary well-ordered conditions of German life. Kitty was no longer struck by this contrast. The bright sunshine, the gay glitter of the green trees, and the sounds of music had become for her the natural framework of all these familiar figures, and of the changes for better or for worse which she watched. But to the Prince the radiance of the June morning, the sounds of the band playing a fashionable and merry valse, and particularly the appearance of the sturdy maid-servants, seemed improper and monstrous in contrast with all those melancholy living-corpses collected from all parts of Europe.

In spite of the pride and the sense of renewed youth which he experienced while walking arm-in-arm with his favourite daughter, he felt almost awkward and ashamed of his powerful stride and his large healthy limbs. He had almost the feeling that might be caused by appearing in company without clothes.

'Introduce me, introduce me to your new friends,' he said to his daughter, pressing her arm with his elbow 'I have even taken a liking to your nasty Soden because it has done you so much good. But it's sad—this place of yours, very sad. Who is that?'

Kitty told him the names of the acquaintances and others whom they met. Just at the entrance to the gardens they met the blind Madame Berthe with her guide, and the Prince was pleased by the tender look on the old Frenchwoman's face when she heard Kitty's voice. With French exaggeration she at once began talking to him, admiring him for having such a delightful daughter, and in Kitty's presence praised her up to the skies, calling her a treasure, a pearl, and a ministering angel.

'Then she must be angel No. 2,' the Prince remarked with a smile. 'She calls Mlle Varenka angel No. 1.'

'Oh, Mlle Varenka is a real angel, *allez*,' said Madame Berthe.

In the gallery they met Varenka herself. She was walking hurriedly toward them with an elegant little red bag in her hand.

'See! Papa has come!' said Kitty to her.

Simply and naturally, as she did everything, Varenka

made a movement between a bow and a curtsy and immediately began talking to the Prince just as she talked to everybody, easily and naturally.

'Of course I know you, I've heard all about you,' the Prince said to her with a smile, by which Kitty saw with joy that her father liked Varenka. 'Where are you hurrying so to?'

'Mama is here,' said she, turning to Kitty. 'She did not sleep all night and the doctor advised her to go out. I am taking her her work.'

'So that is angel No. 1!' said the Prince when Varenka had gone.

Kitty saw that he would have liked to make fun of Varenka, but was unable to do so because he liked her.

'Well, let us see all your friends,' he added, 'including Madame Stahl, if she will condescend to recognize me.'

'Oh, do you know her, Papa?' asked Kitty, alarmed by an ironical twinkle in the Prince's eyes when he mentioned Madame Stahl.

'I knew her husband and her too, slightly, before she joined the Pietists.'

'What are Pietists, Papa?' asked Kitty, frightened by the fact that what she valued so highly in Madame Stahl had a name.

'I don't know very well myself. I only know that she thanks God for everything, including all misfortunes, . . and thanks God for her husband's death. And it seems funny, for they did not get on well together. . . . Who is that? What a pitiful face,' he said, noticing an invalid of medium height who sat on a bench in a brown coat and white trousers which fell into strange folds over his emaciated legs. The man raised his straw hat above his thin curly hair, uncovering a tall forehead with an unhealthy redness where the hat had pressed it.

'It is Petrov, an artist,' Kitty replied, blushing. 'And that is his wife,' she added, indicating Anna Pavlovna, who on their approach went away with apparent intention, following a child who had run along the path.

'Poor man, what a nice face he has!' said the Prince. 'Why did you not go up to him? He looked as if he wished to say something to you.'

'Well, come back then,' said Kitty, turning resolutely. 'How are you to-day?' she asked Petrov.

Petrov rose with the aid of a stick and looked timidly at the Prince.

'This is my daughter,' said the Prince; 'allow me to introduce myself.'

The artist bowed and smiled, exposing his strangely glistening white teeth.

'We were expecting you yesterday, Princess,' he said to Kitty.

He staggered as he said it, and to make it appear as if he had done this intentionally, he repeated the movement.

'I meant to come, but Varenka told me that Anna Pavlovna sent word that you were not going.'

'Not going?' said Petrov, flushing and immediately beginning to cough and looking round for his wife. 'Annetta, Annetta!' he said loudly, and the veins in his white neck protruded like thick cords.

Anna Pavlovna drew near.

'How is it you sent word to the Princess that we were not going?' he said in an irritable whisper, his voice failing him.

'Good morning, Princess,' said Anna Pavlovna with a forced smile, quite unlike her former way of greeting Kitty. 'I am very pleased to make your acquaintance,' she went on, turning to the Prince. 'You have long been expected, Prince!'

'How is it you sent to tell the Princess we were not going?' the painter whispered hoarsely and still more angrily, evidently irritated because his voice failed him and he could not give his words the expression he desired.

'Oh, dear me! I thought we were not going,' said his wife with vexation.

'How so? When . . .' he was interrupted by a fit of coughing, and made a hopeless gesture with his hand.

The Prince raised his hat and went away with his daughter.

'Oh, oh!' he sighed deeply. 'What poor things!'

'Yes, Papa,' replied Kitty. 'And you know they have three children, no servants, and hardly any means. He receives something from the Academy,' she explained animatedly, trying to stifle the excitement resulting from

the strange alteration in Anna Pavlovna's manner toward her. 'And there's Madame Stahl,' said Kitty, pointing to a bath-chair on which, under a sunshade, lay something supported by pillows, wrapped up in grey and pale-blue. It was Madame Stahl. Behind her was a sullen-looking, robust German workman who pushed her bath-chair. At her side stood a fair-haired Swedish Count, whom Kitty knew by name. Several patients lingered near by, gazing at this lady as at something out of the common.

The Prince approached her, and Kitty immediately noticed in his eyes that ironical spark which so disturbed her. He went up to Madame Stahl, and spoke to her extremely politely and nicely in that excellent French which so very few people speak nowadays.

'I do not know whether you will remember me, but I must recall myself to you in order to thank you for your kindness to my daughter,' he said, raising his hat and not putting it on again.

'Prince Alexander Shcherbatsky,' said Madame Stahl, lifting toward him her heavenly eyes, in which Kitty detected displeasure. 'I am very pleased. I have grown very fond of your daughter.'

'Your health is still not good?'

'No, but I am accustomed to it,' said Madame Stahl, and introduced the Swedish Count to the Prince.

'You are very little changed,' said the Prince. 'I have not had the honour of seeing you for ten or eleven years.'

'Yes, God sends a cross and gives the strength to bear it. It often seems strange to think why this life should drag on. . . . On that side!' she said irritably to Varenka, who was not wrapping the plaid round her feet the right way.

'To do good, probably,' said the Prince, whose eyes were laughing.

'That is not for us to judge,' said Madame Stahl, detecting a something hardly perceptible on the Prince's face. 'Then you will send me that book, dear Count? Thank you very much,' she added, turning to the young Swede.

'Ah!' exclaimed the Prince, seeing the Moscow Colonel standing near by, and with a bow to Madame Stahl he

moved away with his daughter and with the Moscow Colonel, who had joined them.

'That is our aristocracy, Prince!' remarked the Colonel, wishing to appear sarcastic. He had a pique against Madame Stahl because she did not wish to be acquainted with him.

'Always the same,' answered the Prince.

'Did you know her before her illness, Prince? I mean before she was laid up?'

'Yes, I knew her when she first became an invalid.'

'I hear she has not been up for ten years.'

'She does not get up, because her legs are too short. She has a very bad figure . . .'

'Papa, impossible!' exclaimed Kitty.

'Evil tongues say so, my love. But your Varenka does get it,' he added. 'Oh, those invalid ladies!'

'Oh no, Papa,' Kitty objected warmly. 'Varenka adores her. And besides, she does so much good! Ask anyone you like! Everybody knows her and Aline Stahl.'

'Perhaps,' he said, pressing her arm with his elbow. 'But it is better to do good so that, ask whom you will, no one knows anything about it.'

Kitty was silent, not because she had nothing to say, but because she did not want to reveal her secret thoughts even to her father. Yet—strange to say—though she had made up her mind not to submit to her father's opinion and not to let him enter her sanctuary, she felt that the divine image of Madame Stahl which she had carried in her bosom for a whole month had irrevocably vanished, as the figure formed by a cast-off garment vanishes when one realizes how the garment is lying. There remained only a short-legged woman who was always lying down because she had a bad figure, and who tormented poor unresisting Varenka for not tucking her plaid the right way. And by no efforts of imagination could the former Madame Stahl be recalled.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE Prince imparted his good spirits to his household, his friends, and even to his German landlord.

On returning from the Spring with Kitty, the Prince, who had invited the Colonel, Mary Evgenyevna, and Varenka to come and take coffee, had a table and chairs brought out into the garden under a chestnut tree and breakfast laid there. The landlord and the servants brightened up under his influence. They knew his generosity, and in a quarter of an hour the sick Hamburg doctor, who lived upstairs, was looking with envy from his window at the merry party of healthy Russians gathered under the chestnut tree. Beneath the trembling shadow-circles of the leaves, around a table covered with a white cloth and set out with coffee-pot, bread, butter, cheese and cold game, sat the Princess in a cap with lilac ribbons, handing out cups of coffee and sandwiches. At the other end sat the Prince, making a substantial meal and talking loudly and merrily. He spread out his purchases before him: carved caskets, spillikins, and paper-knives of all kinds, of which he had bought quantities at all the different watering-places, and he gave them away to everybody, including Lischen, the maid, and the landlord, with whom he joked in his funny broken German, assuring him that not the waters had cured Kitty but his excellent food, especially his plum soup. The Princess laughed at her husband for his Russian ways, but was livelier and brighter than she had ever been during her stay at the watering-place. The Colonel smiled, as he always did at the Prince's jokes; but with regard to Europe (which he thought he had carefully studied) he sided with the Princess. The good-natured Mary Evgenyevna shook with laughter at everything the amusing Prince said, and even Varenka, in a way new to Kitty, succumbed to the feeble but infectious laughter inspired by the Prince's jokes.

All this cheered Kitty up, but she could not help being troubled. She could not solve the problem unconsciously set her by her father's jocular view of her friends and of the life she had begun to love so much. To this problem was added the change in her relations with the Petrovs,

which had been so clearly and unpleasantly demonstrated that morning. Everybody was merry, but Kitty could not be merry, and this troubled her still more. She felt almost as she used to feel when, as a child, she was locked up in a room for punishment and heard her sister's merry laughter.

'Now, why have you bought that mass of things?' asked the Princess, smiling and passing her husband a cup of coffee.

'One goes out walking, comes to a shop, and they ask one to buy something. It's "*Erlaucht, Excellenz, Durchlaucht.*" [1] Well, by the time they get to "*Durchlaucht*" I can't resist, and ten thalers are gone.'

'That's all because you are bored,' said the Princess.

'Bored, of course I am! The time hangs so heavy, my dear, that one does not know what to do with oneself.'

'How can you be bored, Prince? There is so much that is interesting in Germany now,' said Mary Evgenyevna.

'But I know all your interesting things: plum-soup and pea-sausages. I know them. I know it all.'

'No, say what you please, Prince, their institutions are interesting,' said the Colonel.

'What is there interesting about them? They are as self-satisfied as brass farthings; they've conquered everybody. Now tell me what am I to be pleased about? I have not conquered anybody, but here I have to take off my own boots and even put them outside the door myself. In the morning I have to get up and dress at once and go down to the dining-room to drink bad tea. Is it like that at home? There one wakes up without any hurry, gets a bit cross about something, grumbles a bit, comes well to one's senses, and thinks everything well over without hurrying.'

'But "time is money," don't forget that,' said the Colonel.

'It all depends on what time! There are times when one would give a whole month for a shilling and there are times when you would not give half an hour at any price. Is not that so, Kitty? Why are you so glum?'

'I'm all right.'

[1] Eminence, Excellence, Serene Highness.

'Where are you off to? Stay a little longer,' he said, turning to Varenka.

'I must get home,' said Varenka, rising and bursting into another fit of laughter. When she had recovered, she took leave and went into the house for her hat.

Kitty followed her. Even Varenka seemed different now. She was not worse, but different from what Kitty previously had imagined her to be.

'Oh dear, I have not laughed so much for a long time!' said Varenka, collecting her sunshade and bag. 'What a dear your Papa is!'

Kitty remained silent.

'When shall we meet?' asked Varenka.

'Mama was going to call on the Petrovs. Will you be there?' asked Kitty, trying to sound Varenka.

'I will,' answered Varenka. 'They are preparing to leave, so I have promised to help them pack.'

'Then I'll come too.'

'No, why should you?'

'Why not, why not, why not?' asked Kitty with wide-open eyes, and holding Varenka's sunshade to prevent her going. 'No, wait a bit, and tell me why not.'

'Oh, nothing. Only your Papa has returned, and they don't feel at ease with you.'

'No, no, tell me why you do not wish me to be often at the Petrovs? You don't, do you? Why?'

'I have not said so,' replied Varenka quietly.

'No, please tell me!'

'Shall I tell you everything?' said Varenka.

'Everything, everything!' said Kitty.

'There is nothing special to tell, only Petrov used to want to leave sooner but now does not want to go,' said Varenka smiling.

'Well, go on,' Kitty hurried her, looking at her with a frown.

'Well, I don't know why, but Anna Pavlovna says he does not want to go, because you are here. Of course that was tactless, but they quarrelled about you. And you know how excitable such invalids are.'

Kitty frowned yet more, and remained silent, and only Varenka spoke, trying to soften and soothe Kitty, and foreseeing an approaching explosion of tears or words, she knew not which.

'So it is better for you not to go. . . . And, you understand, don't be hurt . . .'

'It serves me right, it serves me right!' Kitty began hurriedly, snatching Varenka's sunshade out of her hands, and looking past her friend's eyes.

Varenka felt like smiling at her friend's childish anger but feared to offend her.

'Why—serves you right? I don't understand,' she said.

'It serves me right because it was all pretence, all invented and not heartfelt. What business had I with a stranger? So it comes about that I am the cause of a quarrel, and have been doing what nobody asked me to do. Because it is all pretence, pretence and pretence! . . .'

'But what motive had you for pretending?' said Varenka softly.

'Oh, how stupid, how stupid! There was no need at all. . . . It was all pretence!' Kitty said, opening and shutting the sunshade.

'But with what object?'

'To appear better than others to myself and to God—to deceive everybody. No, I shall not give in to that again! Let me be bad, but at any rate not false, not a humbug!'

'But who is a "humbug"?' asked Varenka reproachfully. 'You speak as if . . .'

But Kitty was in one of her fits of passion. She would not let Varenka finish.

'I am not talking about you, not about you at all. You are perfection. Yes, yes, you are all perfection; but how can I help it if I am bad? It would not have happened if I were not bad. So let me be what I am, but not pretend. What is Anna Pavlovna to me? Let them live as they like, and I will live as I like. I cannot be different. . . . And it's all not the thing, not the thing!'

'But what is not the thing?' said Varenka, quite perplexed.

'It's all not the thing. I can't live except by my own heart, but you live by principles. I have loved you quite simply, but you, I expect, only in order to save me, to teach me.'

'You are unjust,' said Varenka.

'But I am not talking about others, only about myself.'

'Kitty!' came her mother's voice, 'come here and show Papa your corals.'

Kitty took from the table a little box which held the corals, and with a proud look, without having made it up with her friend, went to where her mother was.

'What's the matter? Why are you so red?' asked both her mother and father together.

'Nothing,' she said. 'I'll come back in a minute,' and ran away.

'She is still here,' thought Kitty. 'What shall I say to her? Oh dear! What have I done, what have I said? Why have I offended her? What am I to do? What shall I say to her?' thought Kitty and stopped at the door.

Varenka, with her hat on, sat at the table examining the spring of her sunshade, which Kitty had broken. She looked up.

'Varenka, forgive me, forgive me!' whispered Kitty, coming close to her. 'I don't remember what I said. I . . .'

'Really, I did not wish to distress you,' said Varenka with a smile.

Peace was made. But with her father's return the world in which she had been living completely changed for Kitty. She did not renounce all she had learnt, but realized that she had deceived herself when thinking that she could be what she wished to be. It was as if she had recovered consciousness; she felt the difficulty of remaining without hypocrisy or boastfulness on the level to which she had wished to rise.

Moreover, she felt the oppressiveness of that world of sorrow, sickness and death in which she was living. The efforts she had been making to love it, now seemed tormenting, and she longed to get away quickly to the fresh air, back to Russia, to Ergushovo, where as she knew from a letter her sister Dolly had moved with the children.

But her affection for Varenka was not weakened. When taking leave of her, Kitty tried to persuade her to come and stay with them in Russia.

'I will come when you are married,' said Varenka.

'I shall never marry.'

'Well, then, I shall never come.'

'Then I will marry for that purpose only. Mind now, don't forget your promise!' said Kitty.

The doctor's prediction was justified. Kitty returned to Russia quite cured! She was not as careless and light-hearted as before, but she was at peace. Her old Moscow sorrows were no more than a memory.

PART III

CHAPTER I

Sergius Ivanich Koznyshev, wishing to take a rest from mental work, went to stay with his brother in the country instead of going abroad as usual. According to his views country life was preferable to any other, and he had now come to his brother's house to enjoy it. Constantine Levin was very pleased, especially as he no longer expected his brother Nicholas to come that summer. But in spite of his affection and respect for Koznyshev, Constantine did not feel at ease with his step-brother in the country. To Constantine the country was the place where one lived—that is to say, where one rejoiced, suffered, and laboured; but to Koznyshev the country was, on the one hand, a place of rest from work, and, on the other, a useful antidote to depravity, an antidote to which he resorted with pleasure and with a consciousness of its utility. To Constantine the country seemed a good place because it was the scene of unquestionably useful labour; to Koznyshev it seemed good because one could and should do nothing there. Besides this, Koznyshev's attitude toward the peasants jarred on Constantine. Koznyshev was wont to say that he knew and loved the common people: he often conversed with peasants, and was able to do it well, frankly, and without affectation, deducing from every such conversation data in the peasants' favour and proofs of his own knowledge of the people. Constantine regarded the peasants as the chief partners in a common undertaking, and despite his respect and the feeling of a blood-tie—probably, as he said, sucked in with the milk of his peasant nurse—he as partner in their common undertaking, though often filled with admiration for the strength, meekness, and justice of these people, was very often (when the business required other qualities) exasperated

with them for their carelessness, untidiness, drunkenness, and untruthfulness. Had Constantine been asked whether he liked the peasants, he would not have known what to answer. He both liked and disliked them, just as he liked and disliked all human beings. With his natural kind heart he of course liked human beings more than he disliked them, and naturally the peasants were included; but he could not like or dislike the people as if they were something apart, because he not only lived among them, his interests closely bound up with theirs, but he considered himself one of the people and could not find in himself any special qualities or defects which placed him in contrast with them. Moreover, though he had long lived in very close relations with the peasants, as their master, mediator, and above all as their adviser (the peasants trusted him, and would often come thirty miles to consult him), he had no definite opinion concerning them. Had he been asked whether he knew the people, he would have been just as much at a loss for a reply as he was for a reply to the question whether he liked them. To say that he knew the peasants was tantamount to saying that he knew human beings. He continually observed and learnt to know all sorts of human beings, among them human beings of the peasant class, whom he considered interesting, constantly discovering in them new traits and altering his opinions accordingly. Koznyshev, on the other hand, just as he praised country life as a contrast to the life he disliked, liked the peasants as a contrast to the class he disliked, and regarded them as a contrast to humanity in general. His methodical mind had formed definite views on the life of the people, founded partly on that life itself, but chiefly on its contrast. He never altered his opinions about the people nor his sympathetic attitude toward them. In the disputes which took place between the brothers when discussing the peasants, Koznyshev was always victorious, just because he had definite views about them, their character, attributes, and tastes; while Constantine had no definite and fixed views, and was often guilty of self-contradiction when arguing on that subject.

Koznyshev thought his younger brother a splendid fellow, with his heart in the right place, but with a mind

which, though rather quick, was swayed by the impression of the moment and was therefore full of contradictions. With an elder brother's condescension he sometimes explained to him the meaning of things, but could find no pleasure in discussion, because he could gain too easy a victory.

Constantine considered his brother to be a man of great intellect, noble in the highest sense of the word, and gifted with the power of working for the general welfare. But the older he grew and the more intimately he came to know his brother, the oftener the thought occurred to him that the power of working for the general welfare—a power of which he felt himself entirely destitute—was not a virtue but rather a lack of something: not a lack of kindly honesty and noble desires and tastes, but a lack of the power of living, of what is called heart—the aspiration which makes a man choose one out of all the innumerable paths of life that present themselves, and desire that alone. The better he knew his brother, the more he noticed that Koznyshev and many other social workers were not led to this love for the common good by their hearts, but because they had reasoned out in their minds that it was a good thing to do that kind of work, and took to it accordingly. What further strengthened this conviction, was noticing that his brother did not take the question of the general welfare, or of the immortality of the soul, any more to heart than a game of chess.

Another thing which made Constantine Levin feel his brother's presence inconvenient was that in the country, especially during the summer, while Levin was always busy with the farm and the long summer days were too short for doing all that had to be done, Koznyshev was resting. But even though he was resting from mental labours and was not writing, he was so used to mental activity that he liked expressing his thoughts in an elegant, concise style, and liked having a listener. His most usual and natural listener was his brother; and therefore, despite their friendly relations, Constantine felt uncomfortable at leaving him alone. Koznyshev loved to lie basking in the sunshine, talking lazily.

'You can't imagine what a pleasure this complete

laziness is to me: not a thought in my brain—you might send a ball rolling through it!'

But it wearied Constantine to sit listening to him, particularly because he knew that during his absence the manure was being carted into the field, and it was impossible to guess where they would throw it if he were not there to see. The ploughshares too would not be screwed up properly, or taken out; and then he would be told that these ploughs were a silly invention: 'How can they be compared to our old Russian plough?' and so on.

'Haven't you walked about enough in this heat?' said Koznyshev.

'No; I must just look in at the counting-house for a moment,' answered Levin, and off he ran to the fields.

CHAPTER II

At the beginning of June Levin's old nurse and housekeeper, Agatha Mikhaylovna, happened to slip as she was carrying to the cellar a jar of mushrooms which she had just pickled, and sprained her wrist. A talkative young medical man who had only just qualified and been appointed doctor for the Zemstvo district arrived, examined the hand, said it was not sprained, and enjoyed a talk with the celebrated Sergius Ivanich Koznyshev. He told him all the gossip of the district to show off his enlightened views and complained of the unsatisfactory conditions prevailing there. Koznyshev listened attentively, asked questions, and, enlivened by the presence of a new listener, became quite chatty, made some pointed and weighty remarks respectfully appreciated by the young doctor, and reached that state of animation his brother so well knew, which generally followed a brilliant and lively conversation. After the doctor's departure Koznyshev felt inclined to go to the river with his fishing-rod. He was fond of angling, and seemed proud of being able to like such a stupid occupation. Constantine, who was obliged to go to the cornfields and meadows, offered to give his brother a lift in his trap.

It was just the time of year, the turning-point of summer, when the result of that year's harvest becomes

assured, when the autumn sowings have to be considered, and when the hay harvest is close at hand; when the grey-green rye waves its formed but as yet not swollen ears lightly in the wind; when the green oats, with irregular clumps of yellow grass interspersed, stand unevenly on late-sown fields; when the early buckwheat spreads out and hides the ground; when the fallow land, trodden as hard as a stone by the cattle, is half-ploughed, with here and there long strips omitted as too hard for the plough; when the smell of dried heaps of manure in the fields mingles with the honied perfume of the grasses; and waiting for the scythe, the lowland meadows lie smooth as a lake by the river's banks, showing here and there black heaps of weeded sorrel stalks. It was the time of that short pause before the labour, yearly renewed, of getting in the harvest, which always demands all the peasants' strength for its accomplishment. The promise of the harvest was splendid, the weather clear and hot, and the short night dewy.

The brothers had to pass through the forest on their way to the meadows. Koznyshev was all the while filled with admiration for the beauty of the thickly-leaved forest, and kept pointing out to his brother the old lime trees, looking so dark on the shady side, covered with creamy buds all ready to burst into blossom; or the new shoots, sparkling like emeralds, on the trees. Constantine Levin did not like talking or hearing about the beauty of nature. Words seemed to detract from the beauty of what he was looking at. He assented to what his brother said but could not help thinking of other things. When they emerged from the forest his attention was arrested at the sight of a fallow field and a hillock, here and there yellow with grass or broken up and cut into squares, in some parts speckled with heaps of manure, or even ploughed. A string of carts was moving over the field. Levin counted the carts, and was pleased to see that sufficient manure was being brought. At sight of the meadows his thoughts turned to the hay harvest. The thought of the hay harvest always touched him to the quick. When they reached the meadow Levin stopped. At the roots of the thick grass the morning dew still lingered, and Koznyshev, afraid of wetting his feet, asked his brother to drive him across the meadow to the

willow clump near which perch could be caught. Though Constantine was loth to crush his grass, he drove across the meadow. The tall grass twined softly about the wheels and the horse's legs, leaving seeds on the wet spokes and hubs.

Koznyshev sat down by the willows, while Levin led away his horse, and, having tethered it, stepped into the immense grey-green sea of grass, so dense that the wind could not ruffle it. In the meadow, which was flooded every spring, the silky grass, now scattering its seeds, reached almost to his waist. When Constantine Levin had passed right across the meadow and reached the road, he met an old man with a swollen eye carrying a swarm of bees in a skep.

'Have you found it, Fomich?' he asked.

'Found it, indeed, Constantine Dmitrich! I only hope not to lose my own. This is the second time a swarm has got away, and it's only thanks to those lads there that I've got this one back. They were ploughing for you, and unharnessed a horse and galloped after it. . . .'

'Well, Fomich, what do you think? Shall we begin mowing, or wait a little?'

'Oh, well, our custom is to wait till St. Peter's Day, but you always mow earlier. Why not, God willing? The grass is fine; there will be more room for the cattle.'

'And what do you think of the weather?'

'That's God's business—perhaps the weather will keep fine too.'

Levin went back to his brother.

Though he had caught nothing, Koznyshev did not feel bored and seemed in the best of spirits. Levin saw that he had been roused by his conversation with the doctor and wanted to have a talk. Levin, on the contrary, was impatient to get home in order to give orders about hiring the mowers on the morrow, and to decide about the hay harvest, which greatly occupied his mind.

'Well, let's go,' said he.

'Where's the hurry? Let's sit here a little. How wet you are! Though nothing bites, it's pleasant; hunting and similar sports are good because they bring one in touch with nature. . . . How lovely this steel-coloured water is!' said he. 'And these grassy banks always

remind me of that riddle—you know—" The grass says to the water, We will shake, we will shake. . . ." '

'I don't know that riddle,' replied Levin in a dull tone.

CHAPTER III

'Do you know, I've been thinking about you,' said Koznyshev. 'From what the doctor told me—and he is by no means a stupid young fellow—the things going on in your district are simply disgraceful. I have already told you, and I say it again, it is not right to stop away from the Zemstvo meetings, and in general to take no part in its activities! If all the better sort stand aside, of course heaven only knows what will happen. We expend money for salaries, but there are no schools, no medical assistance, no midwives, no chemists, no anything!'

'You know I have tried,' Levin replied slowly and reluctantly, 'but I can't! So what am I to do?'

'Why can't you? I confess I don't understand. I can't admit it to be indifference or inaptitude; is it possible that it is mere laziness?'

'Neither the one nor the other—nor the last. I have tried and seen that I can do nothing,' said Levin.

He did not pay much attention to what his brother was saying. Peering into the distance across the river, he made out something black in the cornfield, and could not see whether it was only a horse or the steward on horseback.

'Why can you do nothing? You have made an attempt, and because according to your judgment it was a failure, you gave it up. Fancy having so little ambition!'

'Ambition?' reiterated Levin, stung by his brother's words. 'I do not understand it. If at college they had told me that others understood the integral calculus and I did not, that would have been a case for ambition; but in these matters the first requisite is a conviction that one has the necessary ability, and above all that it is all very important.'

'Well, and is it not very important?' said Koznyshev, stirred by the perception that his occupations were regarded as unimportant and especially by his brother's evident inattention to what he was saying.

'They don't appear important to me. Do what you will, they don't grip me,' replied Levin, having made out that what he saw was the steward, who was probably dismissing the peasants from their ploughing too soon, for they were turning the ploughs over. 'Is it possible they have finished ploughing?' thought he.

'Come now! After all,' continued the elder brother with a frown on his handsome, intelligent face, 'there are limits to everything! It is all very well to be a crank, to be sincere and dislike hypocrisy—I know that very well—but what you are saying has either no meaning at all or a very bad meaning. How can you consider it unimportant that the people, whom you love, as you maintain . . .'

'I never maintained it,' thought Levin. . . .

'. . . are dying without help? Ignorant midwives murder the babies, and the people remain steeped in ignorance, at the mercy of every village clerk; while you have in your power the means of helping them, and yet are not helping because you do not consider it important!'

And Koznyshev confronted his brother with this dilemma: 'Either you are so undeveloped that you don't see all that you might do, or you don't want to sacrifice your peace of mind or your vanity—I don't know which—in order to do it.' Constantine felt that there was nothing for him but to submit or else to own to a lack of love for the common cause, and he felt wounded and grieved.

'Both the one and the other,' said he resolutely. 'I can't see how it is to be done . . .'

'What? Don't see how medical help can be given, by distributing the money in a proper way . . .'

'Well, it seems impossible to me. . . . To give medical help over the whole three thousand square miles of our district, with our deep snow, impassable when it begins melting, our snowdrifts, and the pressure of work at harvest time, is impossible. Besides, I have no faith in medicine generally . . .'

'Come now! That is unjust. . . . I could cite thousands of cases to you. . . . And how about schools?'

'Schools? What for?'

'What do you mean? Is it possible to doubt the

utility of education ? If it is good for you, why not for everybody ? '

Constantine felt himself morally cornered, and in consequence became excited and involuntarily betrayed the chief cause of his indifference to social questions.

' All this may be very good, but why should I trouble about medical centres which I should never use or schools to which I should never send my children, and to which the peasants would not wish to send theirs either ?—and to which I am not fully convinced they ought to send them ? ' said he.

This unexpected view of the question took Koznyshev by surprise, but he immediately formed a new plan of attack.

He remained silent awhile, lifted his rod and threw the line again, and then turned to his brother with a smile.

' Now let's see. . . . There is need of a medical centre after all. Did we not send for the district doctor for Agatha Mikhaylovna ? '

' But I think her hand will remain crooked all the same.'

' That's very questionable. . . . And then a peasant who can read and write is more useful to you and worth more.'

' Oh no ! Ask anyone you like,' said Constantine, decidedly. ' A peasant who can read and write is far worse as a labourer. They can't mend the roads, and when they build a bridge they steal.'

' However, all that is not to the point,' said Koznyshev, frowning ; he did not like to be contradicted, especially when he was met with arguments that incessantly shifted their ground, introducing new considerations without sequence so that it was difficult to know which of them to answer first. ' Wait a bit. Do you admit that education is a good thing for the people ? '

' I do,' replied Levin unguardedly, and at once realized that he had not said what he really thought. He felt that, since he admitted this much, it would be proved to him that he was talking meaningless twaddle. How it would be proved to him he did not know ; but he knew that it certainly would be proved logically, and waited for that proof.

The proof turned out to be far simpler than Constantine anticipated.

'If you admit it to be good,' said Koznyshev, 'then, as an honest man, you cannot help loving and sympathizing with such movements and wishing to work for them.'

'But I am not yet prepared to say that such work is desirable,' returned Levin.

'What? Why, you said just now . . .'

'I mean I consider it neither desirable nor possible.'

'You can't tell without having tried it.'

'Well, let's grant it is so,' said Levin, though he did not grant it at all. 'Still, I don't see why I should be bothered with it.'

'What do you mean?'

'No: since we have started on the topic, perhaps you had better explain it to me from a philosophical point of view,' said Levin.

'I don't see what philosophy has to do with it,' replied Koznyshev in a tone that made it seem—at least Levin thought so—that he did not consider his brother had a right to argue on philosophical questions. This irritated Levin.

'This is what it has to do with it,' he said, getting heated. 'I believe that in any case the motive power of all our actions is our personal happiness. At present I, a nobleman, see nothing in our Zemstvo that could conduce to my welfare. The roads are not better and cannot be made better, and my horses do manage to pull me over the bad ones. I don't require doctors and medical centres; I don't need the magistrate; I never apply to him and never will. I not only do not require schools, but they would even do me harm, as I have already told you. To me the Zemstvo means nothing but a tax of two kopecks per desyatina, my having to go to the town, sharing a bed with bugs, and listening to all sorts of nonsense and nastiness; and my personal interests do not prompt me to do it!'

'Come,' smilingly interrupted Koznyshev, 'it was not our personal interest which induced us to work for the emancipation of the serfs, and yet we did it.'

'No, no!' Constantine interrupted, growing more and more heated. 'The emancipation of the serfs was quite a different matter. There was a personal interest in that: we wanted to throw off a yoke that was oppressing us all—all good men. But to be member of a Council,

to discuss how many scavengers are required and how the drains should be laid in a town in which I am not living, to be on the jury and try a peasant who has stolen a horse, to sit for six hours on end listening to all sorts of rubbish jabbered by the counsel and prosecutor, and to the President asking our idiot Aleshka :

' " Prisoner at the bar, do you plead guilty to the indictment of having stolen a horse ? "

' " Eh-h-h ? " '

Constantine Levin was being carried away, and was personating the judge and the idiot Aleshka ; it seemed to him that all this was relevant to the case in point. But Koznyshev shrugged his shoulders.

' Well, what do you want to prove by that ? '

' I only want to prove that I will always stand up with all my power for the rights which touch me and my personal interests. When they searched us students, and gendarmes read our letters, I was ready to defend with all my power my right to education and liberty. I understand conscription which touches the fate of my children, of my brothers and myself, and I am ready to discuss what concerns me ; but how to dispose of forty thousand roubles of Zemstvo money, or how to try the idiot Aleshka, I neither understand nor can take part in.'

Constantine Levin spoke as if the dam of his flood of words had been broken. Koznyshev smiled.

' And to-morrow you may be going to law. Would you rather be tried in the old Criminal Court ? '

' I won't go to law. I am not going to cut anybody's throat, so I shall never be in need of that sort of thing. All those Zemstvo institutions of ours,' he said, again jumping off to a subject that had no bearing on the case in point, ' are like those little birches that are cut down for decorations at Whitsuntide, and we Russians stick them up to imitate the woods that have grown up naturally in Western Europe. I cannot water these birches or believe in them from my soul.'

Koznyshev only shrugged his shoulders to express his wonder at this sudden introduction of little birches into their discussion, though he had at once grasped his brother's meaning.

' Wait a moment ! One can't reason that way, you

know,' he remarked; but Constantine, wishing to justify the failing of which he was aware in himself (his indifference to the general welfare), continued:

'I think that no activity can endure if it is not based on personal interest. That is the common and philosophical truth,' said he, emphasizing the word *philosophical*, as if he wanted to show that he might talk about philosophy as much as anyone else.

Koznyshev smiled again. 'He too has some philosophy or other to serve his inclinations,' he thought.

'You'd better leave philosophy alone,' said he. 'The principal task of philosophy has always, in all ages, been to find the necessary connection existing between personal and general interests. But that is not the point. I need only correct your illustration to get at the point. The birches are not stuck in: some of them are planted, and others are sown and have to be tended carefully. Only those peoples have a future, only those peoples can be called historic, that have a sense of what is important and great in their institutions, and value them.'

And to prove the inaccuracy of Levin's views, Koznyshev carried the conversation into the realm of philosophy and history, which was beyond Constantine's reach.

'As to your not liking it, pardon me, but that only comes of our Russian laziness and seignorial habits, and I am sure that in your case it is a temporary error and will pass.'

Constantine was silent. He felt himself beaten at every point, yet was sure that his brother had not understood what he had been trying to say, only he did not know why this was so: whether it was because he could not express himself clearly, or because his brother either could not or did not wish to understand him. But he did not go deeply into these questions, and without replying to his brother began reflecting on a totally different and personal matter.

Koznyshev wound up his last line, untied the horse, and they started on their homeward way.

CHAPTER IV

The personal matter that occupied Levin while he was talking with his brother was this. The year before, when visiting a field that was being mown, he had lost his temper with his steward, and to calm himself had used a remedy of his own—he took a scythe from one of the peasants and himself began mowing.

He liked this work so much that he went mowing several times: he mowed all the meadow in front of his house, and when spring came he planned to devote several whole days to mowing with the peasants. Since his brother's arrival, however, he was in doubt whether to go mowing or not. He did not feel comfortable at the thought of leaving his brother alone all day long, and he also feared that Koznyshev might laugh at him. But while walking over the meadow he recalled the impression mowing had made on him, and almost made up his mind to do it. After his irritating conversation with his brother he again remembered his intention.

'I need physical exercise; without it my character gets quite spoilt,' thought he, and determined to go and mow, however uncomfortable his brother and the peasants might make him feel.

In the evening Constantine went to the office and gave orders about the work, sending round to the villages to tell the mowers to come next day to the Kalina meadow, the largest and finest he had.

'And please send my scythe to Titus to be sharpened, and have it taken to the meadow to-morrow: I may go mowing myself,' he said, trying to overcome his confusion.

The steward smiled and said, 'All right, sir.'

That evening, at tea, Levin said to his brother:

'The weather looks settled; to-morrow we begin mowing.'

'I like that work very much,' said Koznyshev.

'I like it awfully too. I have mown with the peasants now and then, and to-morrow I want to mow all day.'

Koznyshev looked up at his brother in surprise.

'How do you mean? All day, just like the peasants?'

'Yes, it is very pleasant,' replied Levin.

'It is splendid physical exercise, but you will hardly

be able to hold out,' remarked Koznyshev, without the least sarcasm.

'I have tried it. At first it seems hard, but one gets drawn into it. I don't think I shall lag behind . . .'

'Dear me! But tell me, how do the peasants take it? I expect they laugh at their crank of a master?'

'No, I don't think so; but it is such pleasant work, and at the same time so hard, that one has no time for thinking.'

'But how can you dine with them? It would not be quite the thing to send you claret and roast turkey out there?'

'No; I will just come home at their dinner-time.'

Next morning Constantine got up earlier than usual, but giving instructions about the farming delayed him, and when he came to the meadow each man was already mowing his second swath.

From the hill, as he came to his first swath, he could see, in the shade at his feet, a part of the meadow that was already mown, with the green heaps of grass and dark piles of coats thrown down by the mowers.

As he drew nearer, the peasants—following each other in a long straggling line, some with coats on, some in their shirts, each swinging his scythe in his own manner—gradually came into sight. He counted forty-two of them.

They moved slowly along the uneven bottom of the meadow, where a weir had once been. Levin recognized some of his own men. Old Ermil, wearing a very long white shirt,[1] was swinging his scythe, with his back bent; young Vaska, who had been in Levin's service as coachman, and who at each swing of his scythe cut the grass the whole width of his swath; and Titus, Levin's mowing master, a thin little peasant, who went along without stopping, mowing his wide swath as if in play.

Levin dismounted and, tethering his horse by the roadside, went up to Titus, who fetched another scythe from behind a bush and gave it to Levin.

'It's ready, master! Like a razor, it will mow of itself,' said Titus, taking off his cap and smiling as he handed the scythe.

Levin took it and began to put himself in position.

[1] Russian peasants wear their shirts outside their trousers, like smocks.

The peasants, perspiring and merry, who had finished their swaths came out on to the road one after another, and laughingly exchanged greetings with the master. They all looked at him, but no one made any remark until a tall old man with a shrivelled, beardless face, wearing a sheepskin jacket, stepped out on to the road and addressed him :

'Mind, master ! Having put your hand to the plough, don't look back ! '

And Levin heard the sound of repressed laughter among the mowers.

'I will try not to lag behind,' he said, taking his place behind Titus and waiting his turn to fall in.

'Mind ! ' repeated the old man.

Titus made room for Levin, and Levin followed him. By the roadside the grass was short and tough, and Levin, who had not done any mowing for a long time and was confused by so many eyes upon him, mowed badly for the first ten minutes, though he swung his scythe with much vigour. He heard voices behind him :

'It's not properly adjusted, the grip is not right. See how he has to stoop ! ' said one.

'Hold the heel lower,' said another.

'Never mind ! It's all right : he'll get into it,' said the old man. 'There he goes . . .'

'You are taking too wide a swath, you'll get knocked up.' . . . 'He's the master, he must work ; he's working for himself ! ' . . . 'But look how uneven ! ' . . . 'That's what the likes of us used to get a thump on the back for.'

They came to softer grass, and Levin, who was listening without replying, followed Titus and tried to mow as well as possible. When they had gone some hundred steps Titus was still going on without pausing, showing no signs of fatigue, while Levin was already beginning to fear he would not be able to keep up, he felt so tired.

He swung his scythe, feeling almost at the last gasp, and made up his mind to ask Titus to stop. But just at that moment Titus stopped of his own accord, stooped, took up some grass and wiped his scythe with it. Levin straightened himself, sighed, and looked back. The peasant behind him was still mowing but was obviously tired too, for he stopped without coming even with Levin

and began whetting his scythe. Titus whetted his own and Levin's, and they began mowing again.

The same thing happened at Levin's second attempt. Titus swung his scythe, swing after swing, without stopping and without getting tired. Levin followed, trying not to lag behind, but it became harder and harder until at last the moment came when he felt he had no strength left, and then Titus again stopped and began whetting his scythe. In this way they finished the swaths. They were long, and to Levin seemed particularly difficult; but when it was done and Titus with his scythe over his shoulder turned about and slowly retraced his steps, placing his feet on the marks left on the mown surface by the heels of his boots, and Levin went down his own swath in the same way, then—in spite of the perspiration that ran down his face in streams and dripped from his nose, and though his back was as wet as if the shirt had been soaked in water—he felt very light-hearted. What gave him most pleasure was the knowledge that he would be able to keep up with the peasants.

The only thing marring his joy was the fact that his swath was not well mown. 'I must swing the scythe less with my arms and more with the whole of my body,' he thought, comparing Titus's swath, cut straight as if by measure, with his own, on which the grass lay scattered and uneven.

As Levin was aware, Titus had been mowing this swath with special rapidity, probably to put his master to the test, and it chanced to be a very long one. The next swaths were easier, but still Levin had to work with all his might to keep even with the peasants. He thought of nothing and desired nothing, except not to lag behind and to do his work as well as possible. He heard only the swishing of the scythes and saw only the receding figure of Titus, the convex half-circle of the mown piece before him, and the grasses and heads of flowers falling in waves about the blade of his scythe, and in the background the end of the swath where he would rest.

Suddenly he was conscious of a pleasant coolness on his hot perspiring shoulders, without knowing what it was or whence it came. He glanced up at the sky whilst whetting his scythe. A dark cloud was hanging low overhead, and large drops of rain were falling. Some of

the peasants went to put on their coats; others as well as Levin felt pleasure in the refreshing rain and merely moved their shoulders up and down.

They came to the end of another swath. They went on mowing long and short rows, good and poor grass. Levin had lost all count of time and had really no idea whether it was late or early. His work was undergoing a change which gave him intense pleasure. While working he sometimes forgot for some minutes what he was about, and felt quite at ease; then his mowing was nearly as even as that of Titus. But as soon as he began thinking about it and trying to work better, he at once felt how hard the task was and mowed badly.

He finished a swath and was about to start another when Titus paused and went up to the old man, and both looked at the sun.

'What are they talking about, and why don't they start another swath?' thought Levin. It did not occur to him that the peasants, who had been mowing unceasingly for four hours, wanted their breakfast.

'Breakfast-time, master,' said the old man.

'Is it time? Well, then, breakfast!'

Levin handed his scythe to Titus and with the peasants, who were going to fetch the bread that lay with their coats, went across the swaths of the long mown portion of the meadow, slightly sprinkled with rain. Only then he remembered that he had not been right about the weather and that the rain was wetting the hay.

'The hay will be spoilt,' said he.

'It won't hurt, master. "Mow in the rain, rake when it's fine!"'

Levin untied his horse and rode home to his coffee.

By the time Levin had finished breakfast Koznyshev had only just got up, and Levin went back to the meadow before Koznyshev had come to table.

CHAPTER V

After breakfast Levin got placed between a humorous old man who invited him to be his neighbour and a young peasant who had only got married last autumn and was now out for his first summer's mowing.

The old man went along holding himself erect, moving with regular, long steps, turning out his toes, and with a precise and even motion that seemed to cost him no more effort than swinging his arms when walking, he laid the grass in a level high ridge, as if in play or as if the sharp scythe of its own accord whizzed through the juicy grass.

Young Mishka went behind Levin. His pleasant young face, with a wisp of grass tied round the forehead over his hair, worked all over with the effort; but whenever anyone glanced at him he smiled. Evidently he would have died rather than confess that the work was trying.

Between these two went Levin. Now, in the hottest part of the day, the work did not seem so hard to him. The perspiration in which he was bathed was cooling, and the sun which burnt his back, his head and his arm—bare to the elbow—added to his strength and perseverance in his task, and those unconscious intervals when it became possible not to think of what he was doing recurred more and more often. The scythe seemed to mow of itself Those were happy moments. Yet more joyous were the moments when, reaching the river at the lower end of the swaths, the old man would wipe his scythe with the wet grass, rinse its blade in the clear water, and dipping his whetstone-box in the stream, would offer it to Levin.

'A little of my kvas? It's good!' said he, with a wink.

And really Levin thought he had never tasted any nicer drink than this lukewarm water with green stuff floating in it and a flavour of the rusty tin box. And then came the ecstasy of a slow walk, one hand resting on the scythe, when there was leisure to wipe away the streams of perspiration, to breathe deep, to watch the line of mowers, and to see what was going on around in forest and field.

The longer Levin went on mowing, the oftener he experienced those moments of oblivion when his arms no longer seemed to swing the scythe, but the scythe itself his whole body, so conscious and full of life; and as if by magic, regularly and definitely without a thought being given to it, the work accomplished itself of its own accord. These were blessed moments.

It was trying only when thought became necessary in order to mow around a molehill or a space where the hard sorrel stalks had not been weeded out. The old man accomplished this with ease. When he came to a molehill he would change his action, and with a short jerk of the point and then of the heel of his scythe he would mow all round the molehill. And while doing this he noted everything he came to: now he plucked a sorrel stalk and ate it, or offered it to Levin; now he threw aside a branch with the point of his scythe, or examined a quail's nest from which the hen bird had flown up, almost under the scythe; or he caught a snake, lifting it with the scythe-point as with a fork, and after showing it to Levin, threw it away.

Levin and the young fellow on the other side of him found such changes of action difficult. Both of them, having got into one strained kind of movement, were in the grip of feverish labour and had not the power to change the motion of their bodies and at the same time to observe what lay before them.

Levin did not notice how time passed. Had he been asked how long he had been mowing, he would have answered 'half an hour,' although it was nearly noon. As they were about to begin another swath the old man drew Levin's attention to the little boys and girls approaching from all sides along the road and through the long grass, hardly visible above it, carrying jugs of kvas stoppered with rags, and bundles of bread which strained their little arms.

'Look at the midges crawling along!' he said, pointing to the children and glancing at the sun from under his lifted hand. They completed two more swaths and then the old man stopped.

'Come, master! It's dinner-time,' said he with decision. All the mowers on reaching the river went across the swaths to where their coats lay, and where the children who had brought their dinners sat waiting for them. The men who had driven from a distance gathered in the shadow of their carts; those who lived nearer sheltered under the willow growth, on which they hung grass.

Levin sat down beside them; he did not want to go away.

All the peasants' restraint in the presence of the master

had vanished. The men began preparing for dinner. Some had a wash. The young lads bathed in the river; others arranged places for their after-dinner rest, unfastened their bags of bread and unstoppered their jugs of kvas. The old man broke some rye bread into a bowl, mashed it with a spoon handle, poured over it some water from his tin, broke more bread into it and salted it, and then, turning to the East, said grace.

'Come, master, have some of my dinner,' said he, kneeling in front of his bowl.

The bread and water was so nice that Levin gave up all intention of going home to lunch. He shared the old man's meal and got into conversation with him about his domestic affairs, taking a lively interest in them and telling him about his own, giving him all the particulars which would interest the old peasant. When the old man got up and, having said grace, lay down beneath the willows with an armful of grass under his head, Levin did the same, regardless of the flies, importunate and persistent in the sunshine, and of the crawling insects that tickled his perspiring face and body. He at once fell asleep, waking only when the sun touched the opposite side of the willows and reached him. The old man had already been long awake and sat setting the scythes for the young men.

Levin looked round and hardly recognized the place, everything was so altered. A wide expanse of the meadow was already mown, and with its swaths of grass already giving off perfume, shone with a peculiar fresh brilliance in the oblique rays of the descending sun. The bushes by the river where the grass had been cut and the river itself with its curves, previously invisible, were now glittering like steel; and the people getting up and moving about, the steep wall of yet uncut grass, and the hawks soaring over the bare meadow, struck him as something quite new. When he was fully awake Levin began to calculate how much had been done and how much could still be done that day.

An extraordinary amount had been done by the forty-two men. The larger meadow, which in the days of serfdom had taken thirty men two days to mow, was all finished except some short patches at the corners. But Levin wanted to get as much as possible done that day.

and it was vexatious to see the sun already declining. He was not feeling at all tired and was only longing to work again and to accomplish as much as he could.

'What do you think—could we manage to get Mashkin Heights mown to-day?' he asked the old man.

'Well, God willing, we might! The sun is not very high though. Perhaps—if the lads could have a little vodka!'

At half-time, when they sat down again and those who smoked were lighting their pipes, the old man informed the young fellows that if they mowed the Mashkin Heights there would be vodka.

'What? Not mow that? Come along, Titus; we'll get it clear in no time!'

'You can eat your fill at night. Let's begin!' shouted different voices, and the mowers took their places, finishing their bread as they went.

'Now then, lads! Keep going!' said Titus, starting off ahead almost at a trot.

'Go on, go on!' said the old man, hurrying after him and easily catching him up. 'Take care, I'll mow you down!'

And young and old vied with each other at mowing. But in spite of their haste they did not spoil the grass, and the swaths fell just as evenly and exactly as before. The small patch that was left in the last corner was mown in five minutes; and whilst the last mowers were finishing their swaths, those in front, carrying their coats over their shoulders, were already crossing the road toward Mashkin Heights.

The sun was already setting toward the trees when, with their tin boxes rattling, they entered the wooded ravine of the Heights.

The grass that in the middle of the ravine reached to their waists was delicate, soft, and broad-bladed, speckled here and there with cow-wheat.

After a short consultation as to whether they should mow the ravine across or lengthwise, Prokhor—a gigantic dark man and a famous mower—took the lead. He went in front, mowed a swath, turned round and restarted; following him all the others took their places, going downhill along the creek and back up to the very

skirts of the wood. The sun had set behind the wood and now shone only on the mowers at the top of the hill, while in the valley, where the mists were rising, they were in cool, dewy shade. The work proceeded briskly.

The scented grass, cut down with a sound that showed how juicy it was, fell in high ridges. On the short swaths the mowers crowded together, their tin boxes clattering, their scythes ringing whenever they touched, the whetstones whistling upon the blades, and their merry voices resounding as they urged each other on.

Levin was again mowing between the old man and the lad. The old man, who had put on his sheepskin jacket, was still as jolly, witty, and easy in his movements as before. In the wood their scythes continually cut down wood mushrooms, grown plump amid the juicy grass. The old man stooped each time he came upon one, picked it up, and put it inside his jacket, saying, 'Another treat for my old woman.'

It was easy to cut the wet soft grass, but on the other hand it was very difficult to go up and down the steep slopes of the ravine. This, however, did not trouble the old man. Swinging his scythe just as usual, taking short steps with feet shod in large bark-plaited shoes, he slowly climbed the slopes; and though his whole body and his loosely-hanging trousers shook, he did not miss a single mushroom or a curious grass, and continued joking with the other peasants and with Levin. Levin followed, and often thought he would certainly fall when climbing a mound with his scythe in his hand—a mound so steep that it would have been hard to climb even unencumbered. Still, he managed to climb it and to do all that had to be done; and he felt as if some external force were urging him on.

CHAPTER VI

Mashkin Heights were mown, and the peasants, having completed their last swaths, put on their coats and went home in high spirits. Levin, having regretfully taken leave of them, mounted and rode home. He looked back from the top of the hill. He could not see the men, for the mist rising from the hollow hid them; but he

heard their merry rough voices, laughter, and the clanking of the scythes.

Koznyshev had long had his dinner, and was in his room drinking iced water with lemon, while looking over the papers and magazines just arrived by post, when Levin rushed in, his tangled hair clinging to his moist brow, his shirt saturated back and front and dark with perspiration, and cried out joyfully:

'We have finished the whole of the meadow! How delightful it is! wonderful! And how have you got on?' Levin had quite forgotten the unpleasant conversation of the previous day.

'Dear me, what a sight you are!' said Koznyshev, turning to his brother with a momentary look of vexation. 'The door—the door! Shut it!' he exclaimed. 'You've certainly let in a whole dozen!'

Koznyshev could not bear flies, and opened the windows in his room only at night, keeping the door carefully closed.

'No, not one, I swear. And if I have, I'll catch it! . . . You would not believe what enjoyment it was! And how have you spent the day?'

'Quite well. But have you really been mowing all day? You must be as hungry as a wolf. Kuzma has everything ready for you.'

'No, I don't want to eat; I have had something there. But I'll go and wash.'

'Yes, yes, go; and I will come presently.' Koznyshev shook his head as he looked at his brother. 'Go, go, and be quick!' he added with a smile, as, gathering together his books, he prepared to go too. He also felt suddenly quite cheerful and did not wish to part from his brother. 'And where were you when it rained?'

'What rain was that? Only a few drops. . . . Well, then, I'll come back directly. So you have spent the day all right? That's good.' And Levin went off to dress.

Five minutes later the brothers met again in the dining-room. Though Levin had imagined that he was not hungry, and sat down to table only not to offend Kuzma, yet when he began eating he thought everything delicious. Koznyshev smiled as he looked at him.

'Oh, yes, there's a letter for you,' said he. 'Kuzma,

please bring it. It's downstairs. And mind you shut the door.'

The letter was from Oblonsky. Levin read it aloud. Oblonsky wrote from Petersburg: 'I have had a letter from Dolly. She is in Ergushevo, and everything is out of gear there. Please go and see her and help her with your advice—you know all about everything. She is quite alone, poor thing; my mother-in-law is still abroad.'

'That's splendid! I will certainly go and see her,' said Levin. 'Or shall we both go? She is such a good woman; don't you think so?'

'Is it far from here?'

'A little over twenty-five miles or maybe even thirty, but the road is excellent. We'll have a fine drive.'

'I shall be very glad,' replied Koznyshev, still smiling. The sight of his younger brother had a distinctly cheering influence on him.

'I must say you have an appetite!' he said, glancing at the sunburnt ruddy face bent over the plate.

'Fine! You would hardly believe what a remedy it is for every kind of folly. I am thinking of enriching Medicine with a new word: *Arbeitskur* [1]!'

'You would hardly require it, I should say.'

'No, but those who suffer from their nerves do.'

'Yes, it ought to be tested. You know, I thought of coming to the meadow to have a look at you, but it was so unbearably hot that I got only as far as the forest! I sat there a little, and then went through the forest to the village, where I met your old wet-nurse and sounded her as to what the peasants think of you. From her I understood that they do not approve of your doing it. She said: "It's not gentlefolk's work." It seems to me that on the whole, in the people's opinion, a very decided demand for what they call "gentlefolk's work" exists, and they don't approve of the gentry going outside the bounds they set for them.'

'Possibly; but it is a pleasure such as I have never in my life experienced before, and there is nothing wrong in it. Don't you think so too?' replied Levin. 'If they don't like it, it can't be helped. Besides, I think it's all right. Eh?'

[1] Work-cure.

'I see that on the whole you are well satisfied with your day.'

'Very well indeed! We finished the meadow. And I chummed up with such a fine old man! You can't imagine what a charming fellow he is.'

'Well, then, you are satisfied with your day, and so am I. First of all I solved two chess problems—one a very good one, beginning with a pawn more. I'll show it you. And afterwards I thought over our yesterday's conversation.'

'What about yesterday's conversation?' asked Levin, who had finished dinner and sat blissfully blinking and puffing, quite unable to remember what yesterday's conversation had been about.

'I think you are partly right. Our disagreement lies in the fact that you consider personal interests the motive power, while I think every man with a certain degree of education ought to be interested in the general welfare. You may be right in thinking that activity backed by material interest is best; but your nature is altogether *primesautière*,[1] as the French say: you want passionate, energetic activity, or nothing at all.'

Levin listened to his brother but understood absolutely nothing and did not wish to understand. He was only afraid his brother might put some question which would elicit the fact that he was not paying attention.

'That's what it is, old chap,' said Koznyshev, patting Constantine's shoulder.

'Yes, of course! But what matter? I don't insist on my view,' replied Levin, with a guilty, childlike smile. 'What can I have been disputing about?' he thought. 'Of course I was right, and he was right too, so it's all right! . . . But I must go round to the office.'

He rose, stretching himself and smiling. Koznyshev smiled too.

'Shall we go for a stroll together?' he said, not wishing to part from his brother, who seemed to be exhaling freshness and vigour. 'Come along! We could call in at the office if you want to.'

'Oh, dear me!' exclaimed Levin, so loudly that he scared Koznyshev.

'What's the matter?'

[1] Heedless.

'How's Agatha Mikhaylovna's arm?' asked Levin, slapping his head. 'I had forgotten all about it.'

'Much better.'

'Well, I'll run and see her, all the same. You won't have got your hat before I am back.'

And his heels clattered swiftly down the stairs, making a noise like a rattle.

CHAPTER VII

Oblonsky had gone to Petersburg to fulfil a very necessary duty—which to officials seems most natural and familiar, though to laymen it is incomprehensible—that of reminding the Ministry of his existence, without the performance of which rite continuance in Government service is impossible. Having taken away with him all the money there was in the house, he contrived while attending to duty to pass his time very pleasantly, going to races and visiting at country houses. Meanwhile, to curtail expenses, Dolly and her children moved to the country. She went to Ergushevo, the estate which had formed part of her dowry, about thirty-five miles distant from Levin's Pokrovsk, and the very place where in spring the forest had been sold.

The old mansion on the estate had been pulled down long ago, but there was a smaller house which had been enlarged and decorated by the Prince. Some twenty years before, when Dolly was still a child, that house had seemed roomy and convenient, though in common with all houses of the kind it stood away from the drive and had not a south aspect. It was old and beginning to decay. In the spring, when Oblonsky went there to sell the forest, Dolly had asked him to look over the house and have all necessary repairs done. Like all guilty husbands Oblonsky was very anxious about his wife's comfort, so he looked over the house himself and gave orders to have everything done that seemed to him necessary. According to him it was necessary to re-upholster the furniture with new cretonne, to put up curtains, make the garden tidy, plant flowers and build a bridge by the lake; but he forgot many other things

which were essential, and thus caused Dolly a great deal of trouble.

Try as he would to be a considerate husband and father, Oblonsky never could remember that he had a wife and children. He had the tastes of a bachelor and understood no others. When he returned to Moscow he informed his wife that all was being prepared, that the house would look like a new toy, and advised her to move thither. Her departure for the country suited Oblonsky in every way: it was good for the children, expenses would be cut down, and he would be freer. His wife, on the other hand, considered going to the country for the summer to be absolutely necessary for the children, especially for the little girl who had not recovered her health after the scarlet fever; and also in order to escape the humiliation of small debts for fuel, fish, boots, and so on, which tormented her. Besides this she liked the idea of going to her house in the country because she intended to get her sister Kitty, who was to return from abroad at midsummer and who had been ordered bathing, to join her there. Kitty wrote from her watering-place that nothing seemed so attractive as spending the summer with Dolly at Ergushevo, which was full of childhood's memories for both of them.

The first days in the country were very trying for Dolly. In her girlhood she had lived there and it had left an impression on her mind as a place of refuge from all the unpleasantness of town; life there, though very plain (Dolly was reconciled to that), was cheap and comfortable; everything was cheap there and easy to get, and it would do the children good. But when she came there as mistress of the house she saw that things were quite different from what she had expected.

The day after her arrival it poured with rain and in the night the rain came through into the passage and nursery, so that the children's beds had to be carried into the drawing-room. There was no scullery-maid. Of the nine cows some, according to the dairymaids, were about to calve, others had calved for the first time, some were too old, and the rest were difficult to milk, so there was no butter and scarcely enough milk even for the children. There were no eggs. It was impossible to get a chicken, and they were obliged to boil and roast tough old purple-

coloured roosters. No peasant women could be got to scrub the floors: they were all out planting potatoes. It was impossible to go for a drive because one of the horses was restive and would not run in harness. There was no place for bathing, the river banks being all trampled over by the cattle and exposed to the road; it was not even possible to walk in the garden because the fence was broken and the peasants' cattle could get in, and the herd included a terrible bull that was given to bellowing and would therefore probably toss. There was nowhere to hang dresses, because what few wardrobes there were would not shut, or else opened of themselves when anyone passed by. There was no mangle in the laundry, not even an ironing board, and no large pots or pans.

Dolly, meeting with these difficulties, so terrible from her point of view, instead of finding peace and rest, was at first driven to despair. She bustled about and did her utmost; but feeling the hopelessness of her position, had to fight with the tears that rose every moment to her eyes.

The steward, formerly a non-commissioned officer, to whom Oblonsky had taken a fancy and whom he had promoted from hall porter to steward because of the man's handsome and respectful appearance, took no interest in his mistress's troubles, only saying in a deferential tone, 'Quite impossible, the people are so abominable,' and did nothing to help her.

The position seemed irremediable; but just as in other households, there was here in the Oblonskys' house one inconspicuous yet most important and useful person: Matrena Filimonovna. She consoled her mistress, assuring her that everything would 'shape itself' (this phrase was her own, and Matthew had learnt it from her), and she went to work deliberately and without excitement.

She at once made friends with the steward's wife, and on the very day of the removal drank tea with her and with the steward beneath the laburnums, discussing arrangements. A club was soon established beneath the laburnums, consisting of Matrena Filimonovna, the steward's wife, the village elder, and the office clerk; and by means of this club the troubles began gradually to subside, so that in a week's time everything had really 'shaped itself.' The roof was mended, a scullery-maid

—a relative of the elder's—was engaged, hens were bought, the cows gave enough milk, the garden was fenced in, a mangle was made by the carpenter, hooks were put into the wardrobes, which no longer opened at their own sweet will; an ironing board covered with coarse cloth lay across the arm of a chair and a chest of drawers in the maid's room, and the smell of hot irons soon pervaded the room.

'There, you see! And you were quite in despair!' said Matrena Filimonovna, pointing to the board.

Even a bathing-house was constructed out of straw-plaited screens. Lily started bathing, and at least part of Dolly's expectations were fulfilled, if not that of a quiet, at least that of a comfortable, country life. Dolly could not be quiet with six children, of whom one would fall ill, another be in danger of falling ill, a third be in want of something, a fourth show symptoms of something bad in his disposition, etc., etc. Very, very rare were the short intervals of quiet. But these cares and anxieties were the only kind of happiness possible for Dolly. Had it not been for them she would have been left to her thoughts about the husband who did not love her. Besides, painful as were for a mother the fear of illness, and sorrow at the appearance of evil tendencies in her children, those children were already beginning to repay her care by affording her small joys. These joys were so trifling as to be as imperceptible as grains of gold among the sand, and in moments of depression she saw nothing but the sand; yet there were brighter moments when she felt nothing but joy, saw nothing but the gold.

Now in the country solitude she grew more often aware of these joys. Often when watching her children she made great efforts to convince herself that she was mistaken, that being their mother she was not impartial; and yet she could not help telling herself that they were charming children, all the six, each in his or her own way, all of them such as are rarely to be met with; and she was happy in them and proud of them.

CHAPTER VIII

At the end of May, when the house was more or less in order, Dolly received from her husband an answer to her letter of complaint. He wrote asking her to forgive his not having seen to everything, and saying that he would come as soon as possible. That possibility, however, had not been fulfilled, and up to the beginning of June Dolly was still living without him in the country.

On the Sunday before St Peter's Day Dolly took all her children to Communion.[1] When talking intimately with her mother and sister Dolly often astonished them by her freedom of thought on religious matters. She had a strange religion of her own, firmly believing in the transmigration of souls, and not caring about Church dogmas. But in her family she fulfilled (not merely to set an example, but with her whole heart) all that the Church demanded, and was very uneasy because for about a year the children had not received Communion. So now, with the entire approval of Matrena Filimonovna, she resolved that this ceremony should be performed.

Several days previously she decided how all the children should be dressed. New frocks were made, old ones altered, hems and frills let down, buttons sewn on, and ribbons got ready. One of the frocks, which the English governess had undertaken to alter, was the cause of much bad blood. The governess put the bodice darts in the wrong places, cut out the arm-holes too big, and nearly spoilt the dress. It fitted so tight round Tanya's shoulders that it was painful to see her; but Matrena Filimonovna was inspired to insert wedge-shaped pieces and to make a fichu to cover the defect. The frock was put right, but it very nearly caused a quarrel with the governess. However, in the morning everything was right; and toward nine o'clock—the hour till which the priest had been asked to defer mass—the children, beaming with joy, stood in all their finery by the carriage at the porch, waiting for their mother.

Instead of the restive Raven, the steward's Brownie had been harnessed to the carriage on Matrena Filimon-

[1] In the Russo-Greek Church quite young children receive Communion.

ovna's authority, and Dolly, who had been detained by the cares of her own toilet, came out in a white muslin dress and took her seat in the carriage.

Dolly, somewhat excited, had dressed and done her hair with care. At one time she used to dress for her own sake, in order to look well and be attractive; later on as she grew older dressing became less and less agreeable to her, because it made the loss of her good looks more apparent; but now it again gave her pleasure and excited her. She was not dressing for her own sake, not for her own beauty, but in order, as the mother of all those charming children, not to spoil the general effect. She gave her mirror a last glance and was satisfied with herself. She looked well: not in the way she had wished to look when going to a ball, but well for the object she had in view at present.

There was no one in church except peasants, innkeepers and their womenfolk; but Dolly saw, or thought she saw, the rapture produced in them by her children and herself. The children were not only beautiful in their fine clothes but were also very sweet in their behaviour. It's true Alesha did not stand very well: he kept turning round to see the back of his jacket; but nevertheless he was wonderfully sweet. Tanya stood like a grown-up person and looked after the little ones. Little Lily was charming in her naïve wonder at everything around, and it was difficult to repress a smile when, having swallowed the bread and wine, she said in English, 'More, please!'

On the way home the children were very quiet, feeling that something solemn had taken place.

At home also all went well, only at lunch Grisha began whistling and—what was still worse—would not obey the governess and had to go without his pudding. Dolly would not have sanctioned any punishment on such a day had she been present, but she was obliged to support the governess and so confirmed the sentence that Grisha was not to have pudding. This rather spoilt the general joyfulness.

Grisha cried and said he was being punished although it was Nikolenka that had whistled, and that he was not crying about the pudding (he didn't mind that!) but because of the injustice. This was too sad, and

Dolly decided to speak to the governess and get her to forgive Grisha, and went off to find her. But as she was passing through the dancing-room she saw a scene which filled her heart with such joy that tears came to her eyes and she pardoned the little culprit herself.

The little fellow was sitting on the ledge of the corner window of the dancing-room, and beside him stood Tanya with a plate. On the plea of giving her dolls some dinner she had obtained leave from the governess to take her plateful of pudding to the nursery, but had brought it to her brother instead. Still crying over the injustice done him, he ate the pudding, muttering between sobs: 'Eat some yourself . . . let us both eat . . . together!'

Tanya, affected first by pity for Grisha and then by the consciousness of her own virtuous action, also had tears in her eyes, but did not decline to eat her share of the pudding.

When they saw their mother they were frightened, but glancing at her face they knew they were acting rightly and, with their mouths full of pudding, began to laugh and wipe their smiling lips with their hands, smearing their beaming faces with tears and jam.

'Dear me! Your nice white frock! Tanya! . . . Grisha!' cried their mother, trying to save the frock, but smiling a blissful, rapturous smile.

The new clothes were taken off, the little girls had their overalls and the boys their old jackets, and orders were given to harness (to the steward's chagrin) his Brownie again, to take the whole family mushroom-hunting, and later to the bathing-house. The sound of rapturous squealing filled the nursery, and did not cease till they started on their drive.

They gathered a basketful of mushrooms; even Lily found one. Previously Miss Hull used to find one and point it out to her; but this time Lily herself found a fine big one and there was a general shout of delight: 'Lily has found a mushroom!'

After that they drove to the river, left the horses under the birch trees, and entered the bathing-house. Terenty the coachman tied to a tree the horses, that were swishing their tails to drive away the flies, stretched himself full length in the shade, pressing down the high grass, and smoked his pipe, while from the

bathing-house came the sound of the incessant merry squealing of the children.

Although it was troublesome to look after all the children and keep them out of mischief, and difficult to remember whose were all those little stockings and drawers, not to mix up the shoes of all those different feet, to untie, unbutton, and then fasten up again all the tapes and buttons, yet Dolly, who had always been fond of bathing and considered it good for the children, knew no greater pleasure than bathing them. To hold in her hands all those plump little legs, to draw on their stockings, to take the naked little bodies in her arms and dip them in the water, to hear them shrieking now with fear and now with delight, and to see her cherubs gasping and splashing, with their frightened yet merry eyes, was a great joy.

When half the children were dressed again, some smartly-dressed peasant women who had been gathering herbs came up and halted shyly by the bathing-house. Matrena Filimonovna called to one of these to ask her to dry a bath-sheet and a chemise that had fallen into the water, and Dolly entered into conversation with them. The peasant women, who had begun by laughing behind their hands without comprehending her questions, soon became bolder and more talkative, and at once captivated Dolly by their frank admiration of her children.

'Just look at the little beauty, as white as sugar!' said one, gazing admiringly at Tanya and stroking her head. 'But she's thin.'

'Yes, she's been ill.'

'Why, you seem to have been bathing that one too!' said the other woman, looking at the baby.

'No, she is only three months old,' Dolly answered proudly.

'Dear me!'

'And have you any children?'

'I had four; two are left, a boy and a girl. I weaned her in the spring.'

'How old is she?'

'In her second year.'

'Why did you nurse her so long?'

'It's our custom.'

And the conversation turned upon the topic that interested Dolly more than any other: confinements, children's illnesses, husbands' whereabouts, and whether they came home often.

Dolly did not want to part from the peasant women; their conversation pleased her so much because their interests were exactly similar to hers. What pleased Dolly most was the women's evident admiration for the great number of children she had, and their loveliness.

The women amused her and offended the English governess, who noticed that she was the object of their laughter, which she did not understand. One of the young women was watching the governess, who was dressing after all the others, and seeing her put on a third petticoat could not refrain from remarking:

'Look at her! She's wrapping herself up and wrapping herself up, and hasn't got enough round her yet!' and all the women burst out laughing.

CHAPTER IX

Surrounded by her children, all freshly bathed and with heads still damp, Dolly with a kerchief tied round her own head was nearing home when the coachman said:

'There's a gentleman coming—I think it's the Pokrovsk squire.'

Dolly leant forward and was pleased to see the familiar figure of Levin, who in a grey hat and coat was walking toward them. She was always glad to see him, but on this day was more pleased than ever because he would now see her in all her glory. No one could understand the dignity of her position better than Levin. On seeing her he found himself confronted by just such a picture of family life as his fancy painted.

'You are like a hen with her chickens, Darya Alexandrovna!'

'Oh, I'm so glad!' said she, holding out her hand.

'You're glad, yet you never sent me word. My brother is staying with me. It was from Stephen I heard, at last, that you were here.'

'From Stephen?' asked Dolly in a surprised tone.

'Yes, he wrote that you had moved here, and he thought I might be of some use to you,' replied Levin, and having said this grew confused. Without finishing what he was going to say he continued walking beside the trap, breaking off twigs from the lime trees and biting them. He was confused because he imagined that Dolly might not like to accept the help of a stranger in matters that ought to be attended to by her husband. She really did not like the way Oblonsky had of forcing his family affairs upon strangers, and knew at once that Levin understood this. It was for his quick perception and delicacy of feeling that Dolly liked him.

'Of course I understood that this only meant you wanted to see me, and was very pleased. I can well imagine how strange everything here must seem to you, used as you are to managing a town house; and if you require anything I am quite at your disposal.'

'Oh no!' said Dolly. 'At first it was inconvenient, but now everything is quite comfortable, thanks to my old nurse,' she said, indicating the nurse, who, aware that she was being mentioned, looked at Levin with a bright and friendly smile. She knew him, knew that he would be a good match for the young lady, and hoped the affair would come off.

'Won't you sit down, sir? We'll move closer together,' she said to Levin.

'No, I will walk. Children, who will race the horses with me?'

Though the children did not know Levin well and did not remember when they had last seen him, they did not feel toward him any of that strange shyness and antagonism so often felt by children toward grown-up people who 'pretend,' which causes them to suffer so painfully. Pretence about anything sometimes deceives the wisest and shrewdest man, but, however cunningly it is hidden, a child of the meanest capacity feels it and is repelled by it.

Whatever Levin's defects may have been, there was not a trace of pretence about him; therefore the children evinced toward him the same friendliness that they saw in their mother's face. The two eldest, responding to his invitation, at once jumped out to him and ran with him as they would have done with their nurse,

Miss Hull, or their mother. Lily wanted to go too, and her mother handed her to him; he put her on his shoulder and ran on.

'Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid, Darya Alexandrovna! There's no fear of my hurting or dropping her,' said he, smiling brightly at the mother.

And as she looked at his easy, strong, considerate, careful and ultra-cautious movements, the mother lost her fears and looked at them with a smile of approval.

Here in the country among the children, and in the company of Dolly whom he found very congenial, Levin's spirits rose to that childlike merriment Dolly liked so much in him. He ran about with the children, taught them gymnastics, amused Miss Hull by his broken English, and talked to Dolly about his rural occupations.

After dinner, left alone with him on the veranda, Dolly alluded to Kitty.

'Do you know Kitty is coming here to spend the summer with me?'

'Really?' said he, flushing up; and to change the subject he at once added: 'Well, then, shall I send you two cows? If you insist on squaring accounts, pay me five roubles a month, if your conscience allows it.'

'No, thank you. We are getting on all right now.'

'Well, then, I will just have a look at your cows and, with your permission, will give directions about the feeding. Everything depends on the feeding.'

To change the conversation Levin went on to explain to Dolly a theory of dairy farming which maintained that a cow was only a machine for the transformation of fodder into milk, and so on. While saying all that, he was passionately longing and yet dreading to hear every particular concerning Kitty. He feared that the peace of mind he had acquired with so much effort might be destroyed.

'Yes, but all that has to be looked after, and who is going to do it?' remarked Dolly unwillingly.

Having with Matrena Filimonovna's help got her household into working order, she did not care to make any change; besides, she had no confidence in Levin's knowledge of farming. Arguments about cows being milk-producing machines did not commend themselves to her, for she imagined that such arguments were

calculated only to interfere with farming. All these matters appeared much simpler to her: all that was necessary, as Matrena Filimonovna said, was to give Spotty and Whiteflank more food and drink, and to see that the cook did not take the kitchen refuse to the laundress for her cow. That was clear. But arguments about cereal and grass feeding were questionable and vague and, above all, she was anxious to talk about Kitty.

CHAPTER X

'Kitty writes that she wishes for nothing so much as seclusion and quiet,' said Dolly after a pause in the conversation.

'And her health! Is she better?' asked Levin anxiously.

'Yes, thank God! she has quite recovered. I never believed that she had lung trouble.'

'Oh, I am so glad!' said Levin, and Dolly thought she saw something pathetic and helpless in his face as he said it, and then silently looked at her.

'Tell me, Constantine Dmitrich,' said Dolly with her kind though slightly ironical smile, 'why are you angry with Kitty?'

'I? . . . I am not angry,' said Levin.

'Yes, you are. Why did you not call either on us or on them when you were in Moscow?'

'Darya Alexandrovna,' said he, blushing to the roots of his hair, 'I am surprised that one so kind as you are should not feel what the reason was. How is it that you have no pity for me, knowing as you do . . .'

'What do I know?'

'You know I proposed and was rejected,' muttered Levin, and the tenderness he had a moment ago felt for Kitty was changed into a feeling of anger at the insult.

'Why did you think I knew?'

'Because everybody knows it.'

'In that, at any rate, you are mistaken; I did not know it, though I had my suspicions.'

'Well, anyhow you know it now.'

'All I knew was that something had happened that

tormented her dreadfully, and she asked me never to speak about it. And since she has not told me, she won't have told anybody. . . . Well, what did happen between you? Tell me.'

'I have told you what happened.'

'When was it?'

'When I last visited you.'

'Do you know,' said Dolly, 'I am terribly, terribly sorry for her! You are suffering only through pride . . .'

'That may be,' said Levin, 'but . . .'

She interrupted him.

'But for her, poor child, I am terribly, terribly sorry. Now I understand everything.'

'Well, Darya Alexandrovna, please excuse me!' he said, rising. 'Good-bye, Darya Alexandrovna; *au revoir!*'

'No, wait a bit,' she answered, holding him by the sleeve. 'Wait a bit. Sit down.'

'Please, please don't let us talk about it!' said he, sitting down again, conscious as he did so that a hope which he had thought dead and buried was waking and stirring within him.

'If I did not care for you,' Dolly went on, the tears rising to her eyes, 'if I did not know you as well as I do . . .'

The feeling that seemed dead was coming to life again, rising and taking possession of Levin's heart.

'Yes, now I understand it all,' continued Dolly. 'You can't understand it, you men who are free and have the choice. You always know for certain whom you love; but a young girl in a state of suspense, with her feminine, maidenly delicacy, a girl who only knows you men from a distance and is obliged to take everything on trust—such a girl may and does sometimes feel that she does not know what to say.'

'Yes, if her heart does not tell her. . . .'

'Oh, no! The heart does tell her; but just imagine to you men, having views on a girl, come to the house, get to know her, observe her and bide your time, and when you are quite certain that you love her you propose . . .'

'Well, it's not quite like that.'

'Never mind! You propose when your love is ripe, or when the balance falls in favour of one of those between whom your choice lies. But a girl is not asked. She is

expected to choose for herself, yet she has no choice; she can only say "Yes" or "No."'

'Yes, a choice between me and Vronsky,' thought Levin, and the dead hope that had begun to revive in his soul died again and only weighed painfully on his heart.

'Darya Alexandrovna,' said he, 'in that way one may choose a dress, or . . . purchases . . . anything . . . but not love. The choice is made, and so much the better . . . a repetition is impossible.'

'Oh, that pride, that pride!' said Dolly, speaking as if she despised him for the meanness of his feelings compared to those which only women know. 'When you proposed to Kitty she was just in that state when it was impossible for her to give an answer: she was undecided—undecided between you and Vronsky; she saw him every day, you she had not seen for a long time. I admit that had she been older . . . I, for instance, could not have been undecided in her place. To me he was always repulsive, and so he has proved in the end.'

Levin recalled Kitty's answer. She had said, 'No, it cannot be.'

'Darya Alexandrovna,' he replied drily, 'I value your confidence in me, but think you are mistaken. Whether I am right or wrong, that pride which you so despise makes any thought of your sister impossible for me—do you understand me?—perfectly impossible.'

'I will only add just this: you understand that I am speaking about my sister, whom I love as much as my own children. I do not say she loves you; I only wished to tell you that her refusal proves nothing.'

'I don't know!' said Levin, jumping up. 'If you know how you hurt me! It is just as if you had lost a child, and they kept on telling you: "Now he would have been so and so, and might be living and you rejoicing in him, but he is dead, dead, dead . . . !"'

'How funny you are!' said Dolly, regarding Levin's agitation with a sad yet mocking smile. 'Yes, I understand it more and more,' she added meditatively. 'Then you won't come to see us while Kitty is here?'

'No, I won't. Of course I will not avoid her, but whenever I can I will try to save her the unpleasantness of meeting me.'

'You are very, very funny!' Dolly repeated, looking tenderly into his face. 'All right then! Let it be as if nothing had been said about it.'

'What have you come for, Tanya?' said Dolly in French to her little girl, who had just come in.

'Where is my spade, Mama?'

'I am speaking French, and you must answer in French.'

The little girl had forgotten the French for spade, so her mother told her and went on to say, still in French, where she would find the spade. All this was disagreeable to Levin. Nothing in Dolly's house, or about her children seemed half as charming as before.

'Why does she talk French with the children?' he thought. 'How unnatural and false it is! And the children feel it. Teach them French and deprive them of sincerity,' thought he, not knowing that Dolly had considered the point over and over again and had decided that even to the detriment of their sincerity the children had to be taught French.

'Where are you hurrying to? Stay a little longer.'

So Levin stayed to tea, though his bright spirits had quite vanished and he felt ill at ease.

After tea he went out to tell his coachman to harness, and when he returned he found Dolly excited, a worried look on her face and tears in her eyes.

In Levin's absence an event took place which suddenly put an end to the joy and pride that Dolly had been feeling all day. Grisha and Tanya had a fight about a ball. Dolly, hearing their screams, ran up to the nursery and found them in a dreadful state. Tanya was holding Grisha by the hair, and he, his face distorted with anger, was hitting her at random with his fists. Dolly's heart sank when she saw this. A shadow seemed to have fallen on her life; she recognized that these children, of whom she had been so proud, were not only quite ordinary but even bad and ill-bred children, with coarse animal inclinations—in fact, vicious children. She could think and speak of nothing else, and yet could not tell Levin her trouble.

Levin saw that she was unhappy, and tried to comfort

her by saying that it did not prove that anything was wrong with them, that all children fought; but as he spoke he thought to himself: 'No, I'll not humbug my children and won't speak French with them. But I shan't have children like these. All that is needed is not to spoil or pervert children, and then they will be splendid. No, my children will not be like these!'

He said good-bye and left, and she did not try to detain him any longer.

CHAPTER XI

In the middle of July the Elder from the village belonging to Levin's sister (which lay fifteen miles from Pokrovsk) came to see Levin and report on business matters and on the hay-harvest. The chief income from his sister's estate was derived from the meadows, which were flooded every spring. In former years the peasants used to buy the grass, paying seven roubles per acre for it. When Levin took over the management of the estate he looked into the matter, and, concluding that the grass was worth more, fixed the price at eight roubles. The peasants would not pay so much, and Levin suspected them of keeping other buyers off. Then he went there himself and arranged to have the harvest gathered in partly by hired labourers and partly by peasants paid in kind. The local men opposed this innovation by all the means in their power, but the plan succeeded, and in the first year the meadows brought in almost double. The next and third years the peasants still held out and the harvest was got in by the same means. But this year the peasants had agreed to get the harvest in and take one-third of all the hay in payment. Now the Elder had come to inform Levin that the hay was all made, and that for fear of rain he had asked the steward to come, and in his presence had apportioned the hay and had already stacked eleven stacks of the landlord's share.

From the Elder's vague replies to Levin's questions as to how much hay the largest meadow had yielded, from his haste to apportion the hay without waiting for permission, and from the general tone of the peasant, Levin

knew that there was something not quite square about the apportionment, and decided to go and investigate the matter himself.

Levin arrived at his sister's village at noon and left his horse with a friendly old peasant, the husband of his brother's nurse. Wishing to hear particulars of the hay-harvest from this old man, Levin went to speak to him in his apiary. Parmenich, a loquacious, handsome old man, welcomed Levin joyfully, showed him over his homestead, and told him all about the swarming of his bees that year; but to Levin's questions about the hay-harvest he gave vague and reluctant answers. This still further confirmed Levin's suspicions. He went to inspect the hay, examined the stacks, and saw that there could not be fifty cartloads in each. To put the peasant to the proof Levin ordered the carts on which the hay was being moved to be fetched, and one of the stacks to be carried to the barn. There were only thirty-two loads in the stack. In spite of the Elder's explanations that the hay had been loose, but had settled down in the stacks, and his swearing that all had been done in a 'godly way,' Levin insisted that the hay had been apportioned without his order and that he would not accept the stacks as containing fifty loads each. After lengthy disputes it was settled that the peasants themselves should take those eleven stacks, counting them at fifty loads each, and that the owner's share should be measured afresh. These disputes and the apportioning of the haycocks went on till it was time for the evening meal. When the last of the hay had been apportioned, Levin entrusted the rest of the supervision to the steward and seated himself on a haycock marked with a willow branch, looking with enjoyment at the meadow teeming with busy people.

Before him, within the bend of the river, beyond a marsh, moved a line of gaily-clad women, merrily chattering in their ringing voices, while the scattered hay was quickly forming into grey waving ridges on the light-green meadow. Men with hayforks followed the women, and the ridges grew into tall, wide and light haycocks. To the left, carts rattled along the bare meadow, and one after another the haycocks vanished, picked up in enormous forkfuls, and their places were taken by

heavy carts with their huge loads of scented hay overhanging the horses' backs.

'Make hay while the sun shines, and you'll have plenty,' remarked the old beekeeper, sitting down beside Levin. 'It's more like tea than hay! See them picking it up, like ducklings picking up the food you've thrown to them!' he added, pointing to where the hay was being loaded on the carts. 'They've carted a good half since dinner-time. . . . Is that the last?' he shouted to a lad who was driving past, standing on the front of a cart and flicking the ends of his hempen reins.

'The last one, father,' shouted the lad, reining in the horse and smilingly turning to a rosy young woman who, also smiling, sat inside the cart; then he drove on again.

'Who is that? Your son?' asked Levin.

'My youngest,' replied the old man with a smile of affection.

'A fine fellow!'

'Not a bad lad.'

'And already married?'

'Yes, just over two years.'

'Have they any children?'

'Children! All the first year he didn't understand anything; and we chaffed him,' answered the old man. 'Well, this is hay! Regular tea!' said he again, in order to change the subject.

Levin looked more attentively at Vanka Parmenich and his wife. They were loading their cart not far away. Vanka stood inside the cart patting and stamping down evenly in the cart the enormous bales of hay which his young wife first passed to him in armfuls and then pitched up on the fork. The young woman was working with ease, cheerfulness and skill. The fork could not at once penetrate the broad-bladed compressed hay, so she first loosened it with the prongs, then with a quick and springy movement, putting all the weight of her body on the fork, quickly straightened her red-girdled figure and stood erect, her full bosom thrown forward beneath the pinafore, and turning the fork dexterously, she pitched the hay high up into the cart. Vanka, with evident desire to save her every moment of unnecessary exertion, hurriedly caught the hay in his outspread arms and smoothed it

evenly in the cart. When she had lifted the remaining hay to him with a rake, she shook the chaff from her neck, straightened the kerchief that had slipped from her forehead, which showed white where the sun had not reached it, and crawled under the cart to help rope up. Vanka showed her how to do this, and burst out laughing at something she said. Strong, young, newly-awakened love shone in both their faces.

CHAPTER XII

The hay was roped. Vanka jumped down and taking the bridle led away the good, well-fed horse. His wife threw her rake on top of the load, and swinging her arms went with vigorous steps to join the other women who had gathered in a circle. Having come out upon the road, Vanka took his place in the line of carts. The women, carrying their rakes over their shoulders, followed the carts, their coloured dresses gleaming brightly and their chatter ringing merrily. One of the women with a strange gruff voice started a song and sang it to the end, when fifty powerful voices, some gruff and others shrill, all at once took it up with a will.

The singing women were drawing nearer to Levin and he felt as if a thundercloud of merriment were approaching. The cloud moved past, enveloping him and the haycock upon which he sat, and the other haycocks, the carts, the whole of the meadow, and the distant fields. They all seemed to vibrate and heave with the strains of that wild, madly-merry song, interspersed with screams and whistling. Levin envied them their healthy gaiety and felt a wish to take part in that expression of the joy of living; but he could do nothing except lie and look and listen. When the company and their songs vanished out of sight and hearing, an oppressive feeling of discontent with his own lonely lot, his physical idleness and his hostility to the world overcame Levin. Some of those very peasants who had disputed with him about the hay—whom either he had wronged or who had tried to cheat him—those very peasants had bowed pleasantly to him, evidently not harbouring, and unable to harbour, any ill-will toward him, being not only

unrepentant but even forgetful that they had been trying to cheat him. All had been drowned in the sea of their joyful common toil. God had given them the day and the strength, and both the day and the strength had been devoted to labour which had brought its own reward. For whom they had laboured and what the fruits of their labour would be was an extraneous and unimportant affair.

Levin had often admired that kind of life, had often envied the folk who lived it; but that day, especially after what he had seen for the first time of the relations between Vanka Parmenich and his young wife, it struck him that it depended on himself to change his wearisome, idle, and artificial personal life for that pure, delightful life of common toil.

The old man who had been sitting beside him had long since gone home. The peasants who lived near by had also gone home, and those from a distance had gathered together to have supper and spend the night in the meadow. Levin, unnoticed by them, still lay on the haycock, looking, listening, and thinking. The peasants who were staying in the meadow kept awake almost all the short summer night. At first the sounds of merry general talk and shouts of laughter over their supper could be heard, then songs and more laughter. The whole long day of toil had left upon them no trace of anything but merriment.

Just before dawn all became silent. The sounds of night—the ceaseless croaking of frogs, the snorting of horses through the morning mist over the meadow—could alone be heard. Awaking to reality Levin rose from his haycock, and glancing up at the stars realized that the night was nearly over.

'Well, then, what shall I do? How shall I do it?' he asked himself, trying to find expression for what he had been thinking and the feelings he had lived through in that short night. All his ideas and feelings separated themselves into three different lines of thought. The first was how to renounce his old life and discard his quite useless education. This renunciation would afford him pleasure and was quite easy and simple. The second was concerned with his notion of the life he now wished to lead. He was distinctly conscious of the

simplicity, purity, and rightness of that life, and was convinced that in it he would find satisfaction, peace, and dignity, the absence of which was so painful to him. But the third thought was the question of how to make the change from his present life to that other one. And here no clear idea presented itself to his mind. Should he have a wife? Should he have work and the necessity to work? Should he leave Pokrovsk, buy land, join a peasant commune, marry a peasant girl? 'How am I to do it?' he again asked himself, and could find no reply. 'However, I have not slept all night and can't render a clear account of myself now,' he thought, 'but I'll clear it up later. One thing is certain: this night has decided my fate. All my former dreams of a family life were nonsense—not the right thing. Everything is much simpler and better than that. . . .'

'How beautiful!' he thought, looking up at a strange mother-of-pearl coloured shell formed of fleecy clouds, in the centre of the sky just over his head. 'How lovely everything is, this lovely night! And how did this shell get formed so quickly? A little while ago when I looked at the sky all was clear, but for two white strips. My views of life have changed in just the same unnoticeable way.'

Leaving the meadow, he went down the high road toward the village. A slight breeze was blowing and all looked grey and dull. There is generally a period of gloom just before daybreak and the complete triumph of light over darkness. Shivering with cold Levin walked rapidly with his eyes fixed on the ground.

'What's that? Who can it be coming?' thought he hearing the tinkling of bells and raising his head. At a distance of forty paces along the road on which he was walking he saw a coach with four horses abreast and luggage on top approaching him. The horses were pressing close together away from the ruts, but the skilful driver, sitting sideways on the box, guided them so that the coach wheels ran smoothly in the ruts.

That was all Levin noticed, and without wondering who might be inside he glanced in at the window absent-mindedly.

In one corner an elderly woman was dozing; and close to the window sat a young girl who had just wakened and

was holding the ribbons of her white nightcap with both hands. Bright and thoughtful, full of that complicated refinement of a life to which Levin was a stranger, she looked across him at the glow of dawn.

At the very moment when this vision was about to disappear, her candid eyes fell on him. She recognized him and joyful surprise lit up her face. He could not be mistaken. There were no other eyes in the world like them. In the whole world there was only one being able to unite in itself the universe and the meaning of life for him. It was Kitty. He guessed that she was on her way from the station to her sister's house at Ergushevo. All that had so disturbed Levin during the sleepless night and all his resolutions vanished suddenly. He recalled with disgust his thoughts of marrying a peasant girl. There alone, inside that coach on the other side of the road, so rapidly receding from him, was the one possible solution of that riddle which had been weighing on him so painfully of late.

She did not look out again. The sound of the wheels could no longer be heard; the tinkling of the bells grew fainter. The barking of dogs proved that the coach was passing through the village, and only the empty fields, the village before him, and he himself walking solitary on the deserted road, were left.

He looked up at the sky, hoping to find there the shell he had been admiring, which had typified for him the reflections and feelings of the night. There in the unfathomable height a mystic change was going on and he could see no sign of anything like a shell; but a large cover of gradually diminishing fleecy cloudlets was spreading over half the sky, which had turned blue and grown brighter. It answered his questioning look with the same tenderness and the same remoteness.

'No,' said he to himself. 'Beautiful as is that life of simplicity and toil, I cannot turn to it. I love *her*!'

CHAPTER XIII

None but those who knew Karenin most intimately knew that this apparently cold and sober-minded man had one weakness, quite inconsistent with the general

trend of his character. Karenin could not with equanimity hear or see a child or a woman weeping. The sight of tears upset him and made him quite incapable of reasoning. The chief of his staff and his secretary knew this and warned women who came with petitions that they should on no account give way to tears if they did not want to spoil their case. 'He will get angry and won't listen to you,' they said; and in such cases the mental perturbation which tears produced in Karenin really found expression in hurried bursts of anger. 'I can do nothing for you. Kindly go away!' he would shout on these occasions.

When Anna on their way home from the races announced to him what her relations with Vronsky were and immediately hid her face in her hands and began crying, Karenin, despite his indignation with her, was as usual overcome by that mental perturbation. Being aware of this and of the fact that any expression he could at that moment find for his feelings would be incompatible with the situation, he tried to conceal all signs of life within himself and neither moved nor looked at her. That was the cause of the strange deathlike look on his face which had so struck Anna. When they reached home he helped her out of the carriage and took leave of her with his usual courtesy, uttering noncommittal words; he said he would let her know his decision next day.

His wife's words, confirming as they did his worst suspicions, had given Karenin a cruel pain in his heart. This pain was rendered more acute by physical pity for her, evoked by her tears. But when alone in the carriage, to his surprise and joy he felt completely relieved of that pity and of the suspicions and jealousy that had lately so tormented him.

He felt like a man who has just had a tooth drawn which has been hurting him a long time. After terrible pain and a sensation as if something enormous, bigger than his whole head, were being pulled out of his jaw he feels, scarcely believing in his happiness, that the thing which has so long been poisoning his life and engrossing his attention no longer exists, and that it is possible again to live, think, and be interested in other things. What Karenin experienced was a feeling o

this kind: it had been a strange and terrible pain, but it was past, and he felt he could again live, and think of other things beside his wife.

'Without honour, without heart, without religion; a depraved woman! I knew it and could see it all along, though I tried out of pity for her to deceive myself,' thought he. And it really seemed to him that he had always seen it. He recalled all the details of their past life, and details which he had not previously considered wrong now proved to him clearly that she had always been depraved.

'I made a mistake when I bound up my life with hers, but in my mistake there was nothing blameworthy, therefore I ought not to be unhappy. It is not I who am guilty,' he said to himself, 'but it is she. She does not concern me. She does not exist for me.'

What would happen to her and to her son, toward whom his feelings had changed as they had toward her, no longer occupied his mind. The one thing that preoccupied him was the question of how he could best divest himself of the mud with which she in her fall had bespattered him: of how to do it in the way which would be most decent, most convenient for him, and consequently fairest, and how he should continue his active, honest, and useful career. 'I ought not to be unhappy because a despicable woman has committed a crime, but I must find the best way out of this painful situation in which she has placed me. And find it I will,' said he to himself, frowning more and more. 'I'm not the first and shall not be the last'; and without taking into account the historical instances of wives' unfaithfulness, beginning with Menelaus and *La Belle Hélène*,[1] whose memory had just recently been fresh in everybody's mind, quite a number of cases of infidelity, the infidelity of modern wives, occurred to Karenin.

'Daryalov, Poltavsky, Prince Karibanov, Count Paskudin, Dram . . . Yes, even Dram—that honest, business-like fellow . . . Semenov, Chagin, Sigonin . . .' he passed them in review. 'It's true a kind of unreasonable ridicule falls on these men, but I never could see it in any other light than as a misfortune, and felt nothing

[1] *La Belle Hélène*, a comic opera, by Offenbach, just then in vogue in Moscow and Petersburg.

but sympathy,' Karenin reflected, though it was not true: he had never felt any sympathy of the kind, and the more cases he had come across of husbands being betrayed by their wives the better the opinion he had had of himself. 'It is a misfortune that may befall anyone and it has befallen me. The only question is, how best to face the situation.' And he began mentally reviewing the courses pursued by other men in similar positions.

'Daryalov fought a duel. . . .'

In his youth Karenin had been particularly attracted by the idea of duelling, just because he was physically a timid man and was quite aware of it. He could not think without horror of a pistol being levelled at him, and had never used any kind of weapon. This horror had in his youth often induced him to take mental measure of his strength, in case he should ever be confronted by a situation in which it would be necessary to face danger. Since, however, he had achieved success and gained a firm position in the world he had long forgotten that feeling; but the old habit now revived and claimed its own, and the fear of being a coward was again so strong that he considered this point a long time and flattered his vanity with the idea of a duel, though he knew beforehand that he would on no account fight one.

'Of course our Society is still so uncivilized—not as in England—that very many' (among the many were those whose opinion Karenin particularly valued) 'would regard a duel as the right thing; but what object would be gained? Supposing I challenged him . . .' continued Karenin; and vividly picturing to himself the night he would spend after the challenge, and the sensation of having a pistol pointed at him, he shuddered and realized that he would never do it.

'Supposing,' he went on, 'they showed me how to do it, placed me, and I pulled the trigger . . .' He closed his eyes . . . 'and it turned out that I had killed him . . .' and he shook his head to drive away the stupid thought. 'What sense is there in killing a man in order to define one's relations with a guilty wife and a son? Nevertheless, I shall have to decide what to do with her.

'But what is even more likely—and sure to happen—is that I should be killed or wounded. Then I, an innocent

man, should be the victim. That would be still more senseless. And this is not all. A challenge from me would not be an honest action. Do I not know beforehand that my friends would never allow me to go so far as to fight a duel, would not allow a statesman whom Russia needs to expose himself to danger? What, then, would happen? This would happen: I, knowing beforehand that matters would never be allowed to reach a dangerous point, should have challenged a man in order to cover myself with false glamour. That would be dishonest, it would be false, it would be deceiving myself as well as others. No! a duel is unthinkable and no one expects it of me. My aim is to safeguard my reputation, which I need for the uninterrupted pursuit of my career.' His official pursuits, which had always appeared essential to Karenin, now assumed even greater importance.

Having considered and rejected the idea of a duel, Karenin turned his thoughts to divorce, the next expedient of which some of the wronged husbands he remembered had availed themselves. Going over all the cases of divorce he knew—there were very many, and in the highest Society, with which he was well acquainted—Karenin could not recall one in which the purpose of the divorce was the one he had in view. In all these cases the husband had ceded or sold the unfaithful wife, and the very person who according to law had no right to re-marry entered into fictitious, pseudo-legal relations with a pretended husband. Karenin saw that in his own case it would be impossible to obtain a legal divorce—that is, a divorce in which the guilty wife would be simply cast off. He knew that in their complex conditions of life it would not be possible to obtain those coarse proofs of a wife's infidelity which the law demanded; he knew that in that life there was a certain convention of refinement which would not allow him to bring forward such proofs, had they existed, because such an action would make him sink even lower than she in public opinion.[1] To attempt a divorce could only lead to a lawsuit and a scandal which would give his enemies great opportunity for calumny, and would lower his high position in Society.

[1] According to Russian law the guilty party in a divorce could not re-marry, and to obtain a divorce ocular evidence of adultery was required.

The chief object of his life, the settling of conditions with the least possible amount of disturbance, could not be furthered by divorce. Besides, it was evident that as a consequence of divorce the wife would break off relations with her husband and unite with her lover. In Karenin's soul, however, despite the complete and contemptuous indifference he thought he felt for his wife, there was one feeling left with regard to her: an objection to her being in a position to unite unhindered with Vronsky, so making her crime advantageous to her. The very thought of it irritated him to such an extent that he groaned with inner pain, rose, and changed his place in the carriage; and for a long while after that he sat wrapping his fluffy rug round his bony, easily-chilled legs.

'Besides a formal divorce, it would be possible to act as Karibanov, Paskudin, and that good-natured Dram did, and just separate,' he resumed when he had grown calm again; but this measure would have all the inconvenience of a divorce-scandal, and would throw his wife into Vronsky's arms just in the same way. 'No, it is impossible, impossible!' he said aloud, again wrapping the rug round his legs, 'I cannot be unhappy, but she and he must not be happy.'

The jealousy that had tormented him during the period of uncertainty had left him when his wife's words had with great pain drawn that aching tooth. But another feeling had now taken the place of the jealousy: it was a wish that his wife's guilt should meet with retribution. He did not acknowledge it to himself, but in the depths of his soul he wished her to suffer for impairing his peace of mind and his honour. And having reviewed the possibilities of a duel, of divorce, and of separation, and having again rejected them, Karenin came to the conclusion that there was only one course to be followed: to keep her with him, hiding from the world what had happened, and taking all necessary steps to put a stop to her love-affair, and above all (though he did not confess this to himself) to punish her. 'I must inform her of my decision, that after considering the painful situation in which she has placed her family, I think that an external *status quo* would be better for both parties than any other expedient, and that I am prepared to keep to that on the strict understanding on her part that she will

obey my will and break off relations with her lover.' In confirmation of this decision, after it had already been reached, another powerful argument occurred to Karenin. 'It is only by this course that I can conform with religion,' said he to himself. 'It is the only way that makes it possible for me not to disown my guilty wife and to give her a chance of repenting, and even, painful as it will be, to devote part of my powers to her redemption.'

Though Karenin knew that he could have no moral influence on his wife, that all his attempts to redeem her would lead to nothing but lies, and although during the painful moments he had lived through he had not once thought of seeking guidance in religion, now that his decision was, as he imagined, in conformity with religion, its sanction afforded him great satisfaction and even some comfort. It was pleasant to think that no one would have a right to say that in such an important crisis in his life he had not acted in accordance with that religion whose banner he had always held aloft amid general coldness and indifference.

Proceeding to consider further details, Karenin could not even see why his relations with his wife should not remain almost the same as before. He could of course never again revive his respect for her; but there was no occasion for him to spoil his own life and to suffer just because she had proved a bad and unfaithful wife.

'Yes, time goes on; and time, which cures everything, will restore the old conditions,' said Karenin to himself. 'That is, it will restore them in so far that I shall not have this worry during the rest of my life. She must be unhappy, but I am not guilty and therefore I cannot suffer.'

CHAPTER XIV

By the time he reached Petersburg Karenin had not only resolved to keep to his decision, but had mentally composed a letter to his wife. On entering the hall of his house he glanced at the letters and papers which had been sent from the Ministry and ordered them to be brought into his study.

'Tell him to unharness; and no one is to be admitted, he said in answer to the hall-porter's inquiry, accentuating with a certain pleasure the word *admitted*. It was a sign that he was in good spirits.

He paced twice up and down his study and then halted at the gigantic writing-table, on which his valet had already lit six candles. Cracking his fingers, he sat down and arranged his writing materials. With his elbow on the table and his head bent to one side he sat and thought for a minute, and then wrote without an instant's pause. He did not begin by addressing her, and wrote in French, using the plural pronoun *you*, which in French does not sound as cold and distant as it does in Russian.

'During our last conversation I expressed my intention of communicating my decision with reference to the subject of that conversation. Having carefully and fully considered everything, I now write to fulfil my promise. My decision is as follows: Whatever your actions may have been, I do not consider myself justified in severing the bonds with which a Higher Power has united us. A family must not be broken up through the caprice, perversity, or even crime, of one of the married couple, and our life must go on as heretofore. This is unavoidable for my sake, for yours, and for that of our son. I am perfectly convinced that you have repented, and are repenting, of the action which has led to this letter, and will completely co-operate with me to eradicate the cause of our discord and to forget the past. If not, you can yourself foresee what awaits you and your son. I hope to talk all this over with you in more detail at a personal interview. As the summer season is drawing to a close, I would ask you to return to Petersburg as soon as possible, and not later than Tuesday. All necessary preparations shall be made for your return. I beg you to note that I attach importance to this request of mine.

A. KARENIN.

'*P.S.*—I enclose some money, which you may need for your expenses.'

He read the letter over and was satisfied with it, especially with having remembered to enclose the money;

there was not a single cruel word or threat in it, yet it was not yielding in tone. Above all it provided a golden bridge for her to return by. Having folded the letter, smoothed it out with a massive ivory paper-knife, and put it and the money in an envelope—with the pleasure that the use of his well-arranged writing appliances always caused him—he rang.

'Give this to the messenger, and tell him to take it to the country, to Anna Arkadyevna, to-morrow,' he said, and got up.

'Yes, your Excellency! Shall tea be served in the study?'

Karenin assented, and, toying with his paper-knife, went to his arm-chair, beside which a lamp was burning, and a French book about the Eugubine Tables was lying ready. Above the arm-chair hung a beautifully painted portrait of Anna by a celebrated artist. To Karenin the splendidly painted black lace on the head, the black hair, and the beautiful white hand with many rings on the third finger, suggested something intolerably bold and provocative. After looking at the portrait for about a minute he shuddered and his lips trembled and made a sound like 'brr' as he turned away. He sat down hurriedly and opened his book. He tried to read but could not awaken in himself the lively interest he had felt for the Eugubine Tables. His eyes were on the book but he was thinking about something else. He was not thinking of his wife but of a complication that had recently arisen in his official activity and at present constituted the chief interest of his work. He felt that he now saw more deeply than ever into that complication, and that a capital idea (he might say that without flattering himself) had occurred to him, which would disentangle the whole business, raise him in his official career, upset his enemies, and therefore be of the greatest value to the State. As soon as the footman, who had brought in the tea, had left the room, Karenin rose and went to the writing-table. Drawing toward himself the portfolio of current affairs, with a scarcely perceptible smile of self-satisfaction, he took a pencil from the stand and became absorbed in reading some intricate papers he had sent for, relating to the impending complication. The complication was this: Karenin's official peculiarity,

his characteristic trait (every successful official has his special trait), which together with his determined ambition, self-restraint, honesty, and self-confidence, had made him successful, consisted in a contempt for red-tape, a curtailment of correspondence, economy, and (as far as possible) a direct relation with real facts. It so happened that the important Committee of June 2nd had had brought before it the question of irrigation in the Zaraysk Province, which belonged to Karenin's Department, and presented a striking example of unproductive expenditure and useless red-tape methods. Karenin knew that this was really so. The field-irrigation of the Zaraysk Province had been started by the predecessor of Karenin's predecessor. A great deal of money had been and was being spent quite unproductively on that business, and it was evident that the scheme would lead to nothing. When Karenin had first taken up his present post he had at once realized this and had wished to stop it; but, till he felt himself firmly seated, he knew that it would not be wise to do so as too many interests were involved. Afterwards, being occupied with other matters, he had simply forgotten the business. Like all such matters it went on of itself, by inertia. (Many people lived by it, especially one very moral and musical family in which the daughters all played stringed instruments. Karenin was acquainted with that family and gave away one of the daughters at her marriage.) The raising of this question by a hostile Department was, in Karenin's opinion, dishonest, because in every Ministry there were still graver matters which, out of recognized official decency, no one ever questioned. But since the gauntlet had been thrown down, he would take it up boldly and would demand the appointment of a special Committee to investigate and report upon the work of the Committee of Irrigation in the Zaraysk Province, but at the same time he would not yield an inch to those gentlemen who had raised the question. He would demand the appointment of a special Committee to inquire into the case of the subject races in that Province. The case of the subject races had been accidentally raised at the Committee of 2nd June and had been energetically insisted on by Karenin, as a matter of urgency in view of their wretched condition. At the Committee this question

had caused conflict between several Ministries. The Ministry opposed to Karenin had argued that the condition of the subject races was most flourishing and that the projected rearrangement might destroy their prosperity, while, if there was really anything unsatisfactory, it all resulted from the neglect by Karenin's Department of the measures prescribed by the law. Now Karenin meant to demand, first, that a new Commission should be formed to investigate locally the conditions of the subject races; secondly, should those conditions prove to be such as they appeared to be from the official reports already received, that another scientific Commission should be appointed to study the causes of this deplorable condition of the subject races, in the following aspects: (*a*) Political, (*b*) Administrative, (*c*) Economic, (*d*) Ethnographic, (*e*) Material, and (*f*) Religious; thirdly, that information should be demanded from the hostile Department concerning the measures it had taken during the last ten years to avert the unfavourable conditions to which the subject races were now exposed; and fourthly, that the Department in question should be required to explain why it had acted in direct contradiction to the meaning of the fundamental and organic law (Vol. —, Article 18, and footnote to Article 36), as appeared from the statements submitted to the Committee and numbered 17015 and 18308, of 5th December 1863 and 7th June 1864. A flush of animation suffused Karenin's face as he rapidly wrote out a summary of these ideas. Having covered a sheet of foolscap he rose, rang, and sent off a note to his Chief Secretary, asking for some necessary references that had to be looked up.

After walking up and down the room he again looked at the portrait, frowned, and smiled contemptuously. He once more took up the book on the Eugubine Tables, and, having reawakened an interest in them, at eleven o'clock went to bed, and when as he lay there he remembered what had occurred with his wife, it no longer appeared to him in such gloomy colours.

CHAPTER XV

Though Anna had angrily and obstinately contradicted Vronsky when he said that her position was an impossible one, in the depths of her soul she felt that the situation was a false one and wished with all her heart to put an end to it. On her way back from the races, in a moment of excitement—in spite of the pain it caused her—she had told her husband everything, and she was glad she had done so. After he left her, she told herself that she was glad she had told him, that now everything would be definite—at any rate, the falsehood and deception would no longer exist. She thought it quite certain that her position would be cleared up for good. Her new position might be a bad one but it would be definite, and there would be no vagueness or falsehood. The pain she had inflicted on herself and her husband would now, she thought, be compensated for by the fact that the matter would be settled. She saw Vronsky that same evening, but did not tell him what had passed between her and her husband, though he would have to be told before her position could be settled.

When she woke up in the morning the first thing that came into her mind was what she had said to her husband, and it now appeared so terrible that she could not understand how she had been able to utter such strange and coarse words and could not imagine what result they would have. But the words had been spoken and Karenin had gone away without saying anything.

'I saw Vronsky and did not tell him. Just as he was going away I wished to call him back and tell him, but changed my mind, because my not having done so at first would have appeared strange. Why did I not tell him?'

And in answer to this question a hot blush of shame spread all over her face. She knew what had stopped her, knew she had been ashamed. The situation which the night before had appeared to be clearing up now seemed quite hopeless. She dreaded the disgrace, which she had not considered before.

When she thought of what her husband would do, the most terrible fancies came into her head. She fancied

that presently the steward would come and turn her out of the house and that her disgrace would be proclaimed to all the world. She asked herself where she would go when turned out, and found no answer.

When she thought about Vronsky, she imagined that he did not love her, that he was beginning to find her a burden, and that she could not offer herself to him; and in consequence she felt hostile toward him. She felt as if the words she had used to her husband, which she kept repeating in imagination, had been said by her to every one and that every one had heard them.

She had not the courage to look into the eyes of the people she lived with. She could not make up her mind to call her maid, and still less to go down and face her son and his governess.

The maid, who had long been listening at the door, at last came in of her own accord. Anna looked inquiringly into her eyes and blushed with alarm. The maid begged pardon and said she thought she had heard the bell.

She brought a dress and a note. The note was from Betsy, who reminded her that she (Betsy) was that day expecting Lisa Merkalova and the Baroness Stolz, with their admirers Kaluzhsky and old Stremov, to a game of croquet.

'Do come, it only to study manners and customs. I expect you,' she wrote in conclusion.

Anna read the note and sighed deeply.

'I don't want anything, anything at all,' she said to Annushka, who was moving the bottles and brushes on the dressing-table. 'I will get dressed and come down at once. I want nothing, nothing at all.'

Annushka went out, but Anna did not get dressed. She remained in the same position with head and arms drooping. Every now and then her whole body shuddered as she tried to make some movement or to say something, and then became rigid again. 'Oh, my God! My God!' she kept repeating, but neither the word *God* or *my* had any meaning for her. The thought of seeking comfort in religion, though she had never doubted the truth of the religion in which she had been brought up, was as foreign to her as asking Karenin for help would have been. She knew that she could find no help in religion unless she was prepared to give up that which alone gave a

meaning to her life. She was not only disturbed, but was beginning to be afraid of a new mental condition such as she had never before experienced. She felt as if everything was being doubled in her soul, just as objects appear doubled to weary eyes. Sometimes she could not tell what she feared and what she desired. Whether she feared and desired what had been, or what would be, and what it was she desired she did not know.

'Oh, dear! What am I doing!' she said to herself suddenly, feeling pain in both sides of her head. When she came to her senses she found that she was clutching her hair and pressing her temples with both hands. She jumped up and began pacing up and down the room.

'Coffee is ready, and Ma'm'selle and Serezha are waiting,' said Annushka, coming in again and finding Anna in the same position.

'Serezha? what of Serezha?' Anna asked, reviving suddenly, as for the first time that morning she remembered the existence of her son.

'It seems he has got into trouble,' answered Annushka with a smile.

'Into trouble, how?'

'You had some peaches in the corner room; it seems he has eaten one of them on the quiet.'

The thought of her son at once took Anna out of the hopeless condition she had been in. She remembered that partly sincere but greatly exaggerated rôle of a mother living for her son which she had assumed during the last five years; and felt with joy that in the position in which she found herself she had still one stay, independent of her relations with her husband and Vronsky. That stay was her son. Whatever position she might accept she could not give up her son.

Let her husband disgrace her, let Vronsky grow cold toward her and continue to live his own independent life (again she thought of him with bitterness and reproach), she could not give up her son. She had an aim in life and must act so as to ensure her position toward her son, while they had not yet taken him from her. She must take him away. That was the only thing to do at present. She must be calm and escape from this terrible situation.

The thought of decided action concerned with her

son—of going away somewhere with him—made her feel calmer.

She dressed quickly and with determined steps entered the drawing-room, where Serezha and his governess were waiting breakfast for her as usual. Serezha, dressed all in white, was standing by a table under a looking-glass, and arranging some flowers he had brought, with bent head and back, showing that strained attention familiar to her in which he resembled his father.

His governess was looking exceptionally stern. Serezha exclaimed in a piercing voice, as he often did, 'Ah! Mama!' and stopped, hesitating whether to go and bid her good-morning and leave the flowers, or to finish the crown he was making and take it to her.

The governess began to give a long and detailed account of his misconduct, but Anna did not listen to her. She was wondering whether to take her also or not.

'No, I won't,' she decided. 'I will go alone with my son.'

'Yes, that was very wrong,' said Anna, and putting her hand on his shoulder she looked at him not with a severe but with a timid expression which confused and gladdened the boy. She kissed him.

'Leave him to me,' she said to the astonished governess, and still holding his hand she sat down at the breakfast table.

'Mama! I . . . I . . . I . . .' he said, trying to find out from her face what he was to expect for eating the peach.

'Serezha,' she said as soon as the governess had gone away, it was wrong, but you won't do it again? . . . You love me?'

She felt the tears coming into her eyes.

'As if I could help loving him,' she said to herself, looking into his frightened and yet happy face. 'And is it possible that he would take sides with his father to torment me?' The tears were already streaming down her cheeks, and in order to hide them she jumped up abruptly and went out on to the verandah.

After the thunderstorms of the last few days the weather had grown clear and cold.

She shivered with cold, and with the terror that seized her with new power out in the open air.

'Go to Mariette,' she said to Serezha, who had come out after her; and she began pacing up and down the straw matting of the verandah.

'Is it possible that they could not forgive me or understand that it could not have been otherwise?' she asked herself.

She stopped and looked at the crown of an aspen trembling in the wind, with its clean-washed leaves glistening brilliantly in the cold sunshine, and she felt that they would not forgive, that everybody would now be as pitiless toward her as the sky and the trees, and again she felt that duality in her soul.

'No, no, I must not think,' she said to herself; 'I must get ready to go. Where? When? Whom shall I take with me?'

'To Moscow? Yes, by the evening train, with Annushka and Serezha, and with only the most necessary things. But first I must write to both of them.'

She quickly went to her sitting-room and wrote to her husband.

'After what has happened I can no longer remain in your house. I am going away and taking my son. I do not know the law and therefore I do not know to which of his parents a son must be left, but I am taking him because I cannot live without him. Be generous and leave him to me!'

Up to that point she wrote quickly and naturally; but the appeal to his generosity, in which she did not believe, and the necessity of finishing the letter with something moving, stopped her. . . .

'I cannot speak of my fault and my repentance, because . . .' She stopped again, unable to connect her thoughts. 'No, I will say nothing,' she thought, tore up the letter, re-wrote it, omitting the reference to his generosity, and sealed it.

The other letter she meant to write was to Vronsky.

'I have informed my husband,' she began, and was unable to write any more. It seemed so coarse and unwomanly. 'Besides, what can I write to him?' she asked herself; and again she blushed with shame. She thought of his calmness, and a feeling of vexation with him made her tear the paper to pieces, with the one sentence written on it.

'There is no need to write anything,' she thought, closed her blotting-book, went upstairs to tell the governess and the servants that she was going to Moscow that evening, and then began packing.

CHAPTER XVI

In all the rooms of the country house porters, gardeners, and footmen went about carrying out the things. Cupboards and chests of drawers stood open, twice the nearest shop had been sent to for balls of string. The floor was strewn with newspapers. Two trunks, several bags, and some strapped-up rugs had been taken down to the hall. A closed carriage and two *izvoshchiks* were waiting at the front porch. Anna, who had forgotten her agitation while she was working, stood at a table in the sitting-room packing her hand-bag when Annushka drew her attention to the noise of approaching carriage wheels. Anna looked out and saw Karenin's messenger in the porch ringing the bell.

'Go and see what it is,' she said, and, calmly prepared for anything, sat down in an easy-chair and folded her hands on her knees. A footman brought her a thick envelope addressed in her husband's handwriting.

'The messenger has been told to wait for an answer,' he said.

'All right,' she replied, and as soon as he had gone she tore open the envelope with trembling fingers.

A packet of new still unfolded notes in a paper band fell out. She unfolded the letter and read the end first: 'All necessary preparations shall be made for your return. I beg you will note that I attach importance to this request of mine,' she read. Having glanced through it she went back and read it again from the beginning. When she had finished she felt cold, and knew that a more dreadful misfortune had befallen her than she had ever expected.

She had that morning repented of having told her husband and wished it were possible to unsay her words; and here was a letter treating her words as unsaid and giving her what she had desired; but now the letter appeared more terrible than anything she could have imagined.

'He's in the right, he's in the right!' she muttered; 'of course he always is in the right, he is a Christian, he is magnanimous! Yes, a mean, horrid man! And no one but I understands or will understand it, and I cannot explain it. They say he's a religious, moral, honest, and wise man, but they do not see what I have seen. They do not know how for eight years he has been smothering my life, smothering everything that was alive in me, that he never once thought I was a live woman, in need of love. They do not know how at every step he hurt me and remained self-satisfied. Have I not tried, tried with all my might, to find a purpose in my life? Have I not tried to love him, tried to love my son when I could no longer love my husband? But the time came when I understood that I could no longer deceive myself, that I am alive, and cannot be blamed because God made me so, that I want to love and to live. And now? If he killed me—if he had killed him,—I would have borne anything, I would have forgiven anything! But no! He . . .

'How was it I did not guess what he would do? He will do what is consistent with his low nature. He will be in the right, but as for me who am already disgraced he will disgrace me more and more!

'"You can yourself foresee what awaits you and your son!"'—she repeated the words of the letter. 'That is a threat that he will take my son from me, and probably their stupid laws will permit it. But don't I know why he said it? He does not believe in my love for my son or he despises it. He always did snigger at it! He despises that feeling of mine, but he knows that I will not give up my son, that I cannot give him up, that without my son I cannot live even with the man I love,—that if I forsook my son I should act like a horrid disreputable woman. He knows that and knows that I have not the power to do it.'

'"Our life must go on as heretofore"'—she recalled another sentence of the letter. 'That life was painful before, lately it has been dreadful. What will it be now? And he knows it all; knows that I cannot repent of breathing, of loving, knows that nothing but lies and deception can come of this arrangement, but he wants to continue to torture me. I know him; I know that

he swims and delights in falsehood as a fish does in water. But no! I will not give him that pleasure, come what will. I will break this web of lies in which he wishes to entangle me. Anything is better than lies and deception!'

'But how? Oh God! oh God! Was a woman ever as unhappy as I am? . . . No, I shall break it off, break it off!' she exclaimed, jumping up and forcing back her tears. And she went to the table to write him another note, though she knew in the depths of her soul that she would not have the strength to break anything off, nor to escape from her former position, however false and dishonest it might be.

She sat down at her writing-table, but instead of writing she folded her arms on the table and put her head on them, and began to cry, sobbing with her whole bosom heaving, as a child cries.

She wept because the hopes of clearing up and defining her position were destroyed for ever. She knew beforehand that everything would remain as it was and would be even far worse than before. She felt that, insignificant as it had appeared that morning, the position she held in Society was dear to her, and that she would not have the strength to change it for the degraded position of a woman who had forsaken husband and child and formed a union with her lover; that, however much she tried, she could not become stronger than herself. She would never be able to feel the freedom of love, but would always be a guilty woman continually threatened with exposure, deceiving her husband for the sake of a shameful union with a man who was a stranger and independent of her, and with whom she could not live a united life. She knew that it would be so, and yet it was so terrible that she could not even imagine how it would end. And she cried, without restraint, like a punished child.

The approaching step of the footman recalled her to herself, and hiding her face from him she pretended to be writing.

'The messenger is asking for the answer,' he said.

'The answer? Yes, let him wait: I will ring,' said Anna.

'What can I write?' she thought. 'What can I decide alone? What do I know? What do I want?

That I am in love?' And she felt again a schism in her soul, and again was frightened by the feeling; so she seized the first pretext for action that occurred to her to divert her thoughts from herself. 'I must see Alexis,' as she called Vronsky in her thoughts. 'He alone can tell me what to do. I shall go to Betsy's and perhaps shall meet him there,' quite forgetting that the evening before when she had told him she was not going to the Princess Tverskaya's, he had replied that in that case he would not go either. She wrote to her husband:

'I have received your letter.—A.,' rang, and gave the note to the footman.

'We are not going,' she said to Annushka, who had just come in.

'Not going at all?'

'No, but don't unpack till to-morrow, and let the carriage wait. I am going to see the Princess.'

'What dress shall I put out?'

CHAPTER XVII

The croquet match to which the Princess Tverskaya had invited Anna was to be played by two ladies and their admirers. The two ladies were the chief representatives of a choice new Petersburg circle called, in imitation of an imitation of something, *Les sept merveilles du monde*. These ladies belonged to a circle which, though higher, was entirely hostile to the set Anna frequented. Old Stremov—one of Petersburg's influential men, and Lisa Merkalova's adorer—was also officially hostile to Karenin. These considerations had made Anna reluctant to come, and it was to her refusal that the hints in Princess Tverskaya's note had referred. But now the hope of seeing Vronsky had brought Anna.

She arrived at the Princess Tverskaya's house before the other visitors.

Just as she arrived Vronsky's footman, who with his well-brushed whiskers looked like a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, also came up. He stopped at the door, took off his cap, and let her pass. Anna saw him, and only then remembered that the evening before Vronsky

had said that he was not coming. Probably he had sent a note to say so.

As she was taking off her outdoor things in the hall she heard the footman—who even pronounced his *r*'s like a Gentleman of the Bedchamber—say: 'From the Count to the Princess,' as he delivered the note.

She felt inclined to ask where his master was; she wanted to go home and write to him to come to her house, or to go to him herself. But none of these things could be done. She heard in front of her the bell that announced her arrival, and the Princess Tverskaya's footman was already standing half-turned toward her at an open door, waiting for her to enter the inner rooms.

'The Princess is in the garden; she will be informed in a minute. Will you not come into the garden?' said another footman in the next room.

The feelings of irresolution and indefiniteness were just the same as at home, or even worse, because she could do nothing; she could not see Vronsky but had to stay there, in this company of strangers so out of sympathy with her present mood. But she wore a costume that she knew suited her, she was not alone but surrounded by a ceremonious setting of idleness, and she felt easier than at home; she had no need to think of what to do. Everything did itself. When she met Betsy coming toward her in a white costume that struck Anna by its elegance, Anna smiled at her as usual. The Princess Tverskaya came accompanied by Tushkevich and a young girl, a relation, who to the great delight of her provincial parents was spending the summer with the grand Princess.

There must have been something unusual about Anna's look, for Betsy noticed it at once.

'I have slept badly,' answered Anna, gazing at the footman, who she guessed was bringing Vronsky's note.

'How glad I am that you have come!' said Betsy. 'I am tired, and am going to have a cup of tea before they arrive. Won't you and Masha go and look at the croquet-lawn where the grass is cut?' she said to Tushkevich. 'We can have a heart-to-heart talk over our tea. We'll have a cosy chat, won't we?' she added in English, pressing the hand with which Anna held her sunshade.

'Yes, especially as I cannot stay long. I must go to the old Countess Vrede—I promised to, ages ago,' said Anna,

to whom falsehood—so alien to her by nature—had now become so simple and natural in Society that it even gave her pleasure. Why she had said something she had not even thought of a moment before she could not have explained. Her only reason for saying it was that since Vronsky was not coming she must secure her freedom and try to see him in some other way. But why she had mentioned the old Lady-in-Waiting Vrede, to whom, among many other people, she owed a visit, she could not have explained; and yet as it happened she could have thought of nothing better had she tried to invent the most cunning means of seeing Vronsky.

'No, I won't let you go on any account,' said Betsy, fixing her eyes intently on Anna. 'I should be really hurt, if I were not so fond of you. It's just as if you thought my company might compromise you! Please bring us tea in the little drawing-room,' she said to the footman, screwing up her eyes as she always did when speaking to a footman.

She took the note from him and read it.

'Alexis has failed us,' she said in French. 'He writes that he cannot come.' She spoke in a natural and matter-of-fact tone, as if it never entered her head that Vronsky had any other interest for Anna than as a croquet player.

Anna was aware that Betsy knew everything, but when she heard her talk about Vronsky she always felt a momentary conviction that Betsy knew nothing about it.

'Ah!' said Anna, in an indifferent tone as if she cared very little about it, and went on with a smile: 'How could your company compromise anyone?' This play with words, this concealment of a secret, had a great charm for Anna, as it has for all women. It was not the necessity for secrecy, not its purpose, but the process itself that was fascinating.

'I cannot be more Catholic than the Pope,' she said. 'Stremov and Lisa Merkalova are the cream of the cream of Society! They are received everywhere, and I'—she put special stress on that I—'never was severe or intolerant: I simply have not the time.'

'No! Perhaps you do not want to meet Stremov? Let him and Alexis Alexandrovich break lances at their Committee Meetings, that has nothing to do with us. In Society he is the most amiable man I know, and a

passionate croquet player. You'll see! And in spite of his ridiculous position as Lisa's old admirer, you should see how he carries it off. He is very charming. Sappho Stolz you do not know? She is quite a new type.'

While Betsy was saying this Anna saw by her bright intelligent look that she partly understood Anna's position and was devising something. They were in a small sitting-room.

'But I must write to Alexis;' and Betsy sat down at the table, wrote a few words, and put the paper in an envelope. 'I am writing to ask him to come to dinner; I have one lady too many. See if I have made it pressing enough! Excuse me! I must leave you for a minute; please close the envelope and send it,' she said from the doorway; 'I have some orders to give.'

Without thinking for an instant Anna sat down at the table with Betsy's note, and without reading it added at the bottom: 'I must see you. Come to Vrede's garden. I shall be there at six.' She closed it, and Betsy returning sent it off in her presence.

Over their tea, which was brought them in the cool little drawing-room, the two women really had before the arrival of the visitors the cosy chat the Princess Tverskaya had promised Anna. They passed in review all who were expected to come, and their conversation dwelt at some length on Lisa Merkalova.

'She is very nice and was always attractive to me,' said Anna.

'You must love her: she dotes on you. Yesterday she came to me at the races and was quite in despair that she had missed you. She said that you are a real heroine for a novel, and that were she a man she would have committed a thousand follies for your sake. Stremov tells her she is committing them as it is!'

'Yes, but do tell me! I never can understand,' said Anna after a pause, in a tone that clearly proved she was not putting an idle question and that what she was asking about was more important to her than it ought to be; 'do tell me what are her relations with Prince Kaluzhsky, whom they call Mishka? I have not often met them. . . . What are they?'

Betsy looked at her with smiling eyes. 'It is a new fashion,' she replied. 'They have all adopted that

fashion. They have kicked over the traces, but there are different ways of doing it.'

'Yes, but what are her relations with Kaluzhsky?'

Betsy burst into an unexpected, merry and uncontrollable peal of laughter, a thing she rarely did. 'You are encroaching on the Princess Myagkaya's domain. That is a question an *enfant terrible* might put!' and Betsy evidently tried to, but could not, control herself and again burst out into the infectious kind of laughter peculiar to those who laugh seldom. 'You must ask them!' she uttered, while tears of laughter choked her voice.

'It is all very well for you to laugh,' said Anna, who could not help laughing too, 'but I never was able to understand it. I cannot understand the husband's position.'

'The husband's! Lisa Merkalova's husband carries her rugs after her and is always at her service. But what there is behind it all, no one really cares to know. Don't you know that in good Society no one talks or even thinks about certain details of the toilet? It is just the same in such cases.'

'Will you be at Rolandaki's fête?' asked Anna in order to change the subject.

'I don't think so,' answered Betsy, and while looking at her friend she began filling the little translucent cup with aromatic tea. She moved one of the cups toward Anna, got out a pachitos,[1] placed it in a silver holder and lit it.

'You see,' she said, 'I am in a lucky position! I understand you and I understand Lisa. Lisa's is one of those naïve natures who, like children, are unable to understand the difference between right and wrong. At least she did not understand it when she was very young. And now she knows that that rôle of not understanding becomes her. Now perhaps she is purposely ingenuous,' and Betsy smiled pointedly. 'But still it becomes her. You see a thing may be looked at tragically and turned to a torment, or looked at quite simply, and even gaily. Perhaps you are inclined to take things too tragically.'

'How I wish I knew others as I know myself!' said

[1] A straw-covered cigarette.

Anna, seriously and thoughtfully. 'Am I worse than others or better? Worse, I think.'

'*Enfant terrible! enfant terrible!*' Betsy repeated. 'But here they come!'

CHAPTER XVIII

Sounds of footsteps and a man's voice, then that of a woman followed by laughter, reached them, and the expected visitors entered the room, Sappho Stolz and a young man, shining with a superabundance of health, known as Vaska. It was evident that he flourished on underdone beef, truffles, and Burgundy. Vaska bowed to the ladies, only glancing at them for a second. He came into the drawing-room behind Sappho and followed her across the room as if he were tied to her, with his glittering eye fixed on her as if he were ready to eat her. Sappho Stolz had fair hair and black eyes. She entered with a short, brisk step, in shoes with high French heels, and shook hands with the ladies with a firm grip like a man.

Anna had never met this celebrity before, and was struck by her beauty, by the extravagant fashion of her costume, and by the boldness of her manners. On her head the delicate golden hair (her own and others') was built up into such an erection that her head was as large as her shapely, well-developed and much-exposed bust. At each strenuous step as she advanced, the shape of her knees and thighs was distinctly visible under her dress, and one involuntarily wondered just where, behind, under her heaped and swaying bustle, the real, graceful little body ended which was so exposed at the top and so hidden at the back and below.

Betsy hastened to introduce her to Anna.

'Just fancy! We nearly ran over two soldiers,' she began at once, winking and smiling as she threw back her train which she had jerked too much to one side. 'I was with Vaska. . . . Oh, but you are not acquainted!' and she introduced the young man by his surname and burst into ringing laughter at her mistake in speaking of him as *Vaska* to a stranger. Vaska again bowed to Anna, but said nothing. He turned to Sappho: 'You have

lost the bet: we have arrived first. Pay up!' he sai
smiling.

Sappho laughed still more merrily.

'Surely not now!' she said.

'Never mind, I will have it later.'

'All right! All right! Oh yes!' she suddenly said
addressing her hostess. 'I'm a nice one. I quit
forgot . . . I have brought you a visitor! Here he is.'

The unexpected young visitor Sappho had brough
with her and forgotten was nevertheless so importan
a personage that, in spite of his youth, both ladies ros
to greet him.

He was Sappho's new admirer, and followed at he
heels just like Vaska.

Then the Prince Kaluzhsky arrived, and Lisa Merkalov
with Stremov. Lisa Merkalova was a slight brunett
with a lazy Oriental type of face and beautiful (everybod
said unfathomable) eyes. The character of her dar
costume, as Anna at once noticed and appreciated, wa
perfectly suited to her style of beauty.

Just to the same extent as Sappho was compact an
spruce Lisa was limp and pliant.

But to Anna Lisa was by far the more attractive.

When Betsy had spoken to Anna about her, she ha
said that Lisa was playing the rôle of an ingenuous child
but when Anna saw her she knew that this was untrue
She was really ingenuous, and a perverted but a swee
and irresponsible woman. It is true she had adopte
the same tone as Sappho, and, as in Sappho's case
two admirers followed her as if tied to her and devoure
her with their eyes; one a young and the other an ol
man; but in her there was something superior to he
surroundings,—she had the radiance of a real diamon
among false stones. This radiance shone out of he
beautiful and really unfathomable eyes. The weary ye
passionate look of those eyes, with the dark circle
beneath them, was striking in its perfect sincerity.

Looking into those eyes every one felt as if they kne
her perfectly, and knowing her could not help loving he
At the sight of Anna her whole face lit up with a joyfu
smile.

'Oh! I *am* pleased to see you!' she said, walking u
to Anna. 'Yesterday at the races I was just trying t

get near you when you went away. I was so anxious to see you, yesterday especially. Was it not dreadful ?' and she gave Anna a look that seemed to reveal her whole soul.

'Yes, I never thought it would be so exciting,' replied Anna, blushing.

The company rose to go into the garden.

'I won't go,' said Lisa, smiling and sitting down beside Anna. 'You won't go either ? Who wants to play croquet ?'

'I like it,' said Anna.

'Tell me, how do you manage not to feel bored ? It cheers me to look at you. You are full of life, but I am bored.'

'You bored ? Why, yours is the gayest set in Petersburg,' said Anna.

'It may be that those who are not in our set are still more bored, but we—I at any rate—do not feel merry, but terribly, terribly bored.'

Sappho lit a cigarette and went out into the garden with the two young men. Betsy and Stremov stayed at the tea-table.

'Bored !' said Betsy. 'Sappho said that they had a very jolly time at your house yesterday.'

'Oh dear ! It was so dull !' said Lisa Merkalova. We went back to my place after the races. Always the same people, the very same ! Always the same goings on, the very same ! We spent the whole evening lolling about on sofas. What was there jolly about it ? Do tell me how you manage not to get bored ?' said she again to Anna. 'One has only to look at you to see that you are a woman who may be happy or unhappy, but who is not dull. Teach me how you do it !'

'I do not do anything,' said Anna, blushing at these insistent questions.

'That is the best way,' Stremov joined in. Stremov was a man of about fifty, getting grey, but still fresh-looking, with a very plain though intelligent face full of character. Lisa Merkalova was his wife's niece and he spent all his spare time with her. On meeting Anna Karenina he, like a clever man of the world, being Karenin's enemy in the service, tried to be specially amiable to her, the wife of his foe.

'Don't do anything!' he repeated with a smile. 'That is the best way. I have always told you,' he went on, turning to Lisa Merkalova, 'that if one wishes not to be bored one must not expect to be bored, just as one must not be afraid of not falling asleep if one wishes to avoid sleeplessness. That is what Anna Arkadyevna says.'

'I should have been pleased to have said it, for it is not only wise, but true,' said Anna, smiling.

'No, but tell me why one cannot fall asleep and cannot help being bored?'

'To fall asleep one must have worked, and also to amuse oneself one must have worked.'

'Why should I work when no one wants my work? And I can't and won't do it just for a pretence.'

'You are incorrigible,' said Stremov without looking at her, and again turned to Anna.

As he rarely met Anna he could not say anything to her except trivialities, but he said these trivialities, about her return from the country to Petersburg and of how fond the Countess Lydia Ivanovna was of her, in a way that expressed his whole-hearted desire to be agreeable to her and to show her his respect and even more.

Tushkevich came in to say that everybody was waiting for the croquet players.

'No, please don't go!' begged Lisa Merkalova when she heard that Anna was leaving. Stremov joined her in the entreaty.

'The contrast will be too great,' he remarked, 'if you go to see the old Countess Vrede after leaving this company here. Besides, your visit will give her an opportunity to backbite, while here, on the contrary, you arouse the best feelings, quite opposed to backbiting.'

Anna hesitated for a moment. The flattering words of this clever man, the naïve, childish sympathy which Lisa Merkalova expressed to her, all these familiar Society surroundings made her feel so tranquil, while what was lying in wait for her was so hard, that for a moment she doubted whether to remain and put off the dread moment of explanation. But recalling what awaited her when alone at home if she took no decision, and remembering her action (the recollection of which was terrible) when she took hold of her hair with both hands, she took her leave and went away.

CHAPTER XIX

In spite of his apparently reckless existence, Vronsky was a man who hated disorder. While quite young and still in the Cadet Corps he had experienced the humiliation of a refusal when, having got into debt, he had tried to borrow money, and since then he had never again allowed himself to get into such a position.

To keep things straight he was in the habit, some five or six times a year according to circumstances, of secluding himself and clearing up all his affairs. He called it having a clean up, or *faire la lessive*.[1] The morning after the races he woke late, and without having a bath or shaving he put on a linen tunic and, spreading out before him his money, his accounts, and his bills and letters, he set to work.

When Petritsky—who knew that on such occasions Vronsky was often cross—on waking saw his friend at his writing-table, he dressed quietly and went out without disturbing him.

Every one, knowing intimately all the complexities of his own circumstances, involuntarily assumes that these complexities and the difficulty of clearing them up are peculiar to his own personal condition, and never thinks that others are surrounded by similar complexities. And so thought Vronsky. And not without some inward pride, nor without some justification, he reflected that any other man would long ago have got embroiled and been obliged to act badly if placed in a situation as difficult as his. But Vronsky felt that it was necessary for him to investigate his affairs just at that time in order to keep out of trouble.

He began by first attacking his money problems, as the easiest to deal with. Having noted down in his small handwriting on a piece of notepaper all he owed, he made up the account and found that it came to seventeen thousand and a few hundred roubles. Having struck out the odd hundreds in order to have a round sum, counted his money and looked over his bank-book, he found that he had 1800 roubles, and there was no prospect of receiving any more before the New Year. After reading

[1] Doing the washing.

over the list of his debts, he divided them into three classes, each of which he noted down separately. Under the first head came the debts that had to be paid at once, or the money for which had at any rate to be kept ready, so that they could be paid on demand without any delay. These debts came to about 4000 roubles: 1500 for a horse and 2500 he had incurred by standing security for his young comrade Venevsky, who in Vronsky's presence had lost that sum to a card-sharper. Vronsky had wished to pay at the time—he had the money with him—but Venevsky and Yashvin insisted that they would pay, and would not permit Vronsky, who had not even been playing, to do so. This was all very fine, but Vronsky knew that in this dirty business, his share in which was simply a verbal guarantee for Venevsky, he must have the 2500 roubles ready to throw to the sharper, and then have no more to do with him. So that for the first part of his debt he must have 4000 roubles ready. Eight thousand roubles under the second heading were less important: they were owing chiefly for the use of the racecourse stables, to the oats and hay-dealer, to the Englishman, to the saddler and others. In respect of these debts it was necessary to pay out 2000 roubles, in order to be quite secure.

The remaining debts were owing to shops, hotels, and to his tailor, and there was no need to trouble about them. So he needed 6000 roubles for immediate use, and had only 1800 roubles ready money. To a man with an income of 100,000 roubles a year, as everybody said Vronsky had, it would seem that such debts could not cause any difficulty, but the fact was that he was far from having the 100,000 roubles. His father's immense fortune, which alone brought in 200,000 a year, had not been divided between the brothers. When the elder brother, having a number of debts, married the Princess Varya Chirkova, the daughter of a penniless Decembrist,[1] Alexis gave up to his brother the income from his father's fortune, stipulating for only 25,000 roubles a year for himself. At that time Alexis told his brother that this would

[1] The Decembrists were those officers and others who in December 1825 conspired to secure a Constitution for Russia on the accession of Nicholas I. Some of them were executed, others were exiled to Siberia and their estates confiscated.

suffice for him till he married, which in all probability he never would do. And his brother, commanding one of the most expensive regiments, and newly married, could not refuse this gift. Their mother, who had her own private fortune, allowed Alexis about 20,000 roubles a year in addition to the 25,000 agreed upon, and Alexis spent it all. Latterly his mother, having quarrelled with him about his connection with Anna and his departure from Moscow, had stopped his allowance. Consequently Vronsky, who was in the habit of spending 45,000 roubles a year, having this year received only 25,000, found himself in difficulties. He could not ask his mother to help him out of them. Her last letter in particular had irritated him, for it contained hints that she was willing to help him to gain success in Society and in the service, but not to help him live in a manner that scandalized all good Society. His mother's wish to bribe him offended him to the bottom of his soul and increased his coldness toward her. Yet he could not go back on his generous promise, although, dimly foreseeing some eventualities of his connection with Anna, he felt that it had been too lightly given and that, even though unmarried, he might need the whole hundred thousand a year. But it was impossible to go back on it. He had only to remember his brother's wife and how that dear, excellent Varya at every opportunity showed him that she remembered his generosity and appreciated it, to realize the impossibility of withdrawing what he had given. It was as impossible as to beat a woman, to steal, or to tell a lie. There was only one possible and necessary way out of it, on which Vronsky decided without a moment's hesitation: to borrow ten thousand roubles from a money-lender, which he could easily do, to cut down his expenses, and to sell his racehorses. Having decided on this, he at once wrote a note to Rolandaki, who had more than once offered to buy his horses. Then he sent for the money-lender and the Englishman, and allotted what money he had among the different bills. Having finished this business he wrote a cold and abrupt reply to his mother. Then taking from his pocket-book three notes from Anna he re-read them, burnt them, and recalling a conversation he had had with her the evening before, fell into a reverie.

CHAPTER XX

Vronsky was particularly fortunate in that he had a code of rules which clearly defined what should and should not be done. This code covered a very small circle of conditions, but it was unquestionable, and Vronsky never going beyond that circle, never for a moment hesitated to do what had to be done. The code categorically determined that though the card-sharper must be paid, the tailor need not be; that one may not lie to a man, but might to a woman; that one must not deceive anyone, except a husband; that one must not forgive an insult but may insult others, and so on. These rules might be irrational and bad but they were absolute, and in complying with them Vronsky felt at ease and could carry his head high. Only quite lately, in reference to his relations to Anna, had he begun to feel that his code did not quite meet all circumstances, and that the future presented doubts and difficulties for which he had no guiding principle.

His present relations to her and her husband were clear and simple to him. They were very clearly and exactly defined in the code of rules by which he was guided.

She was a respectable woman who had given him her love, and he loved her; therefore she was for him a woman worthy of as much or even more respect than a legitimate wife. He would have let his hand be cut off before he would have allowed himself by word or hint to insult her, or fail to show her all the respect that a woman can possibly desire.

His relations toward Society were also clear. Everyone might know or suspect, but no one must dare to speak about the matter, or he was prepared to silence the speaker and make him respect the non-existent honour of the woman he loved.

His relations to her husband were simplest of all. From the moment that Anna gave him her love he considered his own right to her indefeasible. Her husband was only a superfluous person and a hindrance. No doubt he was in a pitiable position, but what was to be done? The only right the husband had was, weapon in

hand, to demand satisfaction, and that Vronsky from the first was prepared to give him.

But latterly new inner relations had sprung up between himself and her, which frightened him by their indefiniteness. Only yesterday she had told him that she was pregnant, and he felt that this news and what she expected of him called for something that was not fully defined by his code of rules. He was taken by surprise, and at the moment when she told him of her condition his heart had suggested his proposal to her to leave her husband. He had made this proposal, but now, thinking it over, he saw clearly that it would be better to avoid that plan, and yet, while he told himself so, he feared that this might be wrong.

'When I told her to leave her husband, that meant that she should unite herself with me. Am I ready for that? How can I take her away now that I have no money? No doubt I could arrange that . . . but how could I go away with her while I am in the army? Having proposed it, I must be ready to carry it out—that is to say I must find the money and leave the army.'

He pondered. The question of whether to leave or not to leave the army led him to another private matter—almost the chief, though the secret, interest of his life.

Ambition was the old motive of his childhood and youth, one which he did not acknowledge even to himself, but which was so strong a passion that it now struggled against his love. His first steps in Society and in the service had been successful, but two years ago he had made a bad blunder. Wishing to show his independence and to get promotion, he had refused a post that was offered him, hoping that this refusal would enhance his value, but it turned out that he had been too bold and he was passed over. Having then perforce to assume the rôle of an independent character, he played it very adroitly and cleverly, as though he had no grudge against anyone, did not feel himself at all offended, and only wished to be left in peace to enjoy himself. In reality he had begun to feel dissatisfied about the time that he went to Moscow the year before.

He felt that the rôle of the independent man, who could have anything but wanted nothing, was beginning to pall, and that many people were beginning to think

he could never do anything more than be an honest, good-natured fellow. His intrigue with Anna Karenina, which had caused such a sensation and attracted so much notice in Society, by investing him with fresh glamour had for a while quieted the worm of ambition that gnawed him, but a week ago that worm had reawakened with fresh vigour.

A playmate of his childhood, and his fellow-pupil at the Cadet Corps, Serpukhovskoy, who belonged to the same social circle, and who had finished the same year as himself and had been his rival in the classroom, at gymnastics, in mischief, and in ambitious dreams, had just returned from Central Asia, where he had gained two steps in official rank and had won a distinction rarely awarded to so young a General.

As soon as he reached Petersburg people began to talk about him as a rising star of the first magnitude. Of the same age as Vronsky, and his messmate, Serpukhovskoy was already a General expecting an appointment that might have an influence on State affairs; while Vronsky, though independent and brilliant and beloved by an enchanting woman, remained only a Cavalry Captain and was allowed to be as independent as he pleased. 'Of course I am not jealous and could not be jealous of Serpukhovskoy, but his promotion shows me that in one bides one's time the career of such a man as myself may be very quickly made. Three years ago he and I were in the same position. If I retire I burn my boats. By remaining in the service I lose nothing. She herself said that she did not want to change her position; and I, having her love, cannot envy Serpukhovskoy.' And slowly twisting his moustache he rose from the table and walked across the room. His eyes shone with peculiar brightness and he felt that firm, calm, and joyful mood which always came when he had cleared up the situation. Everything was clear and distinct, as after his former periodical stocktakings. He shaved, had a cold bath, dressed, and went out.

CHAPTER XXI

I HAVE come for you; your washing has taken a long ime!' said Petritsky. 'Well, is it done?'

'Yes, it's done,' said Vronsky, smiling with his eyes nd twirling the ends of his moustache as carefully as if, fter the order he had established in his affairs, any too igorous or rapid movement might upset it.

'After it, you always look as if you had come out of Russian bath,' said Petritsky, 'and I have come straight rom Gritska' (the name by which they called their ommanding Officer). 'They're expecting you.'

Vronsky looked at his comrade without answering, hinking about something else.

'Is that where the music is?' he said, listening to he familiar strains, now audible, of brass instruments laying polkas and waltzes. 'What's up?'

'Serpukhovskoy has arrived.'

'Ah! I did not know,' exclaimed Vronsky.

His smiling eyes shone still more brightly.

Having made up his mind that he was happy in his ove, and having sacrificed his ambitions to it, or at ny rate assumed that rôle, Vronsky could no longer feel nvious of Serpukhovskoy nor vexed with him for not oming straight to see him on reaching the regiment. erpukhovskoy was a good friend and he was glad that e would see him.

'I am very glad.'

Demin the C.O. occupied a large country house, and he whole party were gathered together on the roomy eranda. In the grounds, what first met Vronsky's yes were the soldier-singers in their white linen uniforms, tanding beside a cask of vodka, then the jolly, healthy gure of the C.O. surrounded by his officers. Having ome out on the top step of the veranda, he was gesticu- ting and above the noise of the band (which was playing quadrille of Offenbach's) was loudly giving orders to ome soldiers who were standing somewhat apart. A roup of soldiers, a sergeant-major and some other non- ommissioned officers, came up to the veranda at the ame time as Vronsky. After returning to the table, he Commander again came forward with a glass of

champagne in his hand and announced a toast: 'To the health of our late comrade, the gallant General, Prince Serpukhovskoy! Hurrah!'

Following the Commander, champagne glass in hand, Serpukhovskoy came down smiling:

'You are growing younger every day, Bondarenko!' he remarked to the ruddy-faced, smart-looking sergeant-major, serving for a second term, who stood just in front of him.

Vronsky had not seen Serpukhovskoy for three years. He had matured and had grown whiskers, but still had just as good a figure, and was just as striking—not so much for his good looks as for the delicacy and nobility of his face and bearing. One change Vronsky noticed in him was that quiet and permanent radiance which comes upon the faces of people who have succeeded and feel assured that everybody recognizes their success. Vronsky knew that kind of radiance, and noticed it at once on Serpukhovskoy's face.

As he was descending the steps Serpukhovskoy noticed Vronsky. A smile of joy lit up his face. He jerked his head backwards and raised his glass, welcoming Vronsky, and showing by this gesture that he must first go to the sergeant-major, who was already stretching himself and puckering his lips for a kiss.

'Ah, here he is!' exclaimed the Commander, 'and Yashvin told me that you were in one of your dismal moods.'

Serpukhovskoy kissed the smart-looking sergeant-major on his moist fresh lips and, wiping his mouth on his handkerchief, stepped up to Vronsky.

'Well, I am glad!' he said, taking him apart and pressing his hand.

'You look after him,' shouted the Commander to Yashvin, and went out to the soldiers.

'Why were you not at the races yesterday? I thought I should see you there,' asked Vronsky, examining Serpukhovskoy.

'I did come, but late. Excuse me!' he added, and turned to his adjutant. 'Please give orders to distribute this money equally among the men.'

He hurriedly took three one-hundred-rouble notes out of his pocket-book and blushed.

'Vronsky, will you eat something, or have a drink?' said Yashvin. 'Hey! Bring the Count something to eat! Here, drink this!'

The carousing at the house of the C.O. continued long. They drank a great deal. Serpukhovskoy was lifted and tossed by the officers. Then the C.O. was tossed. Then the C.O. danced with Petritsky in front of the singers. After that, feeling rather weak, he sat down on a bench in the yard and began demonstrating to Yashvin Russia's superiority to Prussia, especially in cavalry charges, and the carousal quieted down for a moment. Serpukhovskoy went to the dressing-room to wash his hands, and found Vronsky there. Vronsky had taken off his coat and was washing his hairy red neck under the washstand tap, rubbing it and his head with his hands. When he had finished his ablutions Vronsky sat down beside Serpukhovskoy on a little sofa in the dressing-room and began a conversation of great interest to both of them.

'I used to hear all about you from my wife,' said Serpukhovskoy. 'I am glad you saw a good deal of her.'

'She is friends with Varya, and they are the only women in Petersburg whom it is a pleasure for me to meet,' said Vronsky with a smile. He smiled because he foresaw the turn their conversation would take and was pleased.

'The only ones?' asked Serpukhovskoy, smiling.

'Yes, and I used to hear about you, but not only from your wife,' said Vronsky, checking the hint by a serious look. 'I am very glad of your success but not at all surprised. I expected even more.'

Serpukhovskoy smiled. Vronsky's opinion of him evidently gave him pleasure and he saw no reason to hide it.

'I, on the contrary—I must frankly admit—expected less. But I am pleased, very pleased; I am ambitious, it is my weakness, and I acknowledge it.'

'Perhaps you would not if you were not successful,' said Vronsky.

'I do not think so,' and Serpukhovskoy smiled again. 'I do not mean to say I could not live without it, but it would be a bore. Of course I may be making a mistake,

but I believe I have some capacity for the career I have adopted, and that in my hands power of any kind, if I ever possess it, will be used in a better way than in the hands of many whom I know,' said he with the radiant consciousness of success. 'Therefore the nearer I am to getting it the more pleased I am.'

'It may be so for you, but not for every one. I used to think the same, yet here I am living and find that it is not worth while living for that alone,' said Vronsky.

'There you are! There you are!' said Serpukhovskoy, laughing. 'I had begun by saying that I used to hear about you, about your refusal. . . . Of course I approved of it. But there is a way of doing a thing, and I think that, though your action was good in itself, you did not do it in the right way.'

'What is done is done, and you know that I never go back on what I have done. Besides, I am quite all right.'

'All right for a time! But you will not remain satisfied for long. I should not say that to your brother. He is a dear child, just like this host of ours: hear him!' he added, listening to the cries of 'Hurrah!' 'And he is happy, but that would not satisfy you.'

'I do not say that it would.'

'And that is not all: men like you are wanted.'

'By whom?'

'By whom? By Society; by Russia. Russia is in need of men, needs a Party—without it everything is going and will go to the dogs.'

'What do you mean? Bertenev's Party, in opposition to the Russian Communists?'

'No,' said Serpukhovskoy, frowning with vexation at being suspected of such nonsense. '*Tout ça est une blague.*[1] It always has existed and always will. There are no Communists whatever. But scheming people always have invented and always will invent some harmful and dangerous Party. That's an old trick. What is wanted is an influential Party of independent men like you and me.'

'But why—' Vronsky named several influential men, 'why are not they independent men?'

'Only because they have not, or had not by birth, an

[1] All that is humbug.

independent position—had no name, were not born as near the sun as we were. They can be bought by money or by affability, and must invent a theory to keep their positions. And they bring forward some idea, some theory (in which they themselves do not believe and which does harm) merely as a means of procuring government quarters and a salary. *Cela n'est pas plus fin que ça*,[1] if you happen to see their cards. Maybe I am worse and more foolish than they, though I do not see why I am worse than they. Anyhow you and I have one great advantage: we cannot be bought so easily. And such men are more needed than ever.'

Vronsky listened attentively, but it was not so much the meaning of Serpukhovskoy's words that interested him as his outlook on these questions, for Serpukhovskoy was already dreaming of a struggle with the powers-that-be and already had sympathies and antipathies in that sphere, whereas Vronsky's interest in the service was limited to his own squadron. Vronsky realized, too, how powerful Serpukhovskoy might become by his undoubted capacity for reflection and comprehension, and by his intellect and gift of speech, so seldom met with in the Society in which he lived. And, ashamed as he was of the fact, he felt jealous.

'All the same I lack the most necessary thing,' he replied. 'I lack the wish for power. I had it once, but it is gone.'

'Pardon me, that is not true,' said Serpukhovskoy with a smile.

'Yes, it is, it is true . . . at present—to be quite frank,' added Vronsky.

'Yes, it is true at present—that is another matter, but the present will not last for ever.'

'Perhaps,' said Vronsky.

'You say "perhaps,"' continued Serpukhovskoy as if he had guessed Vronsky's thoughts; 'but I say, *certainly*. That is why I wanted to see you. You acted rightly: I quite understand it. But you must not persevere in it. I only ask you to give me *carte blanche*. I am not patronizing you. . . . Though why should I not patronize you? You have so often patronized me! I hope our friendship is above that sort of thing! Yes,' he said with

[1] That's all there is in it.

a smile tender as a woman's, 'Give me *carte blanche*, leave the regiment, and I will draw you on imperceptibly.'

'But try to understand that I do want nothing except that everything should remain as it is,' said Vronsky.

Serpukhovskoy rose and said, as he stood before Vronsky, 'You say, "that all should remain as it is"! I know what you mean, but hear me! We are both of the same age; it may be that in number you have known more women than I have,' the smile of Serpukhovskoy's face and his gesture showed that Vronsky need have no fear, and that he would touch the tender spot gently and carefully. 'But I am married, and believe me, that "knowing only your wife, whom you love"—as somebody once said—"you can understand all women better than if you knew thousands."'

'We will come in a minute,' Vronsky shouted to an officer who looked in, having been sent by the C.O. to call them.

Vronsky was anxious now to hear the rest of what Serpukhovskoy had to say.

'Here is my opinion. Women are the chief stumbling-block in a man's career. It is difficult to love a woman and do anything else. To achieve it and to love in comfort and unhampered, the only way is to marry! How am I to put to you what I think?' and Serpukhovskoy, who was fond of similes, went on: 'Wait a bit! Wait a bit! . . . Yes, if you had to carry a load and use your hands at the same time, it would be possible only if the load were strapped on your back: and that is marriage. I found that out when I married. I suddenly had my hands free. But if you drag that load without marriage, your hands are so full that you can do nothing else. Look at Mazankov, at Krupov! They have ruined their careers because of women.'

'But what women!' said Vronsky, recalling the Frenchwoman and the actress with whom these men were entangled.

'So much the worse! The more assured the position of the woman in the world, the worse it is! That is not like merely dragging a load with one's hands, it is like wrenching it from some one else.'

'You have never loved,' said Vronsky softly, with his

eyes looking straight before him and with Anna in his thoughts.

'Perhaps not! But another point: women are always more materialistic than men. Men make of love something enormous, but women are always *terre-à-terre*.' [1]

'Coming, coming!' he said, turning to a footman who had entered. But the footman had not come to call them, as Serpukhovskoy thought. He brought Vronsky a note.

'Your man brought this from the Princess Tverskaya.'

Vronsky opened the note and his face flushed. 'My head has begun aching,' he said. 'I shall go home.'

'Well, then, good-bye! Do you give me *carte blanche*?'

'We'll talk it over another time. I will look you up in Petersburg.'

CHAPTER XXII

It was already past five, and in order not to be late and not to use his own horses, which were known to everybody, Vronsky took Yashvin's hired carriage and told the coachman to drive as fast as possible. The old four-seated hired vehicle was very roomy; he sat down in a corner, put his legs on the opposite seat, and began to think. A vague sense of the accomplished cleaning up of his affairs, a vague memory of Serpukhovskoy's friendship for him, and the flattering thought that the latter considered him a necessary man, and above all the anticipation of the coming meeting, merged into one general feeling of joyful vitality. This feeling was so strong that he could not help smiling. He put down his legs, threw one of them over the other, and placing his arm across it felt its firm calf, where he had hurt it in the fall the day before, and then, throwing himself back, sighed deeply several times.

'Delightful! O delightful!' he thought. He had often before been joyfully conscious of his body, but had never loved himself, his own body, as he did now. It gave him pleasure to feel the slight pain in his strong leg, to be conscious of the muscles of his chest moving as he breathed. That clear, cool August day which made Anna feel so hopeless seemed exhilarating and invigorat-

[1] Matter-of-fact.

ing to him and refreshed his face and neck, which were glowing after their washing and rubbing. The scent of brilliantine given off by his moustache seemed peculiarly pleasant in the fresh air. All that he saw from the carriage window through the cold pure air in the pale light of the evening sky seemed as fresh, bright and vigorous as he was himself. The roofs of the houses glittered in the evening sun; the sharp outlines of the fences and corners of buildings, the figures of people and vehicles they occasionally met, the motionless verdure of the grass and trees, the fields of potatoes with their clear-cut ridges, the slanting shadows of the houses and trees, the bushes and even the potato ridges—it was all pleasant and like a landscape newly painted and varnished.

'Get on, get on!' he shouted to the coachman, thrusting himself out of the window; and taking a three-rouble note from his pocket he put it into the man's hand as the latter turned round. The coachman felt something in his hand, the whip cracked, and the carriage rolled quickly along the smooth macadamized high road.

'I want nothing, nothing but that happiness,' he thought, staring at the ivory knob of the bell between the front windows of the carriage, his mind full of Anna as he had last seen her.

'And the longer it continues the more I love her! And here is the garden of Vrede's country house. Where is she? Where? Why? Why has she given me an appointment here, in a letter from Betsy?' he thought; but there was no longer any time for thinking. Before reaching the avenue he ordered the coachman to stop, opened the carriage door, jumped out while the carriage was still moving, and went up the avenue leading to the house. There was no one in the avenue, but turning to the right he saw her. Her face was veiled, but his joyous glance took in that special manner of walking peculiar to her alone: the droop of her shoulders, the poise of her head; and immediately a thrill passed like an electric current through his body, and with renewed force he became conscious of himself from the elastic movement of his firm legs to the motion of his lungs as he breathed, and of something tickling his lips. On reaching him she clasped his hand firmly.

'You are not angry that I told you to come? It was absolutely necessary for me to see you,' she said; and at sight of the serious and severe expression of her mouth under her veil his mood changed at once.

'I angry? But how did you get here?'

'Never mind!' she said, putting her hand on his arm. 'Come, I must speak to you.'

He felt that something had happened, and that this interview would not be a happy one. In her presence he had no will of his own: without knowing the cause of her agitation he became infected by it.

'What is it? What?' he asked, pressing her hand against his side with his elbow and trying to read her face.

She took a few steps in silence to gather courage, and then suddenly stopped.

'I did not tell you last night,' she began, breathing quickly and heavily, 'that on my way back with Alexis Alexandrovich I told him everything . . . said I could not be his wife, and . . . I told him all.'

He listened, involuntarily leaning forward with his whole body as if trying so to ease her burden. But as soon as she had spoken he straightened himself and his face assumed a proud and stern expression.

'Yes, yes, that is better! A thousand times better! I understand how hard it must have been for you,' he said, but she was not listening to his words—only trying to read his thoughts from his face. She could not guess that it expressed the first idea that had entered Vronsky's mind: the thought of an inevitable duel; therefore she explained that momentary look of severity in another way. After reading her husband's letter she knew in the depths of her heart that all would remain as it was, that she would not have the courage to disregard her position and give up her son in order to be united with her lover. The afternoon spent at the Princess Tverskaya's house had confirmed that thought. Yet this interview was still of extreme importance to her. She hoped that the meeting might bring about a change in her position and save her. If at this news he would firmly, passionately, and without a moment's hesitation say to her: 'Give up everything and fly with me!' she would abandon her son and go with him. But the news had not the effect on him that she had desired:

he only looked as if he had been offended by something. 'It was not at all hard for me—it all came about of itself,' she said, irritably. 'And here . . .' she pulled her husband's note from under her glove.

'I understand, I understand,' he interrupted, taking the note but not reading it, and trying to soothe her. 'I only want one thing, I only ask for one thing: to destroy this situation in order to devote my life to your happiness.'

'Why do you tell me this?' she said. 'Do you think I could doubt it? If I doubted it . . .'

'Who's that coming?' said Vronsky, pointing to two ladies who were coming toward them. 'They may know us!' and he moved quickly in the direction of a sidewalk, drawing her along with him.

'Oh, I don't care!' she said. Her lips trembled and her eyes seemed to him to be looking at him with strange malevolence from under the veil. 'As I was saying, that's not the point! I cannot doubt that, but see what he writes to me. Read—' she stopped again.

Again, as at the first moment when he heard the news of her having spoken to her husband, Vronsky yielded to the natural feeling produced by the thoughts of his relation to the injured husband. Now that he held his letter he could not help imagining to himself the challenge that he would no doubt find waiting for him that evening or next day, and the duel, when he would be standing with the same cold proud look as his face bore that moment, and having fired into the air would be awaiting the shot from the injured husband. And at that instant the thought of what Serpukhovskoy had just been saying to him and of what had occurred to him that morning (that it was better not to bind himself) flashed through his mind, and he knew that he could not pass on the thought to her.

After he had read the letter he looked up at her, but his look was not firm. She understood at once that he had already considered this by himself, knew that whatever he might say he would not tell her all that he was thinking, and knew that her last hopes had been deceived. This was not what she had expected.

'You see what a man he is!' she said in a trembling voice. 'He . . .'

'Forgive me, but I am glad of it!' Vronsky interrupted.

'For God's sake hear me out!' he added, with an air of entreaty that she would let him explain his words. 'I am glad because I know that it is impossible, quite impossible for things to remain as they are, as he imagines.'

'Why impossible?' said Anna, forcing back her tears and clearly no longer attaching any importance to what he would say. She felt that her fate was decided.

Vronsky wanted to say that after what he considered to be the inevitable duel it could not continue; but he said something else.

'It cannot continue. I hope that you will now leave him. I hope . . .' he became confused and blushed, 'that you will allow me to arrange and to think out a life for ourselves. To-morrow . . .' he began, but she did not let him finish.

'And my son?' she exclaimed. 'You see what he writes? I must leave him, and I cannot do that and do not want to.'

'But for heaven's sake, which is better? To leave your son, or to continue in this degrading situation?'

'Degrading for whom?'

'For everybody, and especially for you.'

'You call it degrading! do not call it that; such words have no meaning for me,' she replied tremulously. She did not wish him to tell untruths now. She had only his love left, and she wanted to love him. 'Try to understand that since I loved you everything has changed for me. There is only one single thing in the world for me: your love! If I have it, I feel so high and firm that nothing can be degrading for me. I am proud of my position because . . . proud of . . . proud . . .' she could not say what she was proud of. Tears of shame and despair choked her. She stopped and burst into sobs. He also felt something rising in his throat, and for the first time in his life he felt ready to cry. He could not explain what it was that had so moved him; he was sorry for her and felt that he could not help her, because he knew that he was the cause of her trouble, that he had done wrong.

'Would divorce be impossible?' he asked weakly. She silently shook her head. 'Would it not be possible to take your son away with you and go away all the same?'

'Yes, but all that depends on him. Now I go back to

him,' she said dryly. Her foreboding that everything would remain as it was had not deceived her.

'On Tuesday I shall go back to Petersburg and everything will be decided. Yes,' she said, 'but don't let us talk about it.'

Anna's carriage, which she had sent away and ordered to return to the gate of the Vrede Garden, drove up. Anna took leave of Vronsky and went home.

CHAPTER XXIII

On Monday the usual meeting of the Committee of the Second of July took place. Karenin entered the Council room, greeted the members and the president as usual, and took his seat, his hand lying ready on the papers before him. Among these papers were the statistics that he needed and a draft of the statement he was going to make. But he did not really require the figures. He remembered them all and did not even consider it necessary to go over in his mind what he was going to say. He knew that when the time came, and he saw his opponent before him vainly trying to look indifferent, his speech would naturally be far more fluent and better than if he prepared it beforehand. He felt that the contents of his speech would be so important that every word would be significant. Yet as he listened to the general reports his face wore a most innocent and artless look. Looking at his white hands with the thick veins and the delicate long fingers toying with the two edges of a white sheet of paper before him, and at his head wearily bent to one side, no one would have expected that words would flow from his lips which would raise a terrible storm and make the members shout each other down, forcing the president to call them to order. When the Reports had been heard, Karenin in his quiet thin voice informed the meeting that he wished to bring to their notice some considerations of his own on the question of the settlement of the native races, and the attention of the meeting turned to him. Karenin cleared his throat, and, as was his wont when making a speech, without looking at his opponent he fixed his eyes on the first man opposite him—a quiet little old man who never had any views in connection

with the Special Committee—and began to explain his considerations. When he came to the Fundamental and Organic Law his opponent jumped up and began to raise objections. Stremov (who was also on the Special Committee), stung to the quick, began justifying himself, and the meeting became quite a stormy one. But Karenin triumphed and his motion was carried; three new Special Committees were formed, and the next day nothing was talked about in a certain Petersburg set but that meeting. Karenin's success was even greater than he had expected.

When he woke on the Tuesday morning he recalled with pleasure his victory of the previous day, and could not help smiling, even while wishing to appear indifferent, when the secretary, with a desire to flatter him, reported the rumours that had reached him concerning what had happened at the meeting.

Busy with the secretary, Karenin quite forgot that it was Tuesday, the day fixed for Anna's return, and was surprised and unpleasantly startled when the footman came in to inform him of her arrival.

Anna returned to Petersburg early in the morning, and as she had wired that the carriage should be sent for her he might have expected her. But he did not come out to meet her when she arrived. She was told that he had not yet come out of his study, where he was busy with his secretary. She sent word to her husband that she had arrived and went to her boudoir, where she set to work sorting her things, expecting that he would come in to see her. But an hour passed and he did not come. She went down into the dining-room on a plea of giving orders and purposely spoke in a loud voice, thinking that he would come; but although she heard him go out of the study door to take leave of the secretary, he did not come to her. She knew that according to his habit he would soon go away to his work and she wished to see him first.

She passed through the ballroom to his study and resolutely went in. When she entered he was sitting in his official uniform evidently ready to start, with his elbows on a little table, looking wearily in front of him. She saw him before he saw her and knew that he was thinking about her.

When he saw her he was about to rise, but changed his

mind as his face flushed—a thing Anna had never seen it do before. However, he quickly rose and came toward her, looking not at her eyes but at her forehead and hair. He came up, took her hand, and asked her to sit down.

'I am very glad you have come,' he said, sitting down beside her. He evidently wished to say something, but faltered. Several times he tried to speak, but stopped. Although while preparing for this interview she had been teaching herself to despise and blame him, she did not know what to say, and pitied him. There was silence for some time.

'Is Serezha well?' he asked; and without waiting for a reply he added, 'I am not dining at home to-day and must be going at once.'

'I meant to go away to Moscow,' she said.

'Oh no, you were quite right to come,' he replied, and again became silent. Seeing that he had not the strength to begin, she began for him.

'Alexis Alexandrovich!' she said, studying his face and without dropping her eyes under his gaze fixed on her hair, 'I am a guilty woman and a bad one, but I am what I was before, as I then told you. I have come to tell you now I cannot make any change.'

'I am not questioning you about it,' he replied suddenly in a firm tone and looking with hatred straight into her eyes. 'I had expected it.' Under the influence of anger he had evidently regained perfect self-possession. 'But I repeat again what I then told you and subsequently wrote,' he went on in a shrill thin voice, 'I again repeat that I will not know it; I ignore it as long as it is not known to the rest of the world, as long as my name is not dishonoured. Therefore I warn you that our relations must remain what they have been, and that if you let yourself be *compromised* I shall be obliged to take measures to safeguard my honour.'

'But our relations cannot be what they were before,' Anna began in a timid voice, looking at him with frightened eyes.

When she saw his quiet gestures, heard his shrill, childish, and sarcastic voice, her repulsion toward him destroyed the pity she had felt for him, and she now experienced nothing but fear and anxiety to clear up the situation at any cost.

'I cannot be your wife, since I . . .' she began.

He laughed in a cruel, cold manner. 'I suppose the kind of life you have chosen has affected your principles. I respect or despise both so much—I respect your past and despise your present—that the interpretation you give to my words was far from my thoughts!'

Anna sighed and hung her head.

'I cannot understand, however, that with your independent mind,' he went on, getting heated, 'informing your husband of your infidelity and appearing to see nothing unseemly in it, you should consider it unseemly to continue to fulfil a wife's duties to your husband!'

'Alexis Alexandrovich, what do you want of me?'

'What I want, is not to meet that person here, and for you to behave in such a way that neither Society nor the servants shall be able to accuse you,—for you not to see that man. I think that is not much to ask! And in return you will enjoy all the advantages of a wife without fulfilling her duties. That is all I have to say! Now I must be going. . . . And I shan't be back to dinner.' He rose and went toward the door. Anna too rose. He stopped and let her pass first.

CHAPTER XXIV

The night Levin had spent on the haycock had not passed without leaving its mark: he became disgusted with the agricultural pursuits on which he was engaged and lost all interest in them. In spite of the splendid harvest he had never, or thought he had never, encountered so many failures, or so much hostility from the peasants, as that year; and the cause of those failures and that hostility were now quite plain to him. The delight he had felt in the labour itself, occasioned by his having drawn nearer to the peasants, his jealousy of them, his envy of their life, his desire to adopt that kind of life (which had not been a mere desire that night but a real intention, the details of which he had considered), all these things together had so changed his outlook on the working of his estate that he could no longer feel his former interest in the work, or help noticing the unpleasant relation to the labourer on which it was all

based. Herds of cattle of an improved breed like Pava, the tilled land ploughed with good ploughs, the nine fields surrounded with willows, the hundreds of acres of deeply manured land, the seed drills and all such things, were splendid if they could be worked by himself alone or with the help of friends and people in sympathy with him. But now he clearly saw (the book on agriculture which he was writing, in which the labourer was the chief factor in farming, helped much in this direction) that the agricultural work he was carrying on was founded on a bitter and obstinate struggle between himself and his labourers, in which on the one side—his—there was a continual and strenuous attempt to bring everything into accord with what were considered the best models, while on the other side there was the natural order of things. And he saw that in his struggle, in spite of extreme efforts on his part, and without any effort or even intention on the part of others, the only results achieved were that neither side was the winner, and that fine tools and splendid cattle and soil were quite uselessly damaged. But the chief point was that not only was the energy expended on the work wasted, but he could not help feeling now, when he saw the meaning of his pursuit laid bare before him, that the aim of his efforts was a most unworthy one. What was the essential cause of that hostility? He struggled to get every penny he could, and had to do so or he would not have been able to pay his labourers their wages, and they struggled to be allowed to work quietly, pleasantly, and just as they were used to work. It was to his interest that every labourer should get through as much work as possible and at the same time give his mind to it, not injuring the winnowing machine, the horse-rake, or the threshing machine, but working intelligently. The labourer wished to work in the pleasantest way possible, with intervals of rest, and especially to think unconcernedly about other things without having to reason. During that summer Levin noticed this continually.

He gave orders to mow the clover for hay, choosing the inferior fields overgrown with grass and hemlock and not fit for seed; and they cut down all the best seed clover, defended themselves by saying that the foreman ordered them to do it, and comforted him with the assur-

ance that he would get splendid hay; while he knew that they had done it simply because that clover was easiest to mow. He sent out the horse-rake to turn the hay and it got broken while tossing the first few rows, because the peasant found it dull to sit in the seat under the rotating wings; and Levin was told: 'Don't worry, sir! The women will toss it all in no time!'

The English ploughs turned out useless, because it never entered the peasant's head to lower the upturned ploughshare, and as he forced it through at the turning he spoiled the ground and strained the horses; and Levin was told not to worry! The horses were allowed to stray into the wheat-field because not one of the peasants wanted to be watchman, and in spite of its having been forbidden the labourers took turns to watch the horses at night; so Vanka, who had been at work all day, fell asleep, and confessed his guilt, saying, 'I am in your hands, sir!'

Three of the best calves had been overfed by being turned into the meadow where the clover had been cut, without any water to drink; and the peasants would on no account admit that the clover had injured them. To comfort Levin he was told that his neighbour had lost a hundred head of cattle in three days. All this happened not because anyone wished to harm Levin or his farming; on the contrary he well knew that they liked him and considered him a homely gentleman—high praise from a peasant. It was done simply because the labourers wished to work merrily and without care, while his interests were not only foreign and incomprehensible to them but flatly opposed to their own just interests. Levin had long felt dissatisfied with his relation to the work on his estate. He had seen that the boat was leaking but had not found or looked for the leak, and perhaps had purposely deceived himself, for had he been disillusioned in that work, he would have had nothing left. But now he could deceive himself no longer.

His agricultural pursuits had not only ceased to interest him but had become repulsive, and he could no longer give his mind to them.

Added to this there was Kitty Shcherbatskaya not more than twenty miles away, and he wanted to meet her, yet could not. When he called on Dolly, she had

asked him to come again and come with the object of once more proposing to her sister, letting him feel that her sister would now accept him. Levin himself having seen Kitty Shcherbatskaya knew that he had not ceased to love her, yet he could not go to the Oblonskys' house while she was there. That he had proposed and she had refused him had put an impossible barrier between them.

'I cannot ask her to be my wife just because she cannot be the wife of the man she wanted,' he said to himself, and this thought rendered him cold and hostile toward her.

'I shall not have the strength to speak to her without reproach or to look at her without ill will, and she will only hate me all the more—as it is only right she should! Besides, how can I go there now after what Darya Alexandrovna told me? Can I help betraying what she told me? And I should come magnanimously to forgive her, to show mercy to her! I—stand before her in the rôle of one who forgives her and honours her with his love! Why did Darya Alexandrovna tell me this? I might have met her accidentally and then all would have come naturally, but now it is impossible!'

Dolly sent to him to ask for a side-saddle for Kitty.

'I have been told,' she wrote, 'that you have a side-saddle. I hope you will bring it yourself.'

That was more than he could stand. 'How can an intelligent woman with any delicacy so humiliate a sister?' He wrote ten notes and tore them all up, sending the saddle at last without any reply. To say that he would come was impossible, because he could not come; to say that something prevented him from coming, or that he was leaving home, was still worse. He sent the saddle without an answer, conscious of doing something shameful; and next day, putting the disagreeable management of the estate into the hands of the steward, he went away to a distant district to visit his friend Sviyazhsky, who had splendid shooting and had long been asking him to come and stay with him.

The snipe marshes in the Surovsky district had for a long time appeared tempting to Levin, but he had put off his visit because of his farm-work. But now he was glad to go away from the proximity of Kitty and from

his farm, and especially to go shooting, an occupation which served him as the best solace in all his troubles.

CHAPTER XXV

THERE was no railway or stage-coach to the Surovsky district, and Levin went in his own *tarantas*.

Half-way he stopped to feed his horses at a well-to-do peasant's house. The bald-headed, fresh-faced old man, with a red beard which was growing grey round the cheeks, opened the gates and pressed close to the post to let the three-horsed vehicle enter. After showing the coachman to a place in a lean-to, in a large, clean, tidy, newly-constructed yard where stood some charred wooden ploughs, the old man invited Levin to enter the house. A cleanly-dressed young woman with goloshes on her stockingless feet was washing the floor in the passage. The dog that followed Levin frightened her, but when she was told that it would not hurt her she at once began to laugh at her own alarm. After pointing to the door with her bare arm she again stooped, hiding her handsome face, and went on scrubbing.

'Want a samovar?' she asked.

'Yes, please.'

The room Levin entered was a large one with a tiled stove and a partition. Under the shelf with the icons stood a table decorated with a painted pattern, a bench, and two chairs. By the door stood a little cupboard with crockery. The shutters were closed and there were not many flies in the room, which was so clean that Levin took care to keep Laska (who had been bathing in the puddles on the way) from trampling on the floor, telling her to lie down in a corner by the door. Having looked round the room, he went out into the back-yard. The good-looking woman in goloshes, with two empty pails swinging from a wooden yoke, ran down before him to fetch water from the well.

'Look alive!' the old man called merrily after her, and approached Levin. 'Is it to Nicholas Ivanich Sviyazhsky you are going, sir? He too stops at our place,' he began garrulously, leaning on the banisters of the porch. In the midst of his conversation about his

acquaintanceship with Sviyazhsky the gates creaked again, and the labourers returning from the fields came into the yard with their ploughs and harrows. The horses harnessed to the ploughs and harrows were big and well-fed. The labourers evidently belonged to the household. Two young fellows wore print shirts and peaked caps, two others were hired men and wore home-spun shirts; one of these was old and the other young.

The old master of the house left the porch and went to unharness the horses.

'What have they been ploughing?' asked Levin.

'Between the potatoes. We too rent a little land. Don't let the gelding out, Fedof, lead him to the trough. We'll harness another.'

'I say, father! have those ploughshares I ordered been brought?' asked a tall, robust young fellow, evidently the old man's son.

'There in the passage,' answered the old man, winding the reins into a ring and throwing them on the ground. 'Fix them on before we finish dinner.'

The good-looking woman returned, her shoulders pressed down by the weight of the full pails, and went into the house. Other women, young and handsome, middle-aged, old and plain, some with children, others without, appeared from somewhere.

The chimney of the samovar began to hum. The labourers and the family, having attended to the horses, went in to dinner.

Levin took his provisions out of the *tarantas* and invited the old man to have tea with him.

'Why, I don't know! We have had tea once to-day,' said he, evidently pleased to accept the invitation. 'Well, just for company!'

Over their tea Levin heard the whole history of the old man's farm. Ten years previously he had rented about four hundred acres from the landowner, and the year before he had bought them outright and rented another nine hundred from a neighbouring proprietor. A small part of the land—the worst—he let, and with the aid of his family and two hired men cultivated about a hundred and twenty acres. The old man complained that his affairs were in a bad way. But Levin knew that he only did so for propriety's sake and that in reality his farm

was flourishing. Had his affairs been in a bad way he would not have bought land at thirty-five roubles an acre, would not have married three of his sons and a nephew, and would not have twice rebuilt his homestead after fires, nor rebuilt it better each time. In spite of the old peasant's grumbling one could see that he was justly proud of his property, of his sons, his nephew, his daughters-in-law, his horses, his cows, and especially of the fact that his whole household and farm held together. From their conversation Levin gathered that he was not against new methods either. He had planted many potatoes which had already flowered and were forming fruit, as Levin had noticed when passing the fields on the way, while Levin's own potatoes were just beginning to flower. He ploughed the land for the potatoes with an English plough, which he had borrowed from a landowner. He also sowed wheat. Levin was struck especially by one little detail. The old peasant used the thinnings of the rye as fodder for the horses. Many a time when Levin had seen this valuable food wasted he had wanted to have it gathered up, but had found this impossible. On this peasant's fields this was being done, and he could not find words enough to praise this fodder.

'What is there for the young women to do? They carry the heaps out on to the road and a cart comes and fetches them.'

'There now! We landlords don't get on well because of the labourers,' said Levin, handing him a tumbler of tea.

'Thank you,' said the old man as he took the tea, but he refused sugar, pointing to a bit he still had left.[1] 'How can one rely on work with hired labourers?' he said, 'it is ruination! Take Sviyazhsky now. We know what sort of soil his is, black as poppy-seed, but he cannot boast of his harvests either. It's want of attention.'

'And yet you too use hired labour on your farm?'

'Ours is peasant's business; we look after everything ourselves. If a labourer is no good, let him go! We can manage for ourselves.'

[1] Russian peasants, for the sake of economy, seldom put sugar to dissolve in their tea, but take a lump and nibble it between their drinks of tea.

'Father, Finnigan wants some tar fetched,' said the woman with the goloshes, coming in.

'That's how it is, sir,' said the old man, rising; and after crossing himself several times he thanked Levin and went out. When Levin went into the back room to call his coachman he found the whole peasant family at dinner. The women served standing. The vigorous young son with his mouth full of buckwheat porridge was saying something funny, and everybody laughed heartily—the woman with the goloshes laughing more merrily than anyone as she refilled the bowl with cabbage soup.

The handsome face of this woman with the goloshes might very well have had something to do with the impression of welfare that this peasant household produced on Levin; that impression was anyhow so strong that he never lost it. And all the rest of the way to Sviyazhsky's he every now and then recalled that household, as if the impression it had left on him demanded special attention.

CHAPTER XXVI

Sviyazhsky was Marshal of the Nobility in his district. He was five years older than Levin and had long been married. His young sister-in-law, whom Levin thought very pleasant, lived with them. He knew that both Sviyazhsky and his wife wanted to see her married to him, Levin. He knew this as certainly as all so-called eligible young men know these things, though he could never have said so to anyone; and he also knew that although he wanted to marry, and although this girl, to all appearance very fascinating, ought to make a splendid wife, he could as soon fly as marry her, even had he not been in love with Kitty. And this knowledge spoilt the pleasure which he hoped his visit to Sviyazhsky would give him.

Levin had thought of this when he received Sviyazhsky's invitation, but in spite of it he made up his mind that this idea of Sviyazhsky's intentions was only an unfounded conjecture of his and that he would go. Besides, at the bottom of his heart he wanted to put himself to

the test and again to estimate his feelings for the girl. Sviyazhsky's home life was extremely pleasant, and Sviyazhsky himself was the best type of social worker that Levin had ever known, and Levin always found him very interesting.

Sviyazhsky was one of those people—they invariably amazed Levin—whose judgment was very logical though never original and was kept quite apart from their conduct, while their manner of life was very definite and stable, its tendency being quite independent of their judgment, and even clashing with it. Sviyazhsky was an extreme Liberal. He despised the gentry and considered the majority of noblemen to be secretly in favour of serfdom, and only prevented by cowardice from expressing their views. He considered Russia to be a doomed country like Turkey, and the Russian government so bad that he did not think it worth while seriously to criticize its actions; yet he had an official position, was a model Marshal of the Nobility, and when he travelled always wore a cockade and a red band to his cap. He imagined that to live as a human being was possible only in foreign countries, where he went to stay at every opportunity; yet he carried on very complicated and perfected agricultural pursuits in Russia and carefully followed and knew what was being done there. He considered the Russian peasant to be one degree higher than the ape in development, yet at district elections no one shook hands with the peasants and listened to their opinions more willingly than he. He believed in neither God nor Devil, yet he was much concerned by the question of improving the condition of the clergy and limiting parishes, and was at the same time particularly active in seeing that the church should be retained in his village.

On the Woman's Question he sided with the extreme advocates of woman's freedom and especially the right to work; yet he lived with his wife in such a way that it gave everybody pleasure to see the friendly relationship in which they passed their childless life, and had so arranged that his wife did nothing and could do nothing except share her husband's efforts to spend their time as pleasantly and merrily as possible.

Had Levin not possessed the faculty of giving the best interpretation to people's characters, Sviyazhsky's char-

acter would have presented no difficulty or problem to him; he would only have called him a fool or a good-for-nothing, and everything would have been clear. But he could not call him a fool, because Sviyazhsky was not only very intelligent but also a very well-educated man, who carried his education with extreme modesty. There was no subject with which he was not acquainted, but he only exhibited his knowledge when forced to do so. Still less could Levin call him a good-for-nothing, because Sviyazhsky was certainly an honest, kind-hearted, and clever man, always joyfully and actively engaged on work highly prized by all around, and certainly a man who could never consciously do anything bad.

Levin tried but could not understand him, and regarded him and his life as animated riddles.

The Sviyazhskys were friendly with Levin, and therefore he allowed himself to sound Sviyazhsky and try to get to the very foundation of his philosophy of life; but it was all in vain. Each time that Levin tried to penetrate deeper than the reception rooms of the other's mind, which were always open to anybody, he noticed Sviyazhsky seemed a little confused. A just perceptible look of fear appeared on his face, as if he were afraid that he would be understood by Levin, whom he met with good-natured, jocose resistance.

Now, after his disillusion with the work on his estate, Levin was especially pleased to stay a while with Sviyazhsky. Not to mention the fact that the sight of the happy doves in their well-ordered nest, so content with themselves and everybody else, had a cheering effect on him, he now wanted, dissatisfied with life as he was, to get at the secret which gave Sviyazhsky such clearness, definiteness, and cheerfulness.

Levin also knew that he would meet neighbouring landowners at the Sviyazhskys'; and it would be very interesting to talk and hear about farming, the harvest, the hire of labour, and all those questions which, though considered very low, seemed to him most important.

'These matters might not have been so important in the time of serfdom and may be unimportant in England. In these cases the conditions were or are settled; but with us everything has only just been changed, and is only beginning to settle down. The question of how

things will settle down is the only important question in the whole of Russia,' thought Levin.

The shooting did not prove as good as he had expected. The marsh had dried up and there were hardly any snipe. He went about all day and only brought back three, but on the other hand he brought back, as he always did after a day's shooting, a splendid appetite, good spirits, and the stimulated mental condition which in his case always accompanied physical exertion. And when out shooting, while he did not seem to be thinking at all, he again and again thought about the old peasant and his family, and felt as if the impression made on him called not only for his attention, but for the solution of some problem related thereto.

In the evening at tea a very interesting conversation sprang up, just as Levin had expected, in the company of two landlords who had come about some guardianship business.

Levin sat beside the hostess at the tea-table, and was obliged to converse with her and her sister, who was sitting opposite him. The hostess was a short, fair, round-faced woman, beaming with smiles and dimples. Levin tried to find out through her the answer to the riddle, so important to him, presented by her husband; but he had not full freedom of thought because he felt painfully uncomfortable. This painful discomfort was due to the fact that her sister sat opposite to him in a dress that seemed to him to have been put on especially for his benefit, with a particularly low, square-cut decolletage showing her white bosom. Though her bosom was so white, or perhaps because it was so white, this square-cut deprived Levin of his freedom of thought. He imagined, probably quite mistakenly, that the bodice was cut like that on his account; he felt that he had no right to look at it and tried not to do so, but felt guilty because it was cut so. Levin felt as if he were deceiving some one, as if he ought to offer some explanation which was impossible, and therefore he kept blushing and was restless and uncomfortable. His discomfort communicated itself to the pretty sister, but the hostess did not seem to notice anything and purposely drew her sister into the conversation.

'You say,' the hostess continued, 'that my husband

cannot feel an interest in anything Russian? On the contrary, though he is happy abroad, he is never so happy there as here. He feels in his own sphere. He is so busy, and he has a gift for taking an interest in everything. Oh! you have not been to see our school!'

'I saw it. . . . It is a little ivy-covered house?'

'Yes, that is Nastya's business,' she said, pointing to her sister.

'You yourself teach?' asked Levin, trying to look beyond the bodice, but conscious that if he looked in her direction he must see it.

'Yes, I have been and am still teaching, but we have a splendid master. And we have introduced gymnastics.'

'No thanks! No more tea,' said Levin, and unable to continue the conversation, though he knew he was behaving rudely, he got up blushing. 'I hear a very interesting conversation there,' he added, and went to the other end of the table where his host and the two landlords were sitting. Sviyazhsky sat sideways, leaning his elbow on the table and turning his cup round with one hand, while with the other he gathered his beard together, lifted it to his nose as if smelling it, and let it go again. He looked with his glittering black eyes straight at an excited landowner, with a grey moustache, whose words evidently amused him. The landowner was complaining about the peasants. Levin saw clearly that Sviyazhsky could have answered the landowner's complaint so that the meaning of the latter's words would have been destroyed at once, but owing to his position he could not give that answer, and listened not without pleasure to the landowner's funny speech.

This landowner with the grey moustache was evidently an inveterate believer in serfdom, and a passionate farmer who had lived long in the country.

Levin saw signs of this in the way the man was dressed —he wore an old-fashioned shiny coat which he was evidently not used to—and in his intelligent, dismal eyes, his well-turned Russian, his authoritative tone, evidently acquired by long practice, and in the firm movement of his fine large sunburnt hands, the right one having an old wedding-ring on the third finger.

CHAPTER XXVII

If it were not a pity to give up what has been set going . . . after spending so much toil . . . I would throw it all up, sell out and, like Nicholas Ivanich, go away . . . to hear *La belle Hélène*,' said the landowner, a pleasant smile lighting up his wise old face.

'But we see you don't give it up,' said Nicholas Ivanich Sviyazhsky, 'so it seems it has its advantages.'

'Just one advantage: I live in my own house, which is neither bought nor hired. And there is always the hope that the people will come to their senses. You would hardly believe what drunkenness and debauchery there is! The families have all separated; they have not a horse nor a cow left. They are starving, yet if you hire one of them as a labourer, he'll spoil and break things, and will even lodge complaints with the magistrate.'

'On the other hand you, too, complain to the magistrate.'

'I complain? Never! Nothing could induce me to! It would cause such gossip that one would be sorry one tried it. At the works now they took money in advance, and went off. And what did the magistrate do? Why, acquitted them! Things are only kept going by the village tribunal and the village elder. He thrashes them in the old style. If it were not for that, one had better give up everything and flee to the ends of the earth.' The landowner evidently meant to tease Sviyazhsky, but the latter did not take offence; on the contrary, he evidently enjoyed it.

'Well, you see, we carry on our work without such measures, I and Levin and he,' Sviyazhsky said smiling, and pointing to the other landowner.

'Yes, Michael Petrovich gets on, but ask him how? Is his what you would call "rational" farming?' said the landowner, ostentatiously using the word 'rational.'

'My farming is very simple, thank heaven!' said Michael Petrovich. 'My farming is to have money ready for the autumn taxes. The peasants come along, and say, "Be a father to us! Help us!" Well, of course they are all our own people, our neighbours: one pities them, and lends them what they want, enough to

pay the one-third then due, but one says, "Remember, lads! I help you, and you must help me when necessary —at the oat-sowing or hay-making, at harvest time; and one agrees for so much work from each family." But it is true there are some dishonest ones among them.'

Levin, who had long been acquainted with these patriarchal methods, exchanged a glance with Sviyazhsky, and, interrupting Michael Petrovich, addressed the landowner with the grey moustache.

'How then, in your opinion, should one carry on at present?'

'Why, carry on the way Michael Petrovich does: either pay the peasants in kind, or rent it to them! That is quite possible, but the wealth of the community as a whole is ruined by such methods. Where my land used to yield ninefold under serfdom with good management, it only now yields threefold when the labourers are paid in kind. Russia has been ruined by the emancipation of the peasants.'

Sviyazhsky looked at Levin with smiling eyes, and even made a just perceptible sarcastic sign to him ridiculing the old man, but Levin did not consider the landowner's words ridiculous, he understood him better than he did Sviyazhsky. Much of what the landowner said subsequently, to prove that Russia was ruined by the Emancipation, even appeared to him to be very true, new, and undeniable. The landowner was evidently expressing his own thoughts—which people rarely do—thoughts to which he had been led not by a desire to find some occupation for an idle mind, but by the conditions of his life: thoughts which he had hatched in his rural solitude and considered from every side.

'The fact of the matter is, you see, that progress can only be achieved by authority,' he said, evidently wishing to show that education was not foreign to him. 'Take, for instance, the reforms of Peter the Great, Catherine, and Alexander. Take European history. In the realm of agriculture it is still more so. To name only potatoes, they even had to be introduced by force into this country. Our primitive ploughs you know have not been always used. They must have been introduced at the time of the Rurik Princes, and doubtless by force. Now in our case we landlords under serfdom applied improved

methods of agriculture: we introduced the winnowing machines and all sorts of tools, organized the carting of manure—all by our authority, and the peasants at first resisted and afterwards copied us. Now that serfdom has been abolished and the power taken out of our hands, our agriculture where it has been brought to a high level must descend to a savage and primitive condition. That is how I look at the matter.'

'But why? If your farming is rational you can carry it on with hired labour,' said Sviyazhsky.

'I have no power. By means of whose labour am I to carry it on?'

'Here we have it! The labour-power is the chief element of agriculture,' thought Levin.

'Hired labourers,' replied Sviyazhsky.

'Hired labourers don't want to work well with good tools. Our labourers understand one thing only: to get drunk like swine, and when drunk to spoil everything you put into their hands. They'll water the horses at the wrong time, tear good harness, change a wheel with an iron tire for one without, or drop a bolt into the threshing machine in order to break it. They hate to see anything that is beyond them. That is why the level of agriculture has gone down. The land is neglected, overgrown with wormwood or given to the peasants, and where eight million bushels used to be produced they now only produce eight hundred thousand. The wealth of the nation has decreased. If the same step had been taken with due consideration . . .'

And he began to develop his plan of emancipation, which might have prevented this dislocation.

But it did not interest Levin, and, as soon as the landlord had finished, Levin returned to the first proposition, and, trying to get Sviyazhsky to express his views seriously, said to him:

'The fact that our agriculture is sinking, that it is impossible, our relation to the peasants being what it is, to carry on our rational farming profitably, is quite true.'

'I don't think so,' said Sviyazhsky, now quite serious. 'All I see is that we do not know how to farm, and that our farming in the days of serfdom was not at too high but on the contrary at too low a level. We have no

machines, no good horses, no proper management, and we do not know how to keep accounts. Ask any farmer; he cannot tell you what is profitable for you and what is not.'

'Italian bookkeeping!' said the landowner scornfully. 'Keep your accounts as you will—if they spoil everything you have got, you won't have a profit!'

'Why spoil everything? They will break your inferior Russian threshers, but they cannot break my steam threshing-machine. The poor Russian hack, what d'you call it? . . . of the breed that you have to drag along by the tail, can be spoiled; but if you keep Flemish drays or good Russo-Danish horses, they won't spoil them. And it's by such means that we must raise agriculture to a higher level.'

'Yes, if one can afford it, Nicholas Ivanich! It is all very well for you, but I have a son at the university to keep, and to pay for the little ones' education at the secondary school, so that I cannot buy Flemish drays.'

'We have got banks for such cases.'

'Yes, and finish by being sold up by auction! . . . No, thank you!'

'I do not believe that it is either advisable or possible to raise the level of agriculture,' said Levin. 'I go in for it, and have means, but I never could do anything. I do not know to whom banks are useful. I at any rate never spent money on improvements without loss. Expensive cattle bring me a loss, and machinery too.'

'Yes, that is quite true,' said the landowner with the grey moustache, and he even laughed with pleasure.

'And I am not the only one,' continued Levin. 'I can refer you to many farmers who carry on rational farming, and with rare exceptions they all make a loss on it. You just tell us, is your farming profitable?' said Levin, and at once noticed a momentary expression of fright which he had observed before on Sviyazhsky's face, when he tried to penetrate beyond the reception rooms of his mind. Besides, this question was not quite honest. His hostess had told him at tea that they had engaged that summer a German from Moscow, an expert bookkeeper, and paid him five hundred roubles to audit their accounts; and he found that they lost three thousand roubles odd a year on their farming. She did not

remember the exact figure, though the German had calculated it down to a quarter of a kopeck.

The landowner smiled when the profits of Sviyazhsky's farming were mentioned, evidently aware of the sort of profits that his neighbour the Marshal of the Nobility was able to make.

'It may be unprofitable,' answered Sviyazhsky, 'but that only shows that I am either a bad farmer or that I spend capital to raise the rent.'

'Oh dear! The rent!' exclaimed Levin, quite horrified. 'There may be such a thing as rent in Europe, where the land has been improved by the labour put into it, but with us the land gets poorer by the labour put into it, that is, by being ploughed up. Therefore there can be no such thing as rent.'

'No rent? Rent is a natural law.'

'Then we are outside that law: rent does not explain anything in our case, but on the contrary only causes confusion. But you had better tell us how the theory of rent can be . . .'

'Would you like some curds and whey? Mary, send us some curds and whey or some raspberries here,' said Sviyazhsky to his wife. 'This year the raspberries are lasting an extraordinarily long time,' and Sviyazhsky got up cheerfully and moved away, evidently regarding the conversation as finished at the very point where to Levin it seemed to be just beginning.

Having lost his interlocutor Levin continued the conversation with the landowner, trying to prove to him that all our difficulties arise from the fact that we do not wish to understand the characteristics and habits of our labourers; but the landowner, like everybody who thinks individually and in solitude, was obtuse to other thoughts and tenacious of his own.

He insisted that the Russian peasant was a pig and loved piggishness, and that, to lead him out of the pigsty, power was needed, but there was no such power. A stick was necessary, but we had exchanged the thousand-year-old stick for some kind of lawyers and prisons, in which the good-for-nothing stinking peasants were fed with good soup and provided with a given number of cubic feet of air.

'Why do you think,' asked Levin, trying to bring him

back to the question, 'that we could not establish some relation with labour which would make it remunerative?'

'It will never be done with Russians! We have no power!' answered the landowner.

'What new conditions could be discovered?' said Sviyazhsky who, having eaten his curds and whey and lit a cigarette, now returned to the disputants. 'Every possible relation to the power of labour has been defined and investigated,' he said. 'The remnant of barbarism, the primitive commune with its reciprocal bonds, falls to pieces of itself when serfdom is abolished, and there is nothing left but free labour; its forms are defined and ready and we must accept them. The labourer, the hired man, the farmer, you cannot get away from them.'

'But the rest of Europe is not satisfied with that system.'

'No, it is dissatisfied and it is seeking new methods. It will probably find them.'

'All I wish to say is,' said Levin, 'why should we not seek them for ourselves?'

'Because it would be just the same as inventing new methods of building a railway. They are invented and ready.'

'But if they don't suit us? If they are stupid?' said Levin.

And again he noticed a look of fear in the eyes of Sviyazhsky.

'Oh yes, it is all child's play for us: we have discovered what Europe is looking for! I know all that, but excuse me, do you know what has been accomplished in Europe with regard to the labour question?'

'Not much.'

'The question is at present occupying the best brains in Europe. There is the Schulze-Delitzsch trend. . . . Then there is a whole gigantic literature on the labour question, with the most Liberal Lassalle tendency. . . . The Mulhausen system—that is already a fact. I expect you know about it.'

'I have some idea about it, but very vague.'

'Oh, you only say so, I am sure you know about it just as well as I do! I am, of course, not a professor of Sociology, but it interests me, and really if it interests you, you had better study the matter.'

'But what have they arrived at?'

'Excuse me . . .'

The landowners had risen, and Sviyazhsky, having again checked Levin in his disagreeable habit of prying beyond the reception rooms of his mind, went to see his visitors off.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Levin felt intolerably bored by the ladies that evening. He was more than ever excited by the thought that the dissatisfaction with work on the land which he now experienced was not an exceptional state of mind, but the result of the condition of agriculture in Russia generally, and that some arrangement that would make the labourers work as they did for the peasant at the halfway-house was not an idle dream but a problem it was necessary to solve. And he felt that it could be solved, and that he must try to do it.

Having said good-night to the ladies and promised to stay a whole day longer in order to ride with them and see an interesting landslide in the State forest, Levin before going to bed went to his host's study to borrow the books on the labour question which Sviyazhsky had offered him. Sviyazhsky's study was an enormous room lined with book cupboards. There were two tables in it, one a massive writing-table, the other a round one on which lay a number of newspapers and journals in different languages, arranged as if they were mats round the lamp in the centre. Beside the writing-table was a stand with gold-labelled drawers containing various business papers.

Sviyazhsky got down the books and settled himself in a rocking-chair.

'What is it you are looking at?' he asked Levin, who, having stopped at the round table, was looking at one of the journals.

'Oh, there is a very interesting article there,' he added, referring to the journal Levin held in his hand. 'It turns out that the chief agent in the Partition of Poland was not Frederick at all,' he added with gleeful animation. 'It turns out . . .'

And with characteristic clearness he briefly recounted these new and very important and interesting discoveries. Though at present Levin was more interested in agriculture than in anything else, he asked himself while listening to his host, 'What is there inside him? And why, why does the Partition of Poland interest him?' And when Sviyazhsky had finished he could not help asking him, 'Well, and what of it?' But Sviyazhsky had no answer to give. It was interesting that 'it turns out,' and he did not consider it necessary to explain *why* it interested him.

'Yes, and I was greatly interested by that cross old landowner,' said Levin with a sigh. 'He is intelligent and said much that is true.'

'Oh, pooh! He is secretly a rooted partisan of serfdom, like all of them!' said Sviyazhsky.

'Whose Marshal you are . . .'

'Yes, but I marshal them in the opposite direction,' said Sviyazhsky, laughing.

'What interests me very much is this,' said Levin: 'he is right when he says that our rational farming is not a success and that only money-lending methods, like that quiet fellow's, or very elementary methods, pay, . . . Whose fault is it?'

'Our own, of course! but it is not true that it does not pay. Vasilchikov makes it pay.'

'A factory. . . .'

'I still cannot understand what you are surprised at. The people are on so low a level both of material and moral development that they are certain to oppose what is good for them. In Europe rational farming answers because the people are educated; therefore we must educate our people—that's all.'

'But how is one to educate them?'

'To educate the people three things are necessary: schools, schools, schools!'

'But you yourself just said that the people are on a low level of material development: how will schools help that?'

'Do you know, you remind me of the story of the advice given to a sick man: "You should try an aperient."—"I have, and it made me worse." "Try leeches."—"I have, and they made me worse." "Well, then, you had

better pray to God."—"I have, and that made me worse!" It is just the same with us. I mention political economy; you say it makes things worse. I mention Socialism; you say, "still worse." Education? "Worse and worse."'

'But how will schools help?'

'By giving people other wants.'

'Now that I never could understand,' replied Levin, hotly. 'How will schools help the peasants to improve their material conditions? You say that schools and education will give them new wants. So much the worse, for they won't be able to satisfy them. And in what way knowing how to add and subtract and to say the catechism will help them to improve their material condition, I never could understand! The other evening I met a woman with an infant in her arms and asked her where she was going. She replied that she had been to see the "wise woman" because her boy was fractious, and she took him to be cured. I asked her what cure the wise woman had for fractiousness. "She puts the baby on the perch among the fowls and says something."'

'Well, there is your answer! Education will stop them from carrying their children to the roosts to cure them of fractiousness,' said Sviyazhsky with a merry smile.

'Oh, not at all!' said Levin, crossly. 'That treatment seems to me just a parallel to treating the peasants by means of schools. The people are poor and ignorant, this we know as surely as the woman knows that the child is fractious because it cries. But why schools should cure the ills of poverty and ignorance is just as incomprehensible as why hens on their perches should cure fractiousness. What needs to be cured is their poverty.'

'Well, in this at least you agree with Spencer, whom you dislike so much; he too says that education may result from increased well-being and comfort—from frequent ablutions, as he expresses it—but not from the ability to read and reckon . . .'

'Well, I am very glad, or rather very sorry, that I coincide with Spencer; but it is a thing I have long known. Schools are no remedy, but the remedy would be an economic organization under which the people would

be better off and have more leisure. Then schools would come.'

'Yet all over Europe education is now compulsory.'

'And how do you agree with Spencer yourself in this matter?'

A frightened look flashed up in Sviyazhsky's eyes and he said with a smile:

'Yes, that cure for fractiousness is splendid! Did you really hear it yourself?'

Levin saw that he would not succeed in finding a connection between this man's life and his thoughts. It was evidently all the same to him what conclusions his reasoning led to: he only needed the process itself, and he did not like it when the process of reasoning led him up a blind alley. That he disliked and evaded by turning the conversation to something pleasantly jocular.

All the impressions of that day, beginning with the impression of the peasant at the halfway-house which seemed to serve as a foundation for all the other impressions and ideas, agitated Levin greatly. There was this amiable Sviyazhsky, who kept his opinions only for social use, and evidently had some other bases of life which Levin could not discern, while with that crowd, whose name is legion, he directed public opinion by means of thoughts foreign to himself; and that embittered landowner with perfectly sound views he had wrung painfully from life, but wrong in his bitterness toward a whole class, and that the best class in Russia; and Levin's own discontent with his own activity, and his vague hope of finding a remedy for all these things—all this merged into a feeling of restlessness and expectation of a speedy solution.

Left alone in the room assigned to him, and lying on a spring mattress which bounced unexpectedly whenever he moved a leg or an arm, it was long before Levin could sleep. Not one of the talks he had had with Sviyazhsky, though much that was clever had been said by the latter, interested him; but the landowner's arguments required consideration. Levin involuntarily remembered all that the man had said, and corrected in imagination the answers he himself had given.

'I ought to have said to him: "You say that our farming is not a success because the peasants hate all

improvements and that these should be introduced by force; and if farming did not pay at all without these improvements, you would be right. But it succeeds where and only where (as in the case of the man at the halfway-house) the labourers act in conformity with their habits. Your and our common dissatisfaction with farming shows that we, and not the peasants, are at fault. We have long pushed on in our own way—the European way—without considering the nature of the labour force available. Let us consider the labourer not as an abstract labour force but as a Russian peasant with his own instincts, and let us arrange our farming accordingly. Imagine!" I ought to have said to him, "that your farming is conducted like that old man's: that you have found means to interest the labourers in the results of their work, and have found improvements which they must recognize as such—then, without impoverishing the soil, you will get double and treble the crops you get now. Divide equally and give half the produce to labour, and the share left for you will be larger, and the labour force will receive more. And to do this we must lower the level of cultivation and give the peasants an interest in its success. How this can be done is a question of details, but it is certainly possible."'

This thought strongly excited Levin. He lay awake half the night considering the details necessary for carrying his thought into effect. He had not meant to leave next day, but now decided to go away early in the morning. Moreover there was the sister-in-law with the square-cut bodice, who occasioned in him a feeling akin to shame and repentance caused by the commission of a bad action. Above all he had to get away immediately to propose his new plan to the peasants before the winter corn was sown, so that that work might be done on the new conditions. He decided completely to reverse his former methods of farming.

CHAPTER XXIX

The carrying out of Levin's plans presented many difficulties, but he struggled with all his might to attain, if not all he desired, at any rate a possibility of believing

without self-deception that the thing was worth doing. One of the chief difficulties was that the farming was actually going on and it was impossible to stop it all and start afresh; so that the machine had to be altered while it was working.

When, on the evening of his return, he informed the steward of his intentions, the steward with evident pleasure agreed with that part of the plan which showed that all that had been done up to then was foolish and unprofitable. He remarked that he had always said so but had not been listened to. But to Levin's proposal that he, like the peasants, should participate as a shareholder would in the farming, the steward only put on a look of great depression and expressed no definite opinion, but at once began to speak of the necessity of carting the last sheaves of rye next day and of starting the second ploughing; so that Levin felt that it was not the time for his plans to be considered.

When speaking of the matter to the peasants and offering them land on the new conditions, Levin again met with the same difficulty; they too were so fully occupied with the labour of the day that they had no time to consider the advantages and disadvantages of the venture.

The naïve peasant, the cowman Ivan, quite understood Levin's offer of letting him and his family have a share in the profits of the dairy farm, and quite sympathized with this undertaking: but when Levin impressed upon him the benefit that would accrue to him in the future, a look of anxiety and regret that he could not stop to listen to it all appeared on Ivan's face, and he hurriedly remembered some task that could not be put off, seized a hay-fork to remove the hay from the enclosure, fetched water, or cleared away the manure.

Another stumbling-block was the peasant's invincible mistrust of the possibility of a landlord having any other aim than that of robbing them as much as possible. They were firmly convinced that his real aim (whatever he might say) would always be hidden in what he did not tell them. And they themselves, when they talked, said much, but never said what they really wanted. Besides all this (Levin felt that the splenetic landowner was right), the peasants put as the first and unalterable condition in

any agreement, that they should not be obliged to use any new methods or new kinds of tools for their work. They agreed that an English plough ploughed better, that a scarifier worked quicker, but they found a thousand reasons why they could not use either the one or the other; and, though he was convinced that it would be necessary to lower his standards of farming, he disliked having to give up improvements the benefit of which was so clear. Yet in spite of all these difficulties he got his way, and by autumn the scheme began to work, or at any rate it seemed so to him.

At first Levin thought of letting the whole of his farm as it stood to the peasants, to the labourers, and to his steward, on the new co-partnership lines, but he very soon saw that this was impossible and decided to divide up the different parts. The cattle-yard, the fruit and vegetable gardens, the meadows and the corn-fields, divided into several parts, should come under different sections. The naïve Ivan, who, it seemed to Levin, best understood the plan, formed an *artel*[1] consisting chiefly of his own family, and became partner in the dairy section. The far field that had lain fallow for eight years was, with the aid of the intelligent carpenter Theodore Rezunov, taken up by six peasants' families on the new co-operative lines, and the peasant Shuraev rented the vegetable gardens on similar terms. The rest remained as before; but these three sections were the beginning of a new order and fully occupied Levin.

It is true that the dairy farm did not as yet go on any better than before, and Ivan strongly opposed heating the cowsheds and making butter from fresh cream, maintaining that cows required less food when kept in the cold and that butter made from sour cream went further; and that he expected his wages to be paid as before, not being at all interested to know that they were not wages but an advance on account of profits.

It was true that Theodore Rezunov's group did not plough the corn land twice with the English plough as they had agreed to do, pleading lack of time. It was true that the peasants of that group, though they had agreed to farm the land on the new conditions, did not

[1] An *artel* is a workman's profit-sharing association, with mutual responsibility, common in Russia.

speak of it as co-operatively held land, but as land held for payment in kind; and that the members of that group and Rezunov himself said to Levin: 'If you would only accept money for the land it would be less trouble for you, and we should feel freer.' Moreover, these peasants, on all sorts of pretexts, kept putting off the building of the cattle-sheds and granary they had agreed to put up on this land, and dragged the matter on till winter.

It was true that Shuraev had taken steps to sublet the kitchen garden in small lots to the other peasants; he evidently quite misunderstood, and apparently intentionally misunderstood, the conditions on which the land was let to him.

It was true that often when talking to the peasants, and explaining to them the advantages of the plan, Levin felt that they were only listening to the sound of his voice and were quite determined, whatever he might say, not to let themselves be taken in. He felt this especially when talking to the most intelligent of them, Rezunov, and noticing the play in his eyes, which clearly indicated his derision of Levin and a firm resolve that if anyone was taken in it should not be Rezunov.

But in spite of this, Levin thought matters were getting on, and that by keeping strict accounts and insisting on having his way he would eventually be able to prove to the peasants the advantage of these new arrangements, and that things would then go on of themselves.

These affairs added to the rest of the farming which remained on his hands, and the indoor work on his book, so filled Levin's whole summer that he hardly ever made time to go out shooting. At the end of August he heard from a servant who brought back the side-saddle that the Oblonskys had gone back to Moscow. He felt that by not having answered Dolly Oblonskaya's letter (a rudeness he could not remember without blushing) he had burned his boats and could never visit there again. He had treated the Sviyazhskys just as badly, having left their house without saying good-bye. But neither would he ever visit them again. That made no difference to him now. The rearrangement of his farming interested him more than anything had ever done in his life. He read through the books lent him by Sviyazhsky,

and, having ordered various others that he required, he read books on political economy and socialistic books on the same subject, but, as he had expected, he found nothing in them related to his undertaking. In the works on political economy—in Mill for instance, which he studied first and with great ardour, hoping every moment to find a solution of the questions that occupied him—he found various laws deduced as governing the state of agriculture in Europe, but he could not see why these laws, inapplicable to Russia, should be considered universal! It was the same with the socialistic books: they were either beautiful but inapplicable fancies which had carried him away when he was still at the university, or they were improvements and patchings-up of the order existing in Europe, with which agricultural affairs in Russia have nothing in common. Political economy maintained that the laws by which the wealth of Europe had developed and is developing are universal and unquestionable laws. The socialistic teaching declared that development on those lines leads to ruin. But neither the one set of books nor the other so much as hinted at explaining what Levin, and all the Russian peasants and landowners with their millions of hands and acres, should do to make them as productive as possible for the general welfare.

Having taken up this question he conscientiously read everything relating to it; and he purposed going abroad in the autumn to study the question further there, so that what had often happened to him with other questions should not be repeated. Often, just as he was beginning to understand the idea in his interlocutor's mind and to explain his own, he would suddenly be asked: And what about Kauffmann and Jones, and Dubois and Michelli? Have you not read them? You should do so: they have elucidated the question!

He now clearly saw that Kauffmann and Michelli had nothing to tell him. He knew what he wanted. He saw that Russia had splendid soil and splendid labourers, and that in some cases (such as that of the peasant at the halfway house) the labourers and land produced much: but that in the majority of cases, when capital was expended in the European way, they produced little, and that this happened simply because the labourers

are only willing to work and work well, in the way natural to them, and that their opposition was not accidental but permanent, being rooted in the spirit of the people. He thought that the Russian people whose mission it is to occupy and cultivate enormous unoccupied tracts of land, deliberately, as long as any land remains unoccupied, kept to the methods necessary for that purpose and that those methods are not at all as bad as is generally thought. This he wanted to prove theoretically in his book and practically by his farming.

CHAPTER XXX

By the end of September the timber for the buildings to be erected on the land let to the peasant-group was carted, the butter was all sold and the profits divided. Everything on the estate was going well practically, at least Levin thought so. To elucidate matters theoretically and to finish his book, which, according to his dreams, would not only revolutionize political economy but completely abolish that science and lay the foundation of a new science (that of the relation of the people to the land) it was only necessary to go abroad and there study what had been done on the subject and find convincing proofs that what had been done there was not what was needed. Levin was only waiting for the wheat to be delivered and to get paid for it, before leaving for abroad. But rain set in, making it impossible to get in what remained of the corn and potatoes, stopped all the work, and even prevented the delivery of the wheat. The mud made the roads impassable: two mills had been carried away by floods, and the weather was getting worse and worse.

On the thirtieth of September the sun showed itself in the morning, and, in hopes of fine weather, Levin began seriously preparing for his departure. He gave orders that the grain was to be got ready for carting and sent the steward to the merchant to collect the money for the wheat, while he himself went round to give final instructions before leaving.

Having got through all his business, soaked by the streams of water that had run in at the neck of his leather coat and at the top of his high boots, but in the most

buoyant and animated spirits, he returned home in the evening. The weather grew still worse toward evening, and the frozen sleet beat the whole body of his drenched horse so painfully that it shook its head and ears and went sideways. But Levin under his hood felt comfortable; he looked cheerfully round, now at the turbid streams that ran down the ruts, now at the drops that hung from every bare twig, now at the white spots of unthawed sleet that lay on the planks of the bridge or on the heaps of still juicy willow leaves lying in a thick layer round a denuded tree. Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of nature around him he felt peculiarly elated. His conversation with the peasants of the outlying village showed that they were beginning to get used to the new conditions. An old inn-keeper, into whose house he had gone to dry himself, evidently approved of Levin's plan and had offered to join a group to buy cattle.

'I need only push on steadily toward my aim and I shall achieve it,' he thought, 'and it is worth working and striving for. It is not a personal affair of my own but one of public welfare. The whole system of farming, and above all the position of the people, must be completely altered: instead of poverty—wealth and satisfaction for all; instead of hostility—concord and a bond of common interest. In a word—a revolution bloodless but immense; first in our own small district, then throughout the province, throughout Russia, and the whole world—for a good thought must be fruitful. Yes, it is an aim worth working for! The fact that the author of it is myself, Constantine Levin, who once went to a ball in a black tie, whom Kitty Shcherbatskaya refused, and who seems so pitiful and insignificant to himself, proves nothing. I feel sure that Franklin felt just as insignificant and distrusted himself just as I do when he remembered his past. All that does not matter. He too probably had an Agatha Mikhaylovna to whom he confided his secrets.'

With such thoughts Levin reached home when it was already dark.

The steward, having been to the merchant, had returned bringing an instalment of the money for the wheat. An arrangement had been made with the innkeeper, and the steward, while away, had learnt that the corn had nowhere

been got in, so that Levin's hundred and sixty stacks still in the fields were a trifle compared to what others were losing.

Having dined, Levin as usual sat down in his easy-chair with a book, and while reading continued to think about his impending journey in connection with the book he was writing. To-day the importance of his work presented itself to him with especial clearness, and whole paragraphs of their own accord shaped themselves in his mind, expressing the gist of his thoughts. 'I must write that down,' thought he. 'That must form a short preface, such as I formerly considered unnecessary.' He rose to go to his writing-table, and Laska, who was lying at his feet, stretched herself, also got up, and looked round at him as if asking where she was to go to. But he had no time to write his thoughts down, for the labourers' foremen had come, and Levin went into the hall to speak to them.

After arranging about the next day's work by seeing the peasants who had come on business, Levin went to his study and sat down to his work. Laska lay down under the table, and Agatha Mikhaylovna with her knitting sat down in her usual place.

Having written for some time, Levin suddenly with particular vividness remembered Kitty, her refusal, and their last meeting. He rose and began to pace up and down the room.

'What is the use of fretting?' said Agatha Mikhaylovna. 'Why do you always sit at home? You should go to a watering-place now that you have got ready.'

'So I shall: I am going the day after to-morrow, Agatha Mikhaylovna, only I must finish my business.'

'Eh, what is your business? Have you not done enough for the peasants as it is! Why, they are saying, "Your master will get a reward from the Tsar for it!" And it is strange: why should you bother about the peasants?'

'I am not bothering about them: I am doing it for myself.'

Agatha Mikhaylovna knew all the details of Levin's farming plans. He often laid bare his thoughts before her in all their details, and frequently argued with her and disagreed with her explanations. But this time she quite misunderstood what he said.

'Of course one must think of one's soul before everything else,' she remarked with a sigh. 'There was Parfen Denisich, who was no scholar at all, but may God grant everyone to die as he did!' she said, referring to a servant who had died recently: 'he received Holy Communion and Extreme Unction.'

'I am not speaking about that,' he said. 'I mean that I am doing it for my own profit. My gains are bigger when the peasants work better.'

'But, whatever you do, an idler will always bungle. If he has a conscience he will work, if not, you can do nothing with him.'

'But you yourself say that Ivan looks after the cattle better now.'

'I only say,' answered Agatha Mikhaylovna, evidently not speaking at random but with strict sequence of thought, 'you must marry, that is all!'

Her mention of the very thing he was just thinking about grieved and hurt him. He frowned, and without replying again sat down to his work, repeating to himself all that he had been thinking about its importance. Only occasionally, in the stillness, he listened to the clicking of her needles and, remembering what he did not wish to remember, made a wry face.

At nine o'clock he heard the sound of a bell and the heavy lurching of a carriage through the mud.

'There now! Visitors have come to you,' said Agatha Mikhaylovna, rising and going toward the door. 'Now you won't feel dull.' But Levin overtook her. His work was not getting on now and he was glad of a visitor, whoever it might be.

CHAPTER XXXI

Halfway to the front door Levin heard a familiar sound of coughing in the hall, but the noise of his own footsteps prevented his hearing it clearly and he hoped he was mistaken. Then he saw the whole of his brother's long, bony, familiar figure, and it seemed that there could be no mistake, but he still hoped he was mistaken and that this tall man, who was taking off his overcoat and coughing, was not his brother Nicholas.

Levin was fond of his brother, but to be with him was always a torment. Under the sway of the thoughts that had come to him and of Agatha Mikhaylovna's reminders, he was in an unsettled and confused state of mind and the forthcoming meeting with his brother seemed particularly distressing. Instead of a cheerful, healthy stranger who, he hoped, would have diverted him from his mental perplexity, he had to meet his brother, who knew him through and through and would disturb his innermost thoughts and force him to make a clean breast of everything. And that was what he did not desire.

Angry with himself for this bad feeling Levin ran into the hall; and as soon as he had a near view of his brother this feeling of disappointment vanished and was replaced by pity. Dreadful as his emaciation and illness had previously made Nicholas, he was now still thinner and weaker. He was a mere skeleton covered with skin.

He stood in the hall jerking his long, thin neck, drawing a scarf from it, and smiling in a strangely piteous manner. When he saw this meek, submissive smile, Levin felt his throat contract convulsively.

'There! I *have* come to see you,' said Nicholas in a hollow voice, without taking his eyes for an instant from his brother's face. 'I have long wanted to, but did not feel well. Now I am much better,' and he wiped his beard with the thin palms of his hands.

'Yes, yes!' answered Levin. He was still more terrified when, kissing his brother's face, his lips felt the dryness of the skin and he saw his large strangely brilliant eyes close at hand.

Some weeks before this Constantine Levin had written to tell his brother that, after the sale of a few things which till then had remained undivided, Nicholas was entitled to his share, which came to about 2000 roubles.

Nicholas said that he had now come to fetch that money, but chiefly to visit his own nest and touch his native soil, in order like the heroes of old to gather strength from it for the work that lay before him. In spite of the fact that he was more round-shouldered than ever and that, being so tall, his leanness was startling, his movements were quick and sudden as formerly. Levin took him to his room.

Nicholas dressed carefully, a thing he never used to

do, brushed his thin, straight hair and went smiling upstairs.

He was in a most affectionate and cheerful mood, such as Levin remembered his often being in as a child: and he even mentioned Sergius Ivanich without irritation. When he met Agatha Mikhaylovna he joked with her and questioned her about the other old servants. The news of Parfen Denisich's death affected him strangely. A look of fear appeared on his face but he immediately recovered himself.

'After all, he was old,' he remarked and changed the subject. 'Well, I will spend a month or two with you and then I will go to Moscow. D'you know, Myagkov has promised me a post and I am entering the Civil Service. I will now arrange my life quite differently,' he continued. 'You know, I have got rid of that woman?'

'Mary Nikolavna? Why, what for?'

'Oh, she was a horrid woman! She has caused me a lot of unpleasantness,' but he did not say in what the unpleasantness consisted. He could not explain that he had turned Mary Nikolavna away because she made his tea too weak, and chiefly because she waited on him as on an invalid.

'Besides, I want to alter my life completely. Of course, like everybody else, I have done stupid things, but property is the least consideration and I don't regret mine. Health is the great thing, and my health, thank God, has improved.'

Levin listened, trying but unable to think of what to say. Nicholas probably felt the same; he began questioning his brother about his affairs, and Levin was glad to talk about himself because he could do so without any pretence. He told Nicholas of his plans and activities.

Nicholas listened but evidently was not interested.

These two men were so near akin and so intimate with one another, that between them the least movement or intonation expressed more than could be said in words.

At present the same thought filled both their minds and dominated all else: Nicholas's illness and approaching death. But neither of them dared speak of it, and not having expressed the one thing that occupied their thoughts, whatever they said rang false. Never before

had Levin felt so glad when an evening was over and it was time to go to bed. Never had he been so unnatural and artificial, even with an outsider or when making a formal call, as he was that day. And his consciousness of this artificiality and his repentance made him more unnatural. He wished to weep over his dear, dying brother, but had to listen and keep up a conversation about how Nicholas was going to live.

The house being damp, and only his bedroom heated, Levin put his brother to sleep behind a partition in that room.

Nicholas went to bed but, whether he slept or not, kept tossing and coughing like a sick man and, when unable to clear his throat, muttering some complaint. Sometimes he sighed deeply and said, 'Oh, my God!' Sometimes, when the phlegm choked him, he muttered angrily, 'Oh, the devil!' Levin long lay awake listening to him. His thoughts were very various, but they all led up to death.

Death, the inevitable end of everything, confronted him for the first time with irresistible force. And that Death which was present in this dear brother (who, waking up, moaned and by habit called indiscriminately on God and on the devil) was not so far away as it had hitherto seemed to be. It was within himself too—he felt it. If not to-day, then to-morrow or thirty years hence, was it not all the same? But what that inevitable Death was, he not only did not know, not only had never considered, but could not and dared not consider.

'I am working, I want to do something, and I had forgotten that it will all end in Death!'

He sat on his bed in the dark, doubled his arms round his knees and thought, scarcely breathing from the mental strain. But the more mental effort he made the clearer he saw that it was undoubtedly so: that he had really forgotten and overlooked one little circumstance in life—that Death would come and end everything, so that it was useless to begin anything, and that there was no help for it. Yes, it was terrible, but true.

'But I am still alive: what am I to do now? What am I to do?' he said despairingly. He lit a candle, got up carefully, went to the looking-glass, and began examining his face and hair. Yes! There were grey

hairs on his temples. He opened his mouth: his double teeth were beginning to decay. He bared his muscular arms. Yes, he was very strong. But Nicholas, who was breathing there with the remains of his lungs, had once had a healthy body too; and he suddenly remembered how as children they used to go to bed together and only waited till Theodore Bogdanich had left the room to throw pillows at one another and to laugh and laugh so irrepressibly that even the fear of Theodore Bogdanich could not stop that overflowing bubbling consciousness of the joy of living. 'And now that sunk and hollow chest. . . . And I, who do not know what will happen to me, or why . . .'

'Kha, kha! Oh, the devil! What are you fidgeting for? Why don't you sleep?' his brother's voice called to him.

'Oh, I don't know, just sleeplessness.'

'And I have slept well; I don't perspire now. See, feel my shirt, it's not damp!'

Levin felt it, returned behind the partition, and put out the candle, but was long unable to sleep. Just when the question of how to live had become a little clearer to him, a new insoluble problem presented itself—Death.

'Well, he is dying, he will die before spring. How can he be helped. What can I say to him? What do I know about it? I had forgotten there was such a thing!'

CHAPTER XXXII

Levin had long ago noticed that after people have made one uncomfortable by their pliancy and submissiveness they soon become unbearably exacting and aggressive. He felt that this would happen with his brother. And really Nicholas's meekness did not last long. The very next morning he grew irritable and cavilled at everything his brother said, touching his most sensitive spots.

Levin felt guilty but could do nothing. He felt that if they both spoke without dissimulation and straight from the heart, they would only look into one another's eyes and Constantine would say nothing but, 'You will

die! You will die!' and Nicholas would only say in reply: 'I know I shall die and I am afraid, afraid afraid!' That was all they would say if only they spoke straight from the heart. But that would make life impossible; therefore Constantine tried to do what all his life he had tried and never known how to do (although he had often observed that many people were able to do it well), something without which life was impossible: he tried to say something different from what he thought; and he felt all the time that it sounded false and that his brother detected him and grew irritable.

On the third day of his stay Nicholas challenged his brother to explain his plans to him once more, and not only found fault with them but purposely confused them with communism.

'You have only taken an idea from others, and distorted it, and you wish to apply it where it is inapplicable.'

'But I tell you that the two things have nothing in common! Communists deny the justice of property, capital, or inheritance, while I do not deny that main stimulus' (it was repulsive to Levin to find himself using such words, but since he had been engrossed in his work he had involuntarily begun using more and more foreign words), 'but want only to regulate labour.'

'That is it. You have taken other people's idea, dropped all that gave it force, and wish to make one believe that it is something new,' said Nicholas, angrily jerking his neck.

'But my idea has nothing in common . . .'

'That idea,' said Nicholas Levin with a sarcastic smile and angrily glistening eyes, 'that idea at any rate, if one may say so, has a geometric charm of definiteness and certainty. It may be utopian; but granting the possibility of making a *tabula rasa* of the past—and abolishing private property and families—then labour comes by its own. But you have nothing . . .'

'Why do you muddle it? I never was a communist.'

'But I have been, and now I think it is premature but reasonable, and that it has a future as Christianity had in the first centuries.'

'I only think that the force of labour must be dealt with in a scientifically experimental manner. It must be studied and its characteristics . . .'

'But that is quite unnecessary! That force finds its own form of activity in accord with its degree of development. There used to be slaves everywhere, then villeins; and we have labour paid in kind, and leaseholders, and hired labour: so what are you looking for?'

At these words Levin suddenly grew warm, for at the bottom of his heart he felt that it was true—true that he wished to balance between communism and the existing forms of life, and that this was hardly possible.

'I am seeking for a way of making labour profitable for me and for the labourers,' he answered hotly. 'I want to establish . . .'

'You do not want to establish anything. You simply want to be original, as you always have done, and to show that you are not just exploiting the peasants, but have ideas!'

'You think so? Well, then, leave me alone!' said Levin, and he felt that a muscle was uncontrollably quivering in his left cheek.

'You have no convictions and never had any; you only want to flatter your self-esteem.'

'Well, all right! But leave me alone.'

'I will, and high time too! You can go to the devil! And I am sorry I came!'

However much Levin tried afterwards to pacify his brother, Nicholas would not listen to it, but said that it was much better for them to part. And Levin saw that life had become simply intolerable for his brother.

Nicholas had quite made up his mind to go. Constantine came to him again and in an unnatural manner asked his forgiveness if he had offended him in any way.

'Ah, this is magnanimity!' said Nicholas, and smiled. 'If you wish to be in the right, I can let you have that pleasure. You are in the right: but all the same I shall go away.'

Only just before he left Nicholas kissed Constantine, and suddenly said with a strange and serious look at his brother, 'Do not think too badly of me, Kostya!' and his voice trembled.

These were the only sincere words that had passed between them. Levin understood that they were meant to say, 'You see that I am in a bad way, and perhaps

we shall not meet again.' He understood this, and tears trembled in his eyes. He again kissed his brother, but he did not know what to answer.

Three days after his brother's departure Levin left for abroad. He surprised young Shcherbatsky, Kitty's cousin, whom he happened to meet at a railway station, by his moroseness.

'What is the matter with you?' asked Shcherbatsky.

'Nothing much, but there is little to be happy about in this world.'

'Little? You'd better come to Paris with me instead of going to some Mulhausen or other. You'll see how jolly it will be!'

'No, I have done with that; it is time for me to die.'

'That is a fine thing!' said Shcherbatsky, laughing. 'I am only preparing to begin to live.'

'Yes, I thought so too till lately; but now I know that I shall soon die.'

Levin was saying what of late he had really been thinking. He saw death and the approach of death in everything; but the work he had begun interested him all the more. After all, he had to live his life somehow, till death came. Everything for him was wrapped in darkness; but just because of the darkness, feeling his work to be the only thread to guide him through that darkness, he seized upon it and clung to it with all his might.

PART IV

CHAPTER I

THE Karenins, husband and wife, continued to live in the same house and to meet daily, but they were wholly estranged. Karenin made it a rule to see his wife every day, so as not to give the servants any grounds for making conjectures, but he avoided dining at home. Vronsky never came to the Karenins' house, but Anna met him elsewhere and her husband knew it.

The situation was a torment to all three, and not one of them could have stood it for a single day but for the hope that it would change and that the whole matter was only a temporary, though painful, trial. Karenin expected the passion to pass, as everything passes; all would be forgotten and his name not dishonoured. Anna, who was responsible for the situation, and for whom among the three it was most painful, bore it because she not only expected, but felt sure, that very soon everything would be settled and cleared up. She had not the least idea what would settle it, but was quite certain that it would now come very soon. Involuntarily submitting to her judgment, Vronsky too expected something, not dependent on him, to clear up all these difficulties.

In the middle of the winter he spent a very dull week. He had been chosen to act as guide to a foreign Prince, and was obliged to show him the sights of Petersburg. Vronsky had a distinguished appearance, possessed the art of carrying himself with respectful dignity, and was in the habit of associating with people of that class. That was why he was chosen to attend the Prince; but the task seemed a hard one to him. The Prince did not want to miss seeing anything about which he might be questioned at home and he also wanted to enjoy as many Russian amusements as possible; and Vronsky was obliged to accompany him in both cases. In the mornings

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they went sight-seeing, and in the evenings took part in the national amusements. The Prince enjoyed unusually good health even for a Prince, and by means of gymnastics and care of his body had developed his strength to such a degree that, in spite of the excess he indulged in when amusing himself, he looked as fresh as a big green shining cucumber. He had travelled a great deal, and considered that one of the chief advantages of the present convenient ways of communication was the easy access they afforded to national amusements. He had been to Spain, where he arranged serenades and became intimate with a Spanish woman who played the mandoline. In Switzerland he had shot a chamois, in England he had jumped hedges in a pink coat and shot two hundred pheasants for a bet. He had been in a harem in Turkey, ridden an elephant in India, and now in Russia he wanted a taste of distinctive Russian amusements.

Vronsky, who was, so to say, the Prince's chief master of ceremonies, had great difficulty in organizing all the Russian amusements offered to the Prince by various people: trotting-races, pancakes, bear-hunting, and drives in three-horse sledges, gipsies, and Russian sprees with smashing of crockery. And the Prince imbibed the Russian spirit with the greatest ease, smashed trays full of crockery, made gipsy girls sit on his lap, and yet seemed to be always asking: 'What next? Is this the whole of the Russian spirit?'

But, on the whole, of all the Russian amusements the Prince liked the French actresses, a ballet girl, and white seal champagne best. Vronsky was used to Princes, but whether it was that he himself had lately changed, or whether his intimacy with this Prince was too close, that week at any rate appeared very wearisome to him. All that week he felt like a man attending a lunatic and afraid for his own reason too. He was obliged to be on his guard the whole time not to deviate from the path of severe official respect, for fear of being insulted. The Prince's manner toward the very people who, to Vronsky's astonishment, were ready to go through fire and water to provide Russian amusements for him, was contemptuous. His opinion of Russian women, whom he wanted to study, more than once made Vronsky flush with indignation.

But the chief reason why the Prince's presence oppressed Vronsky was that he saw himself reflected in the Prince, and what he saw in that mirror was not flattering to his vanity. The Prince was a very stupid, very healthy and very cleanly man—and nothing more. He was a gentleman, it is true, and Vronsky could not deny it. He was quiet and not cringing with those above him, free and simple with his equals, and contemptuously good-natured with his inferiors. Vronsky was the same, and considered it very meritorious to be so, but in his relations with the Prince he was the inferior and felt indignant with that condescendingly good-natured treatment.

'Stupid ox! can I really be like that myself?' he thought.

However this may have been, he parted from the Prince (who went on to Moscow) and received his thanks. Vronsky was very pleased to be rid of the embarrassing situation and the unpleasant mirror. He took leave of him at the railway station on the seventh day, on returning from a bear-hunt, after which there had been demonstrations of Russian 'prowess' all night.

CHAPTER II

On returning home Vronsky found a note from Anna awaiting him. She wrote, 'I am ill and unhappy. I cannot go out, neither can I go on any longer without seeing you. Come this evening; Alexis Alexandrovich is going to the Council and will remain there till ten.' After wondering for a moment at the strangeness of her asking him straight out to come to her house in spite of her husband's injunctions, he decided to go.

He had that winter been promoted to the rank of colonel, had left the regiment, and was living alone. Immediately after lunch he lay down on the sofa. Five minutes later the memory of the disreputable scenes at which he had been present during the last few days became jumbled and connected with pictures of Anna and a peasant who had played an important part as a beater at the bear-hunting; and Vronsky fell asleep. He woke up in the dark trembling with fear, and hurriedly

lit a candle. 'What has happened? What horrors I dreamt! Yes, yes, the peasant, the beater—I think he was small and dirty with a tangled beard—was stooping down and doing something or other, and suddenly began to say strange words in French. That is all there was in that dream,' he thought. 'But why did it seem so terrible?' He vividly recalled the peasant and the incomprehensible words that the man had uttered, and a shudder of terror ran down his back. 'What nonsense!' he thought, glancing at his watch. It was already half-past eight.

He rang for his valet, dressed hurriedly, and went out into the porch, having quite forgotten his dream and feeling worried only by the fact that he was late. As he drove up to the Karenins' porch he again glanced at his watch and saw that it was ten minutes to nine. A high narrow brougham with a pair of grey horses stood before the front door. 'She was coming to me,' thought Vronsky; 'that would have been better. It is unpleasant for me to enter this house. But no matter! I cannot hide,' he thought; and with the manner, habitual to him since childhood, of one who has nothing to be ashamed of, Vronsky got out of his sledge and went to the door. The door opened and the hall porter with a rug over his arm called to the coachman. Vronsky, though not in the habit of noticing details, noticed the look of surprise on the man's face. In the doorway he nearly knocked up against Karenin. The gaslight lit up Karenin's worn bloodless face beneath the black hat, and his white tie showing from beneath the beaver collar of his overcoat. His dull, expressionless eyes were fixed on Vronsky's face. Vronsky bowed, and Karenin silently moved his lips, lifted his hand to his hat, and went out. Vronsky saw him get into the carriage without looking round, take the rug and a pair of opera-glasses through the carriage window; then he disappeared in the darkness. Vronsky entered the hall. His brows were knit and his eyes shone with a proud, angry light.

'That is a nice position!' he thought. 'If he struggled, if he defended his honour, I could act and could express my feelings; but this weakness or meanness. . . . He puts me in the position of an impostor—which I did not and do not mean to be.'

Since the explanation with Anna in the Vrede Gardens Vronsky's ideas had changed. Involuntarily submitting to Anna's weakness, who, ready in advance to accept anything, gave herself up to him entirely and expected him to decide her fate, he had long ceased to imagine that their union could end in the way he had then expected. His ambitious plans had receded to the background, and feeling that he had come out of the range of activity in which everything was definite, he completely gave himself up to his passion, and that passion bound him closer and closer to her.

While still in the hall he heard her retreating footsteps, and knew that she had been waiting and listening for him, but had now gone back to the drawing-room.

'No!' she cried when she saw him, and at the first sound of her voice tears filled her eyes. 'No! If things go on like this for long, it will happen much, much sooner!'

'What, my dear?'

'What! I wait in torment, one hour, two hours. . . . No, no! I won't! . . . I cannot quarrel with you. I expect you could not help it. No, I won't!'

She put both her hands on his shoulders and gazed at him long, with a deep look of ecstasy and yet searchingly. She scrutinized his face to make up for the time she had not seen him. She compared, as she did at every interview with him, the image her fancy painted of him (incomparably finer than, and impossible in, actual existence) with his real self.

CHAPTER III

'You met him?' she asked when they sat down at a table under the lamp. 'That is your punishment for being late.'

'Yes, but how did it happen? He had to be at the Council!'

'He had been and had come back, and afterwards went somewhere else. But never mind: don't speak about it. Where have you been? With the Prince all the time?'

She knew all the details of his life. He wished to say

that he had been up all night and had fallen asleep, but seeing her excited and happy face he felt ashamed. So he said that he had to go and report the Prince's departure.

'But now that is all over? He has gone?'

'Yes, thank heaven! That is all over. You would hardly believe how intolerable it was.'

'Why? Is it not the kind of life all you young men lead?' she said, frowning; and taking up her crochet-work from the table began disentangling the hook without looking at Vronsky.

'I have long since abandoned that kind of life,' he said, wondering at the change in her face and trying to penetrate its meaning. 'And I must own,' he went on, smiling and showing his compact row of teeth, 'that I seem to have been looking in a mirror the whole of this week while watching that kind of life, and it was very unpleasant.' She held her work in her hands, without crocheting, gazing at him with a strange, glittering, unfriendly look.

'Lisa called on me this morning; they still visit me in spite of the Countess Lydia Ivanovna,' she said. 'and she told me about your Athenian party. How disgusting!'

'I was only going to say that . . .'

She interrupted him.

'It was Thérèse, whom you knew before?'

'I was going to say . . .'

'How horrid you men are! How is it that you can forget that a woman cannot forget these things?' she said, getting more and more heated and thereby betraying the cause of her irritation. 'Especially a woman who cannot know your life. What do I know? What did I know? Only what you tell me. And what proof have I that you tell me the truth?'

'Anna, you hurt me. Don't you believe me? Have I not told you that I have not a thought that I would hide from you?'

'Yes, yes!' she said, evidently trying to drive away her jealous thoughts. 'But if you only knew how hard it is for me! I believe you, I do believe you. . . . Well what were you going to say?'

But he could not at once remember what he had wished

to say. These fits of jealousy which had lately begun to repeat themselves more and more frequently, horrified him and, however much he tried to hide the fact, they made him feel colder toward her, although he knew that the jealousy was caused by love for him. How often he had told himself that to be loved by her was happiness! and now that she loved him as only a woman can for whom love outweighs all else that is good in life, he was much further from happiness than when he had followed her from Moscow. Then he thought himself unhappy, but happiness was all in the future; now he felt that the best happiness was already in the past. She was not at all such as he had first seen her. Both morally and physically she had changed for the worse. She had broadened out, and as she spoke of the actress there was a malevolent look on her face which distorted its expression. He looked at her as a man might look at a faded flower he had plucked, in which it was difficult for him to trace the beauty that had made him pick and so destroy it. Yet in spite of this he felt that though at first while his love was strong he would have been able, had he earnestly desired it, to pull that love out of his heart—yet now when he imagined, as he did at that moment, that he felt no love for her, he knew that the bond between them could not be broken.

'Well, what were you going to tell me about the Prince? I have driven away the demon,' she added. They spoke of jealousy as 'the demon.' 'Yes, what had you begun telling me about the Prince? What was it you found so hard to bear?'

'Oh, it was intolerable!' he said, trying to pick up the lost thread of what he had in his mind. 'He does not improve on nearer acquaintance. If I am to describe him, he is a finely-bred animal, like those that get prizes at cattle-shows, and nothing more,' he concluded in a tone of vexation which awoke her interest.

'Oh, but in what way?' she rejoined. 'Anyhow he must have seen much, and is well educated. . . .'

'It is quite a different kind of education—that education of theirs. One can see that he has been educated only to have the right to despise education, as they despise everything except animal pleasures.'

'But don't all of you like those animal pleasures?'

she remarked, and he again noticed on her face that dismal look which evaded his.

'Why do you take his part so?' he said, smiling.

'I don't take his part, and it is a matter of complete indifference to me, but I should say that as you did not like these pleasures you might have declined to go. But it gives you pleasure to see Thérèse dressed as Eve . . .'

'Again! Again the demon!' said Vronsky, taking the hand which she had put on the table, and kissing it.

'Yes, but I can't help it! You don't know how I have suffered while waiting for you! I don't think I have a jealous nature. I am not jealous; I trust you when you are here near me; but when you are away, living your life, which I don't understand . . .'

She turned away from him and, managing at last to disentangle her hook, with the aid of her forefinger began to draw the stitches of white wool, shining in the lamplight, through each other, the delicate wrist moving rapidly and nervously within her embroidered cuff.

'Well, and what happened? Where did you meet Alexis Alexandrovich?' she suddenly asked, her voice ringing unnaturally.

'I knocked up against him in the doorway.'

'And he bowed like this to you?' She drew up her face, half closed her eyes and quickly changed the expression of her face, folding her hands; and Vronsky saw at once upon her beautiful face the very look with which Karenin had bowed to him. He smiled, and she laughed merrily, with that delightful laughter from the chest which was one of her special charms.

'I can't at all understand him,' said Vronsky. 'Had he after your explanation in the country broken with you, had he challenged me, yes! But this sort of thing I do not understand. How can he put up with such a position? He suffers, that is evident.'

'He?' she said, sarcastically. 'He is perfectly contented.'

'Why are we all tormenting each other when everything might be so comfortable?'

'But not he! As if I did not know him, and the falsehood with which he is saturated! . . . As if it were possible for anyone to live as he is living with me! He understands and feels nothing. Could a man who has

any feelings live in the same house with his guilty wife? Could he talk to her and call her by her Christian name?' And without meaning to, she again mimicked him: '*Ma chère Anna*; my dear!'

'He is not a man, not a human being. He is . . . a doll! No one else knows it, but I do. Oh, if I were he, I should long since have killed, have torn in pieces, a wife such as I, and not have called her "*Ma chère Anna.*" He is not a man but an official machine. He does not understand that I am your wife, that he is a stranger, a superfluous . . . But don't let us talk about him.'

'You are unjust, unjust, my dear,' said Vronsky, trying to pacify her. 'But still, don't let us talk about him. Tell me what you have been doing? What is the matter with you? What is that illness of yours? What does the doctor say?'

She looked at him with quizzical joy. She had evidently remembered other comical and unpleasant sides of her husband's character and waited for an opportunity to mention them.

He continued:

'I expect it is not illness at all, but only your condition. When is it to be?'

The mocking light in her eyes faded, but a smile of a different kind—the knowledge of something unknown to him, and gentle sadness—replaced the former expression of her face.

'Soon, soon. You were saying that our position was full of torment and should be put an end to. If you only knew how hard it is on me! What would I not give to be able to love you freely and boldly! I should not be tortured, I would not torment you with my jealousy. . . . It will happen soon, but not in the way you think.' And at the thought of how it was going to happen she felt so sorry for herself that the tears came into her eyes and she could not continue. She laid her hand, sparkling with rings and the whiteness of the skin, on his sleeve.

'It will not happen as we think. I did not want to tell you, but you make me do it. Soon, very soon, everything will get disentangled and we shall be able to rest and not torment each other any more.'

'I do not understand,' he said, though he did understand.

'You were asking when? Soon, and I shall not survive it. Don't interrupt,' she said hurriedly. 'I shall die, and I am very glad that I shall die: I shall find deliverance and deliver you.'

The tears ran down her cheeks; he stooped over her hand and began kissing it, trying to hide the emotion which he knew to be groundless but could not master.

'That is right, that is better,' she said, firmly pressing his hand. 'This is all, all that remains to us.'

He recovered and lifted his head.

'What rubbish, what senseless rubbish you are talking!'

'No, it is not! It is true.'

'What is true?'

'That I am going to die; I have had a dream.'

'A dream?' Vronsky instantly remembered the peasant of his dream.

'Yes, a dream,' she said. 'I dreamed it a long time ago. I thought I had run into my bedroom, that I had to fetch or find out something there: you know how it happens in dreams,' and her eyes dilated with horror. 'And in the bedroom there was something standing in the corner.'

'Oh, what nonsense! How can one believe? . . .'

But she would not allow him to stop her. What she was saying was of too much importance to her.

'And that something turned round, and I saw it was a peasant with a rough beard, small and dreadful. I wanted to run away, but he stooped over a sack and was fumbling about in it. . . .'

She showed how he fumbled in the sack. Her face was full of horror. And Vronsky, remembering his dream, felt the same horror filling his soul.

'He fumbles about and mutters French words, so quickly, so quickly, and with a burr, you know: "*Il faut le battre, le fer: le broyer, le pétrir.* . . ."[1] And in my horror I tried to wake, but I woke still in a dream and began asking myself what it could mean; and Korney says to me: "You will die in childbed, in childbed, ma'am. . . ." Then I woke.'

'What nonsense, what nonsense!' said Vronsky, but he felt that there was no conviction in his voice.

[1] It must be beaten, the iron: pound it, knead it.

'Well, don't let us talk about it. Ring the bell, I will order tea. But wait, it won't be long and I . . .'

But suddenly she stopped. The expression of her face changed instantaneously. The horror and agitation were replaced by an expression of quiet, serious, and blissful attention. He could not understand the meaning of this change. She had felt a new life quickening within her.

CHAPTER IV

Karenin after meeting Vronsky in his own porch went on as had been his intention to the Italian Opera. He sat through the first two acts and saw everybody that it was necessary for him to see. On his return home he carefully looked at the coat-stand, and noticing that no military coat hung there he went to his study as usual; contrary to his habit, however, he did not go to bed but walked up and down the room till three in the morning. The feeling of anger with his wife, who would not observe the rules of propriety and fulfil the only condition he had insisted on, that is, that she should not see her lover in his house, gave him no rest. She had not fulfilled his condition and he was obliged to punish her and carry out his threat: to divorce her and take away her son. He knew the difficulties connected with such a step: but he had said he would do it and was now obliged to do it. The Countess Lydia Ivanovna had hinted to him that that was the best way to get out of the situation, and he knew that of late the practice of divorce had been brought to such a state of perfection that he saw a possibility of overcoming the formal difficulties. Besides, misfortunes never come singly, and the affair of the subject races and the irrigation of the Zaraysk Province had caused Karenin so much unpleasantness in his official capacity that he had of late felt extremely irritable.

He did not sleep at all, and his wrath, increasing in a kind of gigantic progression, had reached its utmost limits by the morning.

He dressed in haste, and as if he were carrying a cup brimful of wrath and were afraid of spilling any and of losing with his anger the energy he needed for an explana-

tion with his wife, he went to her room as soon as he knew that she was up.

Anna, who thought that she knew her husband so well, was struck by his appearance when he entered. His brow was knit, and his eyes, gloomily fixed before him, avoided looking at her; his lips were firmly and contemptuously closed. In his step, his movements, and the sound of his voice was such determination and firmness as his wife had never known in him. He entered her boudoir and without saying 'Good morning!' went straight to her writing-table, took up her keys, and opened the drawer.

'What do you want?' she exclaimed.

'Your lover's letters.'

'They are not there,' she said, closing the drawer; but this action proved to him that he had guessed rightly, and rudely pushing away her hand he quickly drew out a letter-case in which he knew that she kept her most important papers. She wished to snatch away the letter-case, but he thrust her aside.

'Sit down: I must speak to you,' he said, taking the letter-case under his arm and pressing it so tight with his elbow that his shoulder went up. Astonished and abashed, she silently looked at him.

'I told you that I would not allow you to see your lover here.'

'I wanted to see him in order . . .'

She paused, unable to invent a reason.

'I do not go into particulars of why a woman wants to see her lover.'

'I wanted, I only wanted . . .' she said, flushing. His coarseness irritated her and gave her boldness. 'Is it possible you do not feel how easy it is for you to insult me?' she said.

'It is possible to insult an honest man or an honest woman, but to tell a thief that he is a thief is only *la constatation d'un fait*.[1]'

'I have not seen this new trait of cruelty in you before.'

'You call it cruelty when a husband gives his wife complete freedom while he affords her honourable shelter, on the one condition that she should observe the laws of propriety. Is that cruelty?'

[1] The statement of a fact.

'It is worse than cruelty, it is—baseness, if you want to know!' Anna exclaimed in a burst of anger, and rose to go.

'No!' he shouted in his squeaky voice, which now rose to a higher note than usual; and seizing her so tightly by the wrists with his large fingers that the bracelet he pressed left red marks, he forced her back into her seat.

'Baseness? Since you wish to use that word—it is baseness to abandon a husband and a son for a lover and to go on eating the husband's bread!'

Her head dropped. She did not say what she had said to her lover the day before, that Vronsky was her real husband and that he (Karenin) was superfluous, she did not even think it. She felt all the justice of his words and only said softly:

'You cannot describe my position as being worse than I know it to be; but why do you tell me all this?'

'Why do I tell you? Why!' he went on just as angrily, 'that you should know that as you have not fulfilled my wish that propriety should be observed, I shall take steps to put an end to this situation.'

'Soon, very soon, it will come to an end of itself!' she muttered, and at the thought of the nearness of death, which she now desired, tears again filled her eyes.

'It will end sooner than you and your lover imagine! You want to satisfy animal passions . . .'

'Alexis Alexandrovich! This is not only ungenerous, but not even gentlemanly—to hit one who is down.'

'That's all very well, but you think only of yourself! The sufferings of the man who was your husband do not interest you. What do you care that his whole life is wrecked and how much he has suf . . . suf . . . suffled!'

Karenin was speaking so rapidly that he blundered and could not pronounce the word, and at last said *suffled*.

That struck her as funny; but immediately after she felt ashamed that anything could seem funny to her at such a moment. And for the first time she felt for him and put herself for an instant in his place, and was sorry for him. But what could she say or do? She bowed her head in silence. He too was silent for a while and then again began in a less squeaky voice, coldly emphasizing certain chance words that had no special importance.

'I came to tell you . . .' said he.

She looked up at him. 'No, it was an illusion,' she thought, calling to mind the expression of his face when he blundered over the word *suffled*. 'No! As if a man with those dull eyes and that self-satisfied immobility could feel!'

'I cannot change anything,' she whispered.

'I have come to tell you that I am going to Moscow to-morrow and shall not return to this house again, and that you will hear my decision through the lawyer whom I shall employ in the divorce suit. My son will stay with my sister,' said Karenin, making an effort to remember what he had wanted to say about his son.

'You want Serezha in order to hurt me,' she said, looking at him from under her brows. 'You do not care for him. . . . Leave me Serezha!'

'Yes, I have even lost my affection for my son, because he is connected with my repulsion for you. But all the same I shall take him away. Good-bye!'

And he was about to go, but now she stopped him.

'Alexis Alexandrovich! Leave me Serezha!' she whispered again. 'That is all I have to say: leave me Serezha till my . . . I shall soon be confined, leave him!'

Karenin flushed, and pulling away his hand left the room.

CHAPTER V

The famous Petersburg lawyer's waiting-room was full when Karenin entered it. Three women: an old lady, a young lady, and a tradesman's wife; and three gentlemen: one a German banker with a ring on his finger, another a bearded merchant, and the third an irate official in uniform with an order hanging from his neck, had evidently long been waiting. Two clerks sat at their tables writing, and the sound of their pens was audible. The writing-table accessories (of which Karenin was a connoisseur) were unusually good, as he could not help noticing. One of the clerks, without rising from his chair, screwed up his eyes and addressed Karenin ill-humouredly.

'What do you want?'

'I want to see the lawyer on business.'

'The lawyer is engaged,' replied the assistant sternly, and indicated with his pen the persons who were waiting.

'Can he not find time to see me?' said Karenin.

'He has no spare time, he is always busy. Be so kind as to wait.'

'Then I will trouble you to give him my card,' said Karenin with dignity, seeing the impossibility of preserving his incognito.

The assistant took the card and, though he evidently did not approve of what he read on it, went out of the room.

Karenin approved in theory of public trial, but for certain high official reasons he did not quite sympathize with some aspects of its application in Russia, and he condemned these applications as far as he could condemn anything that had been confirmed by the Emperor. His whole life had been spent in administrative activity, and therefore when he disapproved of anything his disapproval was mitigated by a recognition of the inevitability of mistakes and the possibility of improvement in everything. In the new legal institutions he disapproved of the position occupied by lawyers. But till now he had never had to deal with a lawyer and so had disapproved only in theory; now his disapproval was strengthened by the unpleasant impression he received in the lawyer's waiting-room.

'He will be here in a moment,' said the assistant, and in fact, a minute or two later, in the doorway appeared the long figure of an elderly jurisconsult who had been conferring with the lawyer, followed by the lawyer himself.

The lawyer was a short, thick-set, bald-headed man, with a black beard tinged with red, long light-coloured eyebrows, and a bulging forehead. He was as spruce as a bridegroom, from his white necktie and double watch-chain to his patent leather boots. His face was intelligent and peasant-like, but his dress was dandified and in bad taste.

'Come in, please!' said the lawyer to Karenin, and gloomily ushering his client in before him, he closed the door.

'Won't you take a seat?' He pointed to a chair beside a writing-table covered with papers, and himself took the principal seat, rubbing his little hands with their

short fingers covered with white hair and bending his head to one side. But hardly had he settled down when a moth flew across the table. The lawyer, with a rapidity one could not have expected of him, separated his hands, caught the moth, and resumed his former position.

'Before I begin speaking of my case,' said Karenin, who had followed the lawyer's movements with astonishment, 'I must mention that the business about which I have to speak to you must be strictly private.'

A scarcely perceptible smile moved the lawyer's drooping reddish moustache.

'I should not be a lawyer if I could not keep the secrets entrusted to me! But if you would like a confirmation . . .'

Karenin glanced at him and saw that his intelligent grey eyes were laughing, as if he knew everything in advance.

'You know my name?' continued Karenin.

'I know you and, like every Russian, I know—' here he again caught a moth—'your useful activity,' said the lawyer bowing.

Karenin sighed, collecting his courage, but having once made up his mind he went on in his squeaky voice without timidity or hesitation, emphasizing a word here and there.

'I have the misfortune,' began Karenin, 'to be a deceived husband, and I wish legally to break off relations with my wife—that is, to be divorced, but in such a way that my son should not remain with his mother.'

The lawyer's grey eyes tried not to laugh but they danced with irrepressible glee, and Karenin saw that it was not only the glee of a man getting profitable business; there was triumph and delight, and a gleam resembling the evil-boding gleam he had seen in his wife's eyes.

'You want my assistance to obtain a divorce?'

'Just so! But I must warn you that there is a risk that I may be wasting your time. I have come only for a preliminary consultation. I wish for a divorce, but the form in which it can be obtained is of importance to me. It is quite possible that if the forms do not coincide with my requirements I shall forgo my legitimate desire.'

'Oh, that is always so,' said the lawyer, 'that is always open to you.'

The lawyer looked down at Karenin's feet, feeling that the sight of his irrepressible joy might offend his client. He glanced at a moth that flew past his nose and his hand moved, but did not catch it, out of respect for Karenin's situation.

'Although the general outline of our laws relating to this matter is known to me,' continued Karenin, 'I should like to know the forms in which such cases are conducted in practice.'

'You wish me to state,' the lawyer said, still not raising his eyes and adopting, with a certain pleasure, his client's manner of speech, 'the various methods by which your desire can be carried out?'

And on Karenin's nodding affirmatively the lawyer continued, only occasionally casting a glance at Karenin's face, which had grown red in patches.

'Divorce, under our laws,' he said, with a slight shade of disapproval of the laws, 'as you are aware, may be granted in the following cases. . . . You must wait!' he exclaimed, addressing his assistant who had looked in at the door; but he rose all the same, spoke a few words to his assistant, and sat down again. 'In the following cases: physical defect in husband or wife; five years' absence without news'—and he bent one of his short hairy fingers—'and in cases of adultery,' he uttered the word with evident pleasure. 'These are subdivided as follows,' and he went on bending down his thick fingers, though the cases and the subdivisions evidently could not be classed together, 'physical defects in husband or in wife, and adultery of husband or of wife.' As all his fingers had been used he straightened them all out and continued:

'That is the theoretical view; but I suppose you have done me the honour of applying to me in order to learn the practical application of the law. Therefore, guided by the precedents, I have to inform you that cases of divorce all come to the following:—there is, I suppose, no physical defect or absence without news? . . .'

Karenin nodded affirmatively.

'—come to the following: adultery of husband or wife and the detection of the guilty party by mutual consent, or involuntary detection without such consent. I must add that the latter case is seldom met with in practice,' and with a momentary glance at Karenin the

lawyer became suddenly silent, like a man who when selling pistols has described the advantages of the different kinds, and waits for his customer's decision. But Karenin remained silent, and so he began again: 'The most usual, simple, and reasonable way I consider to be adultery by mutual consent. I should not venture so to express myself were I talking to a man of undeveloped mind,' said the lawyer, 'but I expect it is comprehensible to you.'

Karenin was, however, so much upset that he did not at once understand the reasonableness of adultery by mutual consent and his perplexity was expressed in his looks; but the lawyer immediately helped him.

'Two people can no longer live together—there is the fact. And if both agree about that, the details and formalities become unimportant, and at the same time it is the simplest and surest method.'

Karenin quite understood now. But he had religious requirements which hindered his acceptance of this method.

'It is out of the question in the present case,' said he. 'Only one measure is possible: involuntary detection confirmed by letters which I have.'

At the mention of letters the lawyer pressed his lips together and gave vent to a high-pitched sound of pity and contempt.

'Please remember that cases of this kind, as you know, are decided by the Ecclesiastical Department, and the reverend Fathers in such cases are keenly interested in the minutest details,' he said, with a smile that showed his fellow-feeling with the reverend Fathers' taste. 'Letters may certainly serve as a partial confirmation, but direct evidence from witnesses must be produced. In general, if you do me the honour to entrust the case to me, leave me to choose the means which should be used. He who desires a result accepts the means of obtaining it.'

'If it is so . . .' Karenin began, growing suddenly pale; but at that moment the other suddenly rose and went to the door to speak to his assistant, who had again come to interrupt him.

'Tell her we have not got a cheap sale on here!' he said and came back again.

As he was returning he furtively caught another moth.

'A fine state my furniture will be in when summer comes!' he thought, and frowned.

'Yes, you were saying . . .' he began.

'I will write and let you know what I decide,' said Karenin, rising and holding on by the table. After a short pause he said, 'I may conclude from your words that a divorce could be obtained. I would also ask you to let me know your terms?'

'It is quite possible, if you allow me full liberty of action,' said the lawyer, without taking any notice of the last question. 'When may I expect to hear from you?' he added, moving toward the door, his eyes and patent-leather boots shining.

'In a week's time. And you will be so good as to let me know whether you are willing to undertake the case, and on what terms.'

'Very well.'

The lawyer bowed deferentially, let his client pass out, and being left alone abandoned himself to his happy mood. He felt so cheerful that, contrary to his custom, he allowed a reduction to the bargaining lady and gave up catching moths, having made up his mind to have his furniture re-covered next winter with velvet, like Sigonin's.

CHAPTER VI

Karenin had gained a brilliant victory at the Committee Meeting of the seventeenth of August; but the consequence of that victory undermined his power. The new committee for investigating the conditions of the subject-races from every point of view had been formed and sent to its field of action with unusual promptitude and energy, stirred up by Karenin. Three months later the committee sent in its report. The subject-races' conditions had been investigated from the political, administrative, economic, ethnographical, material, and religious points of view. All the questions had received splendidly-drafted answers: answers not open to doubt, since they were not the result of human thoughts (always liable to error), but were the outcome of official labours. All the answers were based on official data: Reports from Governors and Bishops, based on Reports from

district authorities and ecclesiastical superintendents, based in their turn on Reports from rural administrative officers and parish priests; therefore these answers could not admit of any doubt. All the questions as to why they had bad harvests, for instance, or why the natives kept to their own creeds and so on, questions which without the convenience of the official machine don't get solved and can't get solved for centuries, had received clear and certain solutions. And the solutions arrived at were in accord with Karenin's opinions. But Stremov, who had been touched to the quick at the last meeting, made use of tactics for which Karenin was not prepared. Stremov suddenly changed over to Karenin's side, bringing several other members in his train, and not only warmly supported the measures advocated by Karenin, but proposed other more extreme measures of the same nature. These measures, going beyond Karenin's original idea, were accepted, and then Stremov's tactics became manifest. The measures, carried to extremes, proved so stupid that persons in office, public opinion, intellectual women, and the Press, all at the same moment fell upon them, expressing indignation at the measures themselves, and at Karenin, their acknowledged originator. Stremov stood aside, pretending to have blindly followed Karenin's plans and to be himself indignant now at what had been done, thus undermining Karenin. But, in spite of failing health and family troubles, Karenin did not give in. There was a split in the Committee. Some of the members, with Stremov at their head, excused their mistake by maintaining that they had put their faith in the report presented by the Revisory Committee directed by Karenin; and said that that Committee's report was nonsense and nothing but waste paper. Karenin and a number of others saw danger in so revolutionary an attitude toward official documents and continued to support the data presented by the Committee. In consequence, the higher circles and even Society became quite confused and, though everybody was deeply interested in the question, no one could make out whether the subject-races were really suffering and perishing or were flourishing. Karenin's position, partly in consequence of this and partly from the contempt that fell on him as a result of his wife's

infidelity, became very shaky. In these circumstances he took an important resolution. He announced, to the surprise of the Committee, that he would ask to be allowed to go and investigate the matter himself, and having received permission he started for the distant Provinces.

Karenin's departure was much talked about, especially because just before starting he formally returned the post-fare sufficient to pay for twelve horses all the way to his destination, which had been advanced to him.

'I consider it very fine of him,' the Princess Betsy said, referring to it in a conversation with Princess Myagkaya. 'Why should they pay for post-horses when everybody knows that we now have railways everywhere?'

But the Princess Myagkaya did not agree, and was even irritated by Princess Tverskaya's views.

'It is all very well for you to talk who possess I don't know how many millions,' she said. 'But I am very glad when my husband goes on inspection-tours in summer. It is very good for his health, and pleasant for him; and we have an arrangement by which this allowance goes for the hire of a carriage and coachman for me.'

On his way to the distant Province Karenin stopped three days in Moscow. On the day after his arrival he went to call on the Governor-General. At the crossing of Gazetny Street, where there is always a crowd of carriages and *izvoshchiks*, he suddenly heard some one calling out his name in such a loud and cheerful voice that he could not help looking round. On the pavement at the corner of the street, in a short fashionable overcoat and a small fashionable hat, his teeth gleaming between his smiling red lips, young, gay, and beaming, stood Oblonsky, determinedly and insistently shouting and demanding that Karenin should stop. He was holding with one hand the window of a carriage (from which the head of a lady in a velvet bonnet and two little children's heads were leaning out) and was smilingly beckoning with his other hand to his brother-in-law. The lady too with a kind smile waved her hand to Karenin. The lady with the children was Dolly.

Karenin did not wish to see anyone in Moscow, and

certainly not his wife's brother. He raised his hat and was going on, but Oblonsky told the coachman to stop and ran across the snow.

'What a shame not to have sent word! Been here long? And I went into Dusseaux's hotel yesterday and saw "Karenin" on the board, and it never entered my head that it could be you!' said Oblonsky, thrusting his head in at the carriage window, 'else I should have looked you up. I am so glad to see you!' and he kicked his feet together to knock off the snow. 'What a shame not to send word!'

'I could not find time: I am very busy,' Karenin answered drily.

'Come and speak to my wife; she is so anxious to see you.'

Karenin unfolded the rug he had wrapped round his legs, which were so sensitive to the cold, got out of the carriage, and making his way through the snow approached Dolly.

'What is the matter, Alexis Alexandrovich? Why do you avoid us in this way?' Dolly smilingly asked.

'I was exceedingly busy! Very pleased to see you,' he said in a tone that expressed clearly that he was very sorry. 'How are you?'

'And how is my dear Anna?'

Karenin muttered something and was about to go, when Oblonsky stopped him.

'D'you know what we'll do to-morrow? Dolly, ask him to come and dine with us! We shall invite Koznyshev and Pestsov, so as to let him taste the Moscow intellectuals.'

'Yes, do come!' said Dolly. 'We shall expect you at five or six, just as you like. But how is my dear Anna? It is so long . . .'

'She is well,' replied Karenin, frowning. 'I shall be very pleased,' and he went back to his carriage.

'Then you will come?' cried Dolly.

Karenin muttered something which Dolly could not catch amid the noise of passing vehicles.

'I shall call to-morrow!' shouted Oblonsky to him.

Karenin got into his carriage and sat far back, so as neither to see nor to be seen.

'Queer chap!' said Oblonsky to his wife, and after

glancing at his watch waved his hand in front of his face as a sign of endearment to his wife and children, and walked jauntily away along the pavement.

'Steve, Steve!' Dolly called, and blushed.

He turned round.

'You know that I must buy coats for Grisha and Tanya. Give me some money.'

'Never mind! Tell them I will pay!' and nodding his head to an acquaintance who was driving past he disappeared round the corner.

CHAPTER VII

The next day was Sunday. Oblonsky went to the rehearsal of a ballet at the Imperial Theatre and gave to Masha Chibisova—a pretty dancer, who through his patronage had just obtained an engagement—a coral necklace he had promised her the evening before; and behind the scene, in the midday darkness of the theatre, contrived to kiss her pretty face, which was brightened by his present. Besides giving her the necklace he wished to make an appointment to meet her after the ballet. Having explained that he could not be there at the beginning of the performance, he promised to come for the last act, and take her to supper. From the theatre Oblonsky went to the market, and himself selected the fish and asparagus for dinner; and at noon he was already at Dusseaux's Hotel, where he had to call on three people who, fortunately for him, had all put up at the same place. These were: Levin, who had only just returned from abroad; a newly-appointed superior official who was making a tour of inspection in Moscow; and Karenin, his brother-in-law, whom he wanted to secure for dinner.

Oblonsky liked a good dinner, but liked still more giving a dinner-party: not a big affair, but one select in food, drink, and guests. With the programme for that day's dinner he was very satisfied; there would be perch (brought alive to the kitchen) and asparagus, the *pièce de résistance* was to consist of a splendid but quite plain joint of roast beef, and the wines would be well chosen: so much for the food and drink. As for the

guests, there would be Kitty and Levin, and, in order that they should not be too conspicuous, a girl cousin and young Shcherbatsky; here the *pièce de résistance* was to consist of Sergius Ivanich Koznyshev and Alexis Alexandrovich Karenin: Sergius Ivanich, a Muscovite and a philosopher, and Alexis Alexandrovich, a Petersburger and a practical politician. Besides these he meant to ask the well-known crank and enthusiast Pestsov, a Liberal and a great talker, a musician and historian, and the dearest of fifty-year-old boys, who would serve as sauce or condiment to Koznyshev and Karenin; while he himself, Oblonsky, would stir them all up and set them by the ears.

The second instalment of the forest money had been paid and was not yet all spent. Dolly had been very nice and kind of late, and the thought of his dinner-party pleased Oblonsky in every respect. He was in very high spirits. Just two circumstances were not quite satisfactory, but they were drowned in the ocean of kind-hearted joviality which overflowed his heart. These two circumstances were as follows. From the fact that when he had met Karenin in the street the previous day the latter had treated him with cold stiffness, and had not called or even informed them of his arrival—from this, added to the rumour about Anna and Vronsky that had reached him, Oblonsky concluded that all was not as it should be between the husband and wife.

This was one of the unpleasant things, while the other was the fact that his new superior, like all new superiors, had the reputation of being a dreadful man who got up at six in the morning, worked like a horse, and expected his subordinates to do the same. This superior also had the reputation of having the manners of a bear, and he was reported to hold views diametrically opposed to those of his predecessor and, till now, of Oblonsky also. On the previous day Oblonsky had appeared on Service business in uniform; the new superior was very pleasant and chatted with him as with an old acquaintance; therefore Oblonsky now considered it his duty to call on him in a morning coat. The thought that the new superior might not take this in good part was the second unpleasant circumstance, but Oblonsky felt instinctively that everything would 'turn out' splendidly.

'After all, they're all human beings, all men, just like us poor sinners,' he thought, as he entered the hotel. 'What is there to be angry and quarrel about?'

Walking down the corridor with his hat tilted on one side, he said, 'How do you do, Vassily?' to a servant he knew. 'You've grown whiskers! Levin—number seven, eh? Will you show me the way? And please find out whether Count Anichkin' (the new superior) 'will receive me.'

'Yes, sir,' replied Vassily with a smile. 'It's a long time since you've been here.'

'I was here yesterday, but came by the other entrance. Is this number seven?'

Levin was standing in the middle of the room beside a peasant from Tver, measuring a fresh bearskin with a yard measure, when Oblonsky entered.

'Ah! Killed it?' cried Oblonsky. 'Fine thing! A she-bear? How d'you do, Arkhip?'

He shook hands with the peasant and sat down without taking off his overcoat or hat.

'Do take your things off and stay,' said Levin, removing the hat.

'No, I have no time. I've only come in for a moment,' replied Oblonsky, throwing open his coat. Later on he took it off and stayed for an hour, talking to Levin about bear-hunting and also about personal matters.

'Now please tell me what you did abroad, and where you have been,' said Oblonsky, when the peasant had left.

'Well, I stayed in Germany, in Prussia, in France, and in England—not in the capitals but in manufacturing centres. I've seen many new things and am glad I went.'

'Yes, I know your idea of settling the working-class problem.'

'Not at all! In Russia there cannot be a working-class problem. In Russia the question turns on the relation between the labourers and the land. They have the same problems there, but with them it is a case of patching up what has already been spoilt—while here . . .'

Oblonsky listened to Levin with attention.

'Yes, yes,' he said, 'very likely you are right. But

I am glad you are in good spirits and go bear-hunting, and work, and are full of enthusiasms, because Shcherbatsky told me he met you and you were down in the mouth, and kept talking about death. . . .'

'Well, what of that? I never stop thinking of death,' said Levin. 'It really is time for me to die. All those things are mere nonsense. I will tell you frankly: I value my idea and my work immensely, but really . . . Just think! This whole world of ours is only a speck of mildew sprung up on a tiny planet; yet we think we can have something great—thoughts, actions! They are all but grains of sand!'

'But, my dear fellow, all that is as old as the hills.'

'It is old. . . . But, do you know, when you have once grasped it clearly, everything becomes so insignificant! If you once realize that to-morrow, if not to-day, you will die and nothing will be left of you, everything becomes insignificant! I consider my ideas very important, yet they too turn out to be insignificant—and would be, even if it were as possible to carry them out as it was to surround this bear. And so one passes one's life finding distraction in hunting or in work, merely not to think of death.'

Oblonsky listened to Levin with an affectionate and subtle smile.

'Well, of course! So now you have come round to my notion. Do you remember how you used to fly at me for seeking enjoyment in life? Do not be so severe, O moralist! . . .'

'But of course the good in life is . . .' Levin became confused. 'Oh, I don't know. All I know is, that we shall all die soon.'

'Why soon?'

'And do you know, life has less charm when one thinks of death, but it is more peaceful.'

'On the contrary, it is even brighter toward the end! However, I must be going,' returned Oblonsky, rising for the tenth time.

'Don't go yet!' said Levin, trying to detain him. 'When shall we meet again? I am leaving to-morrow.'

'Well, I'm a good one! Why, I came on purpose . . . You must come and dine with us to-day. Your brother is coming, and my brother-in-law, Karenin.'

'Is he here?' asked Levin, and was going to inquire about Kitty. He had heard that she went to Petersburg at the beginning of the winter to visit her sister, who had married a diplomatist. He did not know whether she had returned, but changed his mind and thought: 'Whether she comes or not will make no difference.'

'Then you will come?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Well, then, at five, and in morning dress!' And Oblonsky got up and went downstairs to call on the new superior. His instinct had not deceived him; the dreadful new superior turned out to be a most affable man. Oblonsky had lunch with him and sat talking so long that it was going on for four when he arrived at Karenin's.

CHAPTER VIII

Karenin, after returning from church, spent the rest of the morning in the hotel. That day he had two matters to see to: to interview a deputation from a subject-race, which was in Moscow at that time, and give them instructions, and to write to the lawyer as he had promised. The interview, though the deputation had been summoned on his initiative, was an affair that presented many difficulties and even dangers, and Karenin was very glad that it chanced to be in Moscow when he was there. The members of the deputation had not the least comprehension of their rôle or of their duties. They were naïvely convinced that their business consisted in explaining their needs and the existing state of affairs, and of asking for help from the Government. They could decidedly not understand that some of their statements and demands would play into the hands of the hostile party, and thereby ruin their case. Karenin had a prolonged tussle with them, and wrote out for them a programme which they were not to overstep, and having dismissed them he wrote two letters to Petersburg. One of them contained instructions regarding this deputation. In this matter his chief helper was the Countess Lydia Ivanovna, who was a specialist in deputations. No one else could so well pilot a deputation or give it a good start.

When he had finished with the deputation Karenin wrote to the lawyer, without the least hesitation giving him permission to act at his own discretion, and enclosing three notes from Vronsky to Anna which he had found in the writing-case he had taken possession of.

Having left his home with the intention of never returning to his family, and having seen the lawyer and communicated—though only to that one person—this intention, and particularly after converting this matter of life into an affair of ink and paper, Karenin had grown more and more used to the notion; so that carrying it into effect now seemed to him possible. He was just closing his letter to the lawyer when he heard Oblonsky's voice.

Oblonsky was disputing with Karenin's servant, and insisting that he should be announced.

'No matter!' thought Karenin, 'it is even better so. I will tell him about my position with regard to his sister at once, and will explain why I cannot dine at his house.'

'Ask the gentleman in!' he said in a loud voice, collecting his papers and placing them inside a blotter.

'There, you see, you were lying to me! He is at home!' came the voice of Oblonsky in answer to the man who had been trying to stop him, as he entered the room, taking off his overcoat as he came. 'I'm awfully glad I have found you in! Well, I hope . . .' began Oblonsky, cheerfully.

'I can't come,' Karenin, who was standing, said coldly, without offering his visitor a seat.

Karenin had expected to enter at once upon the cool relation in which he would henceforth stand toward the brother of the wife against whom he was beginning divorce proceedings; but he had not counted upon the flood of kindliness which overflowed the banks of Oblonsky's soul.

Oblonsky opened his clear and shining eyes wide.

'Why can't you? What do you mean?' he demanded in French, quite taken aback. 'Oh no, you have promised and we are reckoning on you.'

'I must tell you that I can't come because the family connection hitherto subsisting between us must now be severed.'

'What? I mean, how? Why?' said Oblonsky, smiling.

'Because I am about to take proceedings to divorce your sister, my wife. I was obliged to. . . .'

But before Karenin could finish what he was about to say, Oblonsky did something quite unexpected. He uttered an exclamation of dismay and sat down in an easy-chair.

'Dear me, Alexis Alexandrovich! What are you talking about?' he cried, a look of pain appearing on his face.

'It is true.'

'Forgive me, but I can't—I can't believe it . . .'

Karenin sat down, conscious that his words had not the effect he had anticipated, that he would be obliged to give an explanation, and that whatever that explanation might be, it would not alter his relation to his brother-in-law.

'Yes, I am under the painful necessity of applying for a divorce,' he continued.

'I will tell you just one thing, Alexis Alexandrovich! I know you to be a first-rate and a just man; I know Anna to be—excuse me! I cannot change my opinion of her—a fine, a splendid woman; and therefore forgive me, but I cannot believe this. There must be some misunderstanding!' said Oblonsky.

'Ah, if it were only a misunderstanding! . . .'

'Wait a moment—I understand,' Oblonsky interrupted him. 'But of course . . . Only this: one should not be in a hurry. No! One shouldn't, shouldn't be in a hurry.'

'I was not in a hurry,' replied Karenin, coldly. 'In a case like this it was impossible to consult anyone. I have quite made up my mind.'

'But it is awful!' said Oblonsky, sighing deeply. 'One thing I would do, Alexis Alexandrovich, if I were you—I entreat you to do it! You have not yet commenced proceedings, as I understand? Well, before doing so, see my wife and talk it over with her! She cares for Anna as for a sister, she is fond of you, and she is a wonderful woman. For heaven's sake, talk it over with her! Do me this favour, I entreat you!'

Karenin considered, and for a while Oblonsky gazed

at him, full of sympathy, without breaking the silence. 'You will come and see her?'

'I hardly know. The reason I did not call on you is that I think our relationship must be altered.'

'Why? I don't see it. Allow me to believe that beside our family relationship, you share at least to some extent the friendly feeling I have always had for you . . . and sincere respect,' added Oblonsky, pressing the other's hand. 'Even if your worst suspicions proved correct, I never took upon myself, and never will, to judge either side; and I see no reason why our relations should change. But do, now do come and see my wife!'

'Ah, we look at the matter differently,' said Karenin, coldly. 'However, don't let us talk about it.'

'But why won't you come? Supposing you came to dinner to-day? My wife expects you. Do come, and above all, do talk it over with her. She is a wonderful woman. For heaven's sake—I implore you on my bended knees!'

'If you wish it so much, I will come,' said Karenin with a sigh, and anxious to change the subject he inquired about a matter interesting to them both—Oblonsky's new superior, a man who, though still young, had suddenly been given so important a post.

Karenin had never liked Count Anichkin, their opinions had always been at variance, and now he could not repress a feeling of spite, quite comprehensible to anyone in an official position, toward a more successful man.

'Well, and have you seen him?' said Karenin with a venomous smile.

'Oh yes, he came to the Council yesterday. He seems to know his business perfectly and is very active.'

'Yes, but in what direction?' asked Karenin. 'Toward getting things done, or toward changing what has been done already? The curse of our State is its red-tape administration, of which he is a worthy representative.'

'I really don't know what his tendencies are, but I do know that he is a first-rate fellow,' replied Oblonsky. 'I have just been to see him, and he really is a first-rate chap. We had lunch, and I showed him how to make that stuff—you know—wine with oranges. It is very refreshing, and it is amazing that he did not know of it.

He liked it very much. Yes, he certainly is a first-rate chap.'

Oblonsky looked at his watch.

'Dear me, it is getting on for five and I have still to call on Dolgovushin! . . . Well, then, do please come to dinner! You have no idea how grieved I and my wife will be if you don't.'

Karenin parted from his brother-in-law in a very different manner to that in which he had met him.

'I have promised, and I will come,' he answered in a dejected tone.

'Believe me, I appreciate it and hope that you will not repent it,' Oblonsky replied, smiling. As he put on his overcoat while walking away, his arm struck the servant's head. He laughed and went out. 'Five o'clock, and morning dress, if you please!' he sang out, returning to the door.

CHAPTER IX

It was past five, and some of the visitors had already arrived, when the master of the house came home. He entered together with Sergius Ivanich Koznyshev and Pestsov, who had met on the doorstep. Those two were the chief representatives of the Moscow intellectuals, as Oblonsky called them. Both were men respected for their characters and abilities. They respected one another, but in almost everything they were completely and hopelessly at variance, not because they belonged to different schools of thought but just because they belonged to one camp (their enemies confused them one with the other), and in that camp each of them had his own shade. And as there is nothing less amenable to agreement than disagreement on semi-abstract themes, they not only disagreed in their opinions but had long been accustomed without anger to ridicule each other's incorrigible delusions.

They were entering when Oblonsky overtook them, and were talking about the weather. Prince Alexander Dmitrich Shcherbatsky, and young Shcherbatsky, Turovtsyn, Kitty, and Karenin were already in the drawing-room.

Oblonsky noticed at once that, without him, things were going badly in the drawing-room. His wife in her gala dress, a grey silk, evidently worried both about the children who would have to dine alone in the nursery, and about her husband who had not returned, had not managed in his absence to mix the guests properly. They all sat like 'a parish priest's wife visiting' (as the old Prince Shcherbatsky expressed it), evidently puzzled as to why they were all assembled there, and forcing out words in order not to remain silent. The good-natured Turovtsyn clearly felt quite out of it, and the smile on his thick lips, with which he met Oblonsky, said as clearly as words, 'Well, my friend, you *have* planted me among the clever ones! To have a drink at the Château des Fleurs would be more in my line.' The old Prince sat silent, his shining eyes looking askance at Karenin, and Oblonsky saw that he had already prepared some remark wherewith to polish off that dignitary of State, whom people were invited to as to a dish of sturgeon. Kitty kept looking toward the door, gathering courage not to blush when Constantine Levin should enter. Young Shcherbatsky, who had not been introduced to Karenin, tried to look as if this did not make him feel at all awkward. Karenin himself, as the Petersburg way is when one dines with ladies, was in evening dress with a white tie, and Oblonsky saw by his face that he had come only to keep his promise, and by being in that company was fulfilling an unpleasant duty. He was the chief cause of the iciness which had frozen all the visitors till Oblonsky's arrival.

On entering the drawing-room Oblonsky made his excuses, explaining that he had been kept by the particular Prince who was his usual scapegoat whenever he was late or absent, and in a moment he had reintroduced everybody, and having brought Karenin and Koznyshev together, he started them off on the subject of the Russification of Poland, and they immediately caught on, Pestsov joining them. Having patted Turovtsyn on the shoulder, he whispered something funny in his ear, and got him to sit down next to Dolly and the old Prince. Then he told Kitty that she was looking very nice, and introduced young Shcherbatsky to Karenin. In a moment he had kneaded all that Society dough in such

a way that the drawing-room was in first-rate form, and was filled with animated voices. Only Constantine Levin had not arrived. However, that was all for the best, for Oblonsky, on looking in at the dining-room, saw to his horror that the port-wine and sherry were from Depres and not from Levé, and having given orders to send the coachman as quickly as possible to Levé he turned to go back to the drawing-room.

But he met Levin at the door.

'I am not late?'

'As if you ever could help being late!' said Oblonsky taking his hand.

'Are there many people here? Whom have you got?' asked Levin with a blush, knocking the snow off his cap with his glove.

'All our own people. Kitty is here. Come, I will introduce you to Karenin.'

Oblonsky, in spite of being Liberal, knew that to be acquainted with Karenin could not but be an honour, and therefore treated his best friends to that honour. But at that moment Constantine Levin was not in a state fully to appreciate the pleasure of such an acquaintance. He had not seen Kitty since the memorable evening when he had met Vronsky, excepting for that one moment when he had caught sight of her on the high road. In the depths of his soul he had felt sure that he should meet her that evening, but to maintain his freedom of thought he had tried to assure himself that he did not know it. Now, when he heard that she was here, he was suddenly filled with such joy and at the same time with such fear, that it took away his breath and he could not utter what he wished to say.

'What was she like? The same as before, or as she was that morning in the carriage? What if Darya Alexandrovna had spoken the truth? Why should it not be true?' he thought.

'Oh, do introduce me to Karenin!' he brought out with difficulty, and with despairing determination he entered the drawing-room and saw her.

She was not as she had been before nor as he had seen her in the carriage. She was quite different.

She was frightened, shy, shamefaced, and therefore

even more charming. She saw him as soon as he entered. She had been waiting for him. She was filled with joy, and that joy made her feel so confused that for a moment when, as he was approaching the hostess, he again glanced at her, Kitty herself, he, and Dolly all thought she would not be able to control herself but would burst into tears. She blushed, grew pale, then blushed again, and quite rigid, with only her lips quivering slightly, sat waiting for him. He came up, bowed, and silently held out his hand. Had it not been for the light quivering of her lips and the moisture that made her eyes brighter, her smile would have appeared almost calm when she said:

'What a long time it is since we saw one another!' while with a desperate resolve her cold hand pressed his.

'You have not seen me but I saw you,' said Levin with a beaming smile of joy. 'I saw you on your way to Ergushovo from the station.'

'When?' she asked him with surprise.

'You were driving to Ergushovo,' said Levin, feeling that the happiness with which his heart was overflowing was taking his breath away. 'How did I dare to connect anything that was not innocent with this pathetic being! Yes, what Darya Alexandrovna told me seems to be true,' he thought.

Oblonsky took his arm and led him up to Karenin.

'Let me introduce you,' and he gave their names.

'Very pleased to meet you again,' said Karenin coldly, as he shook hands with Levin.

'Are you acquainted?' asked Oblonsky with surprise.

'We spent three hours together in a railway carriage,' said Levin with a smile, 'but we parted filled with curiosity, as people do after a masquerade, at any rate I did.'

'Dear me! If you please,' said Oblonsky, motioning them toward the dining-room.

The men went to the side-table in the dining-room, on which stood bottles with six kinds of vodka and plates with as many sorts of cheese with and without silver cheese-knives, caviar, herrings, different kinds of tinned delicacies, and slices of French rolls.

They stood round the scented vodka and the delicacies,

and the conversation about the Russification of Poland between Koznyshev, Karenin, and Pestsov gradually slackened in the expectation of dinner.

Koznyshev, who knew better than anyone how at the end of a most abstract and serious dispute unexpectedly to administer a grain of Attic salt and thereby to change his interlocutor's frame of mind, did so now.

Karenin was arguing that the Russification of Poland could only be accomplished by high principles which the Russian Administration must introduce.

Pestsov insisted that one nation can assimilate another only when the former is more densely populated.

Koznyshev agreed with both, but with limitations. When they had left the drawing-room Koznyshev, to finish the conversation, remarked with a smile.

'Consequently for the Russification of the alien nationalities, there is but one means: to breed as many children as possible. . . . So my brother and I are acting worst of all, and you married gentlemen, and especially Stephen Arkadyevich, are acting most patriotically. How many have you got?' he asked, turning to the host with a kindly smile and holding out a tiny wine-glass to be filled.

Everybody laughed, and Oblonsky most merrily of all.

'Yes, that is the very best way,' he said, chewing some cheese and filling the glass with a special kind of vodka. And the conversation was really ended by the joke.

'This cheese is not bad. May I help you to some?' asked the host.

'Have you really been doing gymnastics again?' he went on turning to Levin, and with his left hand he felt Levin's muscles. Levin smiled, tightening his arm, and under Oblonsky's fingers a lump like a Dutch cheese and hard as steel bulged out beneath the fine cloth of Levin's coat.

'Here's a biceps! A real Samson!'

'I expect great strength is needed for bear-hunting,' said Karenin, who had the vaguest notions about sport, as he helped himself to cheese and broke his slice of bread, cut as fine as a cobweb.

Levin smiled.

'None at all. On the contrary a child can kill a bear,'

he said, making room, with a slight bow, for the ladies who were coming up to the side-table with the hostess.

'You have killed a bear, I hear?' said Kitty, vainly trying to catch a wayward, slippery pickled mushroom with her fork, and so shaking the lace of her sleeve through which her arm gleamed white. 'Have you any bears near your estate?' she added, turning her lovely little head toward him and smiling.

There was, it would seem, nothing unusual in what she had said, but for him what a meaning there was, inexpressible in words, in every sound and every movement of her lips, her eyes, and her hands as she said it! There was a prayer for forgiveness, and trust in him, and a caress—a tender, timid caress, and a promise, and hope, and love for him in which he could not but believe and which suffocated him with joy.

'No, we went to the Tver Province. On my return journey I met your brother-in-law, or rather your brother-in-law's brother-in-law, on the train,' he said smiling. 'It was a funny meeting.'

And gaily and amusingly he told how after not sleeping all night he, in his sheep-skin coat, had rushed into Karenin's compartment.

'The guard (regardless of the proverb [1]) judged me by my clothes and wished to turn me out, but I began to use long words and . . . you too,' he went on turning to Karenin (whose Christian name and patronymic he had forgotten), 'judging me by my peasant coat were going to turn me out, but afterwards you took my part, for which I am very grateful.'

'The rights of passengers to a choice of seats are very ill-defined,' said Karenin, wiping the tips of his fingers on his handkerchief.

'I noticed that you were not quite sure what to make of me,' said Levin with a good-natured smile, 'so I hastened to start an intellectual conversation, to expiate my sheep-skin.'

Koznyshev, while continuing his conversation with the hostess, listened with one ear to his brother, turning his eyes toward him, and thought, 'What has happened to

[1] The proverb is:

'At meeting you're judged by your clothes,
At parting you're judged by your wits.

him to-day? He behaves like a conqueror.' He did not know that Levin felt as if he had grown a pair of wings. Levin knew that she was listening to his words and liked hearing him, and that was the only thing he cared about. Not only in that room but in the whole world there existed for him nothing but Kitty and himself; and he had now acquired a great significance and importance. He felt himself at a height that made him giddy, and there, somewhere far below, were all these good excellent Karenins, Oblonskys, and the rest of the world.

Quite casually, without looking at them and just as if there was no other place to put them, Oblonsky placed Levin and Kitty side by side.

'Well, you might sit here,' he said to Levin.

The dinner was as good as the dinner service, a thing of which Oblonsky was a connoisseur. The soup, Marie Louise, had succeeded to perfection, the tiny pasties melted in one's mouth and were flawless. Two footmen and Matthew, wearing white ties, manipulated the food and the wines unostentatiously, quietly, and quickly. The dinner was a success on the material side, and no less so on the non-material side. The conversation, sometimes general and sometimes tête-à-tête, never ceased, and toward the end became so animated that the men left the table without ceasing to talk, and even Karenin was infected.

CHAPTER X

Pestsov liked to bring his discussions to a finish, and had not been satisfied with Koznyshev's remark, especially as he felt the fallacy of his own opinion.

'I did not mean,' he began over his soup, addressing Karenin, 'the density of population alone, but that, combined with firm foundations. It is not principles that count.'

'It seems to me,' replied Karenin deliberately and languidly, 'that it is one and the same thing. In my opinion only that nation which is more highly developed can influence another, only that. . . .'

'But the question is,' interrupted Pestsov in his deep

voice—he was always in a hurry to speak and always seemed to stake his whole soul on what he was talking about—'what does "higher development" consist of? The English, the French, or the Germans, which of them is more highly developed? Which will nationalize the other? We see that the Rhine has become Frenchified, yet the Germans do not stand on a lower level!' he shouted. 'There is some other law!'

'I think that the influence will always be on the side of the truly educated,' said Karenin slightly raising his eyebrows.

'But what should we consider to be the signs of "true education"?' said Pestsov.

'I fancy that those signs are well known,' replied Karenin.

'Are they fully known?' intervened Koznyshev with a subtle smile. 'At present a purely classical education is regarded as the only real education, but we hear lively discussions from both sides and cannot deny that the opposite view has many arguments in its favour.'

'You are a classic, Sergius Ivanich! Have a glass of claret?' said Oblonsky.

'I am not expressing my opinion of either kind of education,' replied Koznyshev, smiling at him condescendingly as at a child and holding out his glass. 'All I say is that both sides have weighty arguments in their favour,' he continued addressing himself to Karenin. 'I have had a classical education, but can personally find no place in that controversy. I see no clear proofs that a classical education should be preferred to a modern education.'

'Natural science has just as great an educational and mind-developing influence,' Pestsov joined in. 'Take astronomy, take botany, or zoology with its system of general laws!'

'I can't quite agree with you,' answered Karenin. 'It seems to me that we must admit that the process of studying the forms of a language has in itself a beneficial effect on spiritual development. Besides it is impossible to deny that the influence of the classics is in the highest degree a moral one, whereas unfortunately with instruction in natural science are connected those dangerous and false teachings which are the bane of the present times.'

Koznyshev was going to say something but Pestsov's deep bass interrupted him. He began with great warmth to prove the falseness of this opinion. Koznyshev quietly waited to put in his word, evidently ready with a triumphant retort.

'But one cannot help admitting,' he said with his subtle smile, turning to Karenin, 'one cannot help admitting that it is difficult to weigh exactly all the pros and cons of the different studies, and that the question, which kind of education should be preferred, would not have been so easily decided had there not been on the side of classical education that advantage which you have just mentioned: the moral advantage, *disons le mot*—the anti-nihilistic influence.'

'Exactly.'

'Were it not for the advantage of this anti-nihilistic influence on the side of classical education we should have considered the question longer, and should have weighed the arguments on both sides,' said Koznyshev, subtly smiling. 'We should have given a free field to both systems. But now we know that those classical education-pills contain the salutary virtue of anti-nihilism and we offer them boldly to our patients. . . . But supposing it has not that salutary virtue after all?' he concluded, adding the grain of Attic salt.

Everybody laughed at Koznyshev's 'pills,' and Turovtsyn, who had at last heard the something funny for which he had been waiting as he listened to the conversation, laughed particularly loudly and merrily.

Oblonsky had made no mistake in inviting Pestsov. With Pestsov there, intellectual conversation could not stop for a moment. Hardly had Koznyshev with his joke put an end to the discussion of one question before Pestsov immediately raised another.

'One cannot even admit that the Government had that aim in view,' he said. 'The Government is evidently guided by general considerations and is indifferent to the influence its measures may have. For instance, it ought to consider the education of women injurious, yet it established courses of lectures and universities for women.'

And the conversation at once veered to a new subject—the education of women.

Karenin expressed the view that the higher education of women is generally confounded with the question of women's emancipation, and that was the only reason for considering it injurious.

'I, on the contrary, think that these two questions are firmly bound together,' said Pestsov. 'It is a vicious circle. Women are deprived of rights because of their lack of education, and their lack of education results from their lack of rights. We must not forget that the subjection of women is so widespread and so old that we often refuse to recognize the abyss that separates them from us.'

'You said "rights",' remarked Koznyshev, who had been waiting for Pestsov to stop, 'the right of serving on a jury, on Town Councils, of being Presidents of Local Government Boards, Civil Servants, Members of Parliament . . . ?'

'Undoubtedly.'

'But if women, in some rare exceptional cases, can fill these posts, it seems to me that you should not speak of "rights." It would be more correct to say "duties." Everybody will agree that when we fill the office of juryman, town councillor, or telegraph clerk, we feel that we are fulfilling a duty. So it would be more correct to say that women are seeking for duties, and quite rightly. And we must sympathize with this desire of others to help in man's work for the community.'

'You are quite right,' said Karenin. 'I think the only question is whether they are capable of fulfilling these duties.'

'In all probability they will be extremely capable,' interjected Oblonsky, 'when education is more widely diffused among them. We see this. . . .'

'And how about the old proverb?' remarked the old Prince, who had long been listening to the conversation with a humorous twinkle in his small glittering eyes. 'My daughters won't mind my mentioning it. Women's hair is long, but their wits. . . .'[1]

'They thought the same of the negroes before their emancipation,' said Pestsov angrily.

'The thing that seems strange to me is that women

[1] The Russian proverb runs:
'Woman's hair is long, but her wits are short.'

should look for new duties,' said Koznyshev, 'while, as we see, men unfortunately generally avoid theirs.'

'Duties are connected with rights, power, money, honours: that is what women are seeking,' said Pestsov.

'It is just as if I were to strive for the right of being a wet nurse, and were offended because they pay women for it and won't pay me,' said the old Prince.

Turovtsyn burst into loud laughter, and Koznyshev felt sorry he had not made that remark himself. Even Karenin smiled.

'Yes, but a man can't be a wet nurse,' said Pestsov, 'while a woman . . .'

'Oh yes, an Englishman on board ship did once nurse his baby,' said the old Prince, allowing himself this indelicacy in his daughters' presence.

'There will be about as many women officials as there are of such Englishmen,' said Koznyshev.

'Yes, but what is a girl to do if she has no home?' said Oblonsky, agreeing with Pestsov and supporting him, and thinking of the dancer Chibisova, whom he had in his mind all the time.

'If you looked carefully into that girl's story, you would find that she had left her family or a sister's family, where she might have done woman's work,' said Dolly, irritably and unexpectedly intervening in the conversation. She probably guessed what girl her husband had in his mind.

'But we are defending a principle, an ideal!' said Pestsov in his sonorous bass. 'Women wish to have the right to be independent and educated. They are hampered and oppressed by the consciousness that this is impossible for them.'

'And I am hampered and oppressed by the knowledge that they won't take me as a wet-nurse in the Foundlings' Hospital,' repeated the old Prince, to the great joy of Turovtsyn, who laughed till he dropped the thick end of a piece of asparagus into the sauce.

CHAPTER XI

Everybody took part in the general conversation except Kitty and Levin. At first when the influence of one

nation on another was being talked about, thoughts of what he had to say on the subject involuntarily came into Levin's mind; but these thoughts, formerly so important to him, now only flickered through his mind as in a dream and were not of the slightest interest. It even struck him as strange that they should care to talk about things that could make no difference to anyone. In the same way what was being said about the rights of the education of women should have interested Kitty. How often she had thought about that question when she remembered her friend abroad and the irksome state of dependence in which Varenka lived, how often she had wondered what would be her own fate if she did not get married, and how many times she had argued about it with her sister. But now it did not interest her at all. She and Levin were carrying on their own separate conversation, and it was not even a conversation but a kind of mystic intercourse, which every moment bound them closer and closer and created in both a feeling of joyful fear before the unknown upon which they were entering.

They began by Levin's telling Kitty in answer to her question of how he could have seen her in the carriage in the summer, how he was going back from the hay fields along the high road and met her.

'It was early in the morning. I expect you had only just woke up. Your mother was asleep in her corner. It was a lovely morning. I was going along and wondering who that could be in a four-horsed coach, a splendid team with bells, and for an instant you appeared and I saw you at the window sitting like this, holding the strings of your cap with both hands and thinking very deeply about something,' he said and smiled. 'How I wish I knew what you were thinking about! Something important?'

'Was I not very untidy?' she thought, but seeing the rapturous smile which the recollection of these details evoked she felt that the impression she had produced was a very pleasing one. She blushed and laughed joyously. 'I really don't remember.'

'How pleasantly Turovtsyn laughs!' said Levin, looking with pleasure at his moist eyes and shaking body.

'Have you known him long?' asked Kitty.

'Who does not know him?'

'I see you think he is a bad man.'

'Not bad, but a mere cipher.'

'He is not. Change your opinion quickly,' said Kitty. 'I too did not think much of him, but he is . . . he is a dear fellow and wonderfully kind-hearted. He has a heart of gold.'

'How did you manage to find out his heart?'

'He and I are great friends. I know him very well. Last winter soon after . . . soon after you came to us,' she said with a penitent and at the same time a trustful smile, 'Dolly's children all had scarlet fever and he happened to call. And fancy!' she went on in a whisper, 'he was so sorry for her that he stopped and helped her to nurse the children. Really, he stayed three weeks in the house and looked after the children like a nurse.'

'I am telling Constantine Dmitrich about Turovtsyn and the scarlet fever,' she said, leaning over toward her sister.

'Yes? it was wonderful! he is splendid!' said Dolly, looking toward Turovtsyn who felt that he was being talked about, and giving him a gentle smile.

Levin looked at Turovtsyn again and wondered how it was he had failed to realize what a charming man he was.

'I am sorry, very sorry. I shall never again think ill of anyone!' he said merrily; expressing what he sincerely felt at the moment.

CHAPTER XII

In the conversation which had been begun on the rights of women there were raised some questions not freely to be discussed in the presence of ladies concerning the inequalities of marriage relations. Pestsov more than once during dinner-time flew at these questions, but Koznyshev and Oblonsky carefully diverted him from them.

When they rose from table and the ladies had left the room, Pestsov did not follow them but turned to Karenin and began to state the chief cause of inequality. The inequality between husband and wife, in his opinion, lay

in the fact that the infidelity of a wife and that of a husband were unequally punished both by law and by public opinion.

Oblonsky hurriedly offered Karenin a cigar.

'No, I don't smoke,' quietly replied Karenin, and, as if wishing to show that he was not afraid of the conversation, he turned with a cold smile to Pestsov.

'I imagine that the cause of the prevailing opinion lies in the very nature of things,' he said, and was about to go to the drawing-room, but Turovtsyn quite unexpectedly addressed him.

'Have you heard about Pryachnikov?' said Turovtsyn, animated by the champagne he had drunk, and impatient to break his silence, which had long oppressed him. And with a kindly smile on his moist and rosy lips, he went on addressing himself chiefly to Karenin, the principal guest.

'Vasya Pryachnikov, as I was told to-day, has fought a duel with Kvitsky and killed him.'

As one always seems to knock a sore place, so that day Oblonsky felt that unfortunately the conversation kept striking Karenin's sore place. He again made an attempt to draw his brother-in-law away, but Karenin himself asked with interest:

'What did Pryachnikov fight about?'

'His wife. He behaved like a brick! Challenged the other and killed him!'

'Oh!' said Karenin indifferently, and raising his eyebrows he went to the drawing-room.

'I am so glad you came,' said Dolly with a frightened smile, as she met him in the sitting-room through which he had to pass: 'I must speak with you. Let us sit down here.'

Karenin, with the same look of indifference, produced by his raised eyebrows, sat down beside her and feigned a smile.

'Yes,' he said, 'especially as I wished to ask you to excuse me for having to go away at once. I am leaving Moscow to-morrow.'

Dolly was firmly convinced of Anna's innocence, and felt herself growing pale and her lips trembling from anger with this cold, unfeeling man who so calmly intended to ruin her innocent friend.

'Alexis Alexandrovich,' she said, looking into his eyes with desperate determination. 'I asked you about Anna and you did not give me an answer. How is she?'

'I think she is well, Darya Alexandrovna,' replied Karenin without looking at her.

'Alexis Alexandrovich, forgive me, I have no right to . . . but I love Anna like a sister, and respect her; and I beg, I implore you to tell me what has happened between you; what do you accuse her of?'

Alexis Alexandrovich winced, and almost closing his eyes bowed his head.

'I expect your husband has told you the reasons which make me consider it necessary to change my former relations with Anna Arkadyevna,' he said without looking in her eyes, discontentedly eyeing Shcherbatsky who was passing through the sitting-room.

'I don't, I don't believe it, I cannot believe it!' Dolly said, clasping her bony hands with an energetic movement. She rose quickly, put her hand on Karenin's sleeve and said, 'We shall be disturbed here, come this way, please.'

Dolly's excitement affected Karenin. He rose and obediently followed her into the schoolroom. They sat down at the table covered with leather cloth all cut about with penknives.

'I don't believe it, I don't!' she uttered, trying to catch his eyes, which avoided hers.

'One can't disbelieve facts, Darya Alexandrovna,' said he, emphasizing the word *facts*.

'But what has she done?' asked Darya Alexandrovna. 'What is it she has done?'

'She has despised her duties and betrayed her husband. That is what she has done,' he said.

'No, no, it can't be! No, for God's sake! . . . you are mistaken,' said Dolly, raising her hands to her temples and closing her eyes.

Karenin smiled coldly with his lips only, wishing to prove to her and to himself the firmness of his conviction; but this passionate defence, though it did not shake him, lacerated his wound. He began speaking with more animation.

'It is difficult to make a mistake when a wife herself announces to her husband that eight years of married

life and a son have all been an error, and that she wants to begin life from the beginning again,' he said crossly, sniffing.

'Anna and—vice. . . . I cannot combine them, I cannot believe it!'

'Darya Alexandrovna,' he said, now looking straight at Dolly's kind, excited face and feeling his tongue involuntarily loosened. 'I would give much for the possibility of doubting. While I was in doubt it was hard, but not so hard as it is now. While I doubted, I had hope; but now there is no hope left and all the same I doubt everything. I doubt everything so much that I hate my son, and sometimes believe he is not my son. I am very unhappy.'

There was no need for him to say this. Dolly had understood it as soon as he looked her in the face. She felt sorry for him, and her faith in her friend's innocence was shaken.

'Oh, it is terrible, terrible! But can it be true that you have decided on a divorce?'

'I have decided to take the final step. There is nothing else for me to do.'

'Nothing to do, nothing to do!' she muttered with tears in her eyes. 'No, there is something else to do,' she said.

'That is just what is so terrible in this kind of grief, that you can't do as in all other troubles—losses or deaths—just bear your cross, but here you must act,' he said, as if guessing her thoughts. 'You must come out of the degrading position in which you are placed; it is impossible to live three together.'

'I understand, I understand very well,' said Dolly and her head dropped. She was silent, thinking of herself and her own sorrow, and then suddenly and energetically she raised her head and folded her hands as in prayer. 'But wait! You are a Christian. Think of her! What will become of her if you throw her off?'

'I have thought, Darya Alexandrovna, and have thought deeply,' said Karenin. His face flushed in blotches and his dim eyes looked straight at her. Dolly now pitied him with all her heart. 'I did that very thing when she herself informed me of my shame; I let everything go on as before. I gave her a chance to turn over a

new leaf, and I tried to save her. With what result? She disregarded my very easy demand—that she should observe the proprieties,' he went on, getting heated. 'One may save a person who does not wish to perish; but if a nature is so spoilt and depraved that it regards ruin as salvation, what can one do?'

'Anything but divorce!' answered Dolly.

'But what is "anything"?'

'No, this is too awful. She will be nobody's wife, she will be ruined.'

'What can I do?' said Karenin, shrugging his shoulders and raising his eyebrows. The recollection of his wife's last delinquency irritated him so much that he again became as cold as he had been at the beginning of the conversation. 'I am very grateful for your sympathy, but it is time for me to go,' he said rising.

'No, wait a bit! You should not ruin her. Wait a bit. I will tell you about myself. I married, and my husband deceived me; in my anger and jealousy I wished to abandon everything, I myself wished . . . But I was brought to my senses, and by whom? Anna saved me. And here I am living; my children growing, my husband returns to the family and feels his error, grows purer and better, and I live . . . I have forgiven, and you must forgive.'

Karenin listened, but her words no longer affected him. All the bitterness of the day when he decided on a divorce rose again in his soul. He gave himself a shake and began to speak in a loud and piercing voice.

'I cannot forgive; I don't wish to and don't think it would be right. I have done everything for that woman, and she has trampled everything in the mud which is natural to her. I am not a cruel man, I have never hated anyone, but I hate her with the whole strength of my soul and I cannot even forgive her, because I hate her so much for all the wrong she has done me!' he said with tears of anger choking him.

'Love those that hate you . . .' whispered Dolly shamefacedly.

Karenin smiled contemptuously. He had long known all that, but it could not apply to his case.

'Love them that hate you, but you can't love them whom you hate. Forgive me for having upset you.

Every one has trouble enough of his own!' And having got himself under control, Karenin quietly rose, said good-bye, and went away.

CHAPTER XIII

When everybody was leaving the table Levin wanted to follow Kitty into the drawing-room but was afraid she would not like it because it would make his attentions to her too obvious. So he stopped with the group of men, taking part in their conversation. But without looking through the open door at Kitty he was conscious of her movements, her looks, and the place in the drawing-room where she sat.

He began at once, and without the slightest effort, to fulfil the promise he had made her, of thinking well of and always liking everybody. The conversation had turned to the question of village communes, in which Pestsov saw some special principle which he called the 'chorus principle.' Levin did not agree either with Pestsov or with his brother Sergius, who, in a way of his own, both admitted and did not admit the importance of the Russian Communal System. But he talked to them only with the idea of getting them to agree and softening their controversy. He was not at all interested in what he himself said, still less in what they were saying, and only desired one thing—that everybody should feel contented and pleased. He now knew the one thing that was important. And that one thing was at first there in the drawing-room, but afterwards began moving and paused in the doorway. Without looking round he felt a pair of eyes and a smile directed toward him, and he could not help turning. She stood in the doorway with Shcherbatsky and was looking at him.

'I thought you were going to the piano,' he said, moving toward her. 'That is what I miss in the country —music.'

'No, we were only coming to call you away. Thank you for coming,' she said, rewarding him with a smile as with a gift. 'What is the use of arguing? No one ever convinces another.'

'Yes, you are quite right,' said Levin, 'for the most

part, people argue so warmly only because they cannot make out what it is that their opponent wants to prove.'

Levin had often noticed in arguments among the most intelligent people that after expending enormous efforts, and an immense number of logical subtleties and words, the disputants at last became conscious of the fact that the thing they had been at such pains to prove to one another had long ago, from the very beginning of the controversy, been known to them, but that they liked different things and were disinclined to mention what they liked lest it should be attacked. He had experienced the fact that sometimes in the middle of a discussion one understands what it is that one's opponent likes, and suddenly likes it oneself, and immediately agrees with him, when all proofs become superfluous and unnecessary. Sometimes the reverse happens; one at last mentions the thing one likes, for the sake of which one has been devising arguments, and if this is said well and sincerely, one's opponent suddenly agrees and ceases to dispute. This was what he wanted to express.

She wrinkled her forehead, trying to understand. But as soon as he began to explain she understood.

'I see: one must find out what one's opponent is contending for, what he likes, and then one can . . .'

She had completely grasped and found the right expression for his badly-expressed thought. Levin smiled joyfully: he was so struck by the change from the confused wordy dispute with his brother and Pestsov to this laconic, clear, and almost wordless communication of a very complex idea.

Shcherbatsky left them, and Kitty went up to a table prepared for cards, sat down, took a piece of chalk, and began drawing concentric circles on the new green cloth of the table.

They went back to the conversation at dinner about women's rights and occupations. Levin agreed with Dolly, that a girl who does not get married can find woman's work in the family. He supported this view by saying that no family can dispense with a help, and that in every family, rich or poor, there are and must be nurses, either paid or belonging to the family.

'No,' said Kitty, blushing, but looking all the more boldly at him with her truthful eyes: 'A girl may be

so placed that she cannot enter into a family without humiliation, while she herself. . . .'

He understood the allusion.

'Oh yes!' he said, 'yes, yes, yes, you are right, you are right!'

And he understood all that Pestsov at dinner had been trying to prove about the freedom of women, simply because he saw in Kitty's heart fear of the humiliation of being an old maid, and, loving her, he too felt that fear and humiliation, and at once gave up his contention.

There was a pause. She still continued drawing on the table with the chalk. Her eyes shone with a soft light. Submitting to her mood, he felt in his whole being an ever-increasing stress of joy.

'Oh, I have scribbled over the whole table!' she said, and putting down the chalk moved as if to get up.

'How can I remain here alone, without her?' he thought horrorstruck, and took up the chalk. 'Don't go,' he said and sat down at the table.

'I have long wished to ask you something!'

He looked straight into her kind though frightened eyes.

'Please do.'

'There,' he said, and wrote the following letters,—W, y, a: i, c, n, b; d, y, m, t, o, n? These letters stood for: When you answered: it can not be; did you mean then or never? It was quite unlikely that she would be able to make out this complicated sentence; but he looked at her with an expression as if his life depended on her understanding what those letters meant.

She glanced seriously at him and then, leaning her frowning forehead on her hand, began reading. Occasionally she looked up at him, her look asking him: 'Is it what I think?'

'I have understood,' she said with a blush.

'What word is this?' he asked pointing to the 'n' which stood for never.

'That word is never,' she said, 'but it is not true.'

He quickly rubbed out what he had written, handed her the chalk, and rose.

She wrote: T, I, c, n, a, o.

Dolly's sorrow, caused by her talk with Karenin, was

quite dispelled when she saw those two figures: Kitty with the chalk in her hand, looking up at Levin with a timid, happy smile, and his fine figure bending over the table, with his burning eyes fixed now on the table, now on her. Suddenly his face beamed: he had understood. The letters meant 'Then I could not answer otherwise.'

He looked at her questioningly, and timidly.

'Only *then*?'

'Yes,' answered her smile.

'And n. . . . And now?' he said.

'Well, then, read this. I will tell you what I wish, what I very much wish!' and she wrote these initial letters: T, y, m, f, a, f, w, h. This meant, 'that you might forgive and forget what happened.'

He seized the chalk with nervous, trembling fingers, broke it, and wrote the initial letters of the following: 'I have nothing to forget or forgive, I never ceased to love you.'

She looked at him with a smile that remained fixed on her lips.

'I understand,' she whispered.

He sat down and wrote out a long sentence. She understood it all, and without asking if she was right, took the chalk, and wrote the answer at once.

For a long time he could not make out what she meant and he often looked up in her eyes. He was dazed with happiness. He could not find the words she meant at all; but in her beautiful eyes, radiant with joy, he saw all that he wanted to know. And he wrote down three letters. But before he had finished writing she read it under his hand, finished the sentence herself, and wrote the answer: 'Yes.'

'Playing "secretary"?' said the old Prince approaching them. 'Come now, we must be going, if you mean to come to the theatre.'

Levin rose and accompanied Kitty to the door.

Everything had been said in that conversation. She had said that she loved him, and would tell her father and mother, and he had said that he would call in the morning.

CHAPTER XIV

When Kitty had left and Levin remained alone he felt so restless without her and so impatient to live more and more quickly through the hours till morning when he would see her again and be united to her for good, that he dreaded like death the fourteen hours he would have to spend without her. In order not to be alone and to deceive time, he needed to be with and to talk to somebody. Oblonsky would have been the pleasantest companion for him now, but he was going to an evening party as he said (really to the ballet). Levin only had time to tell him he was happy and fond of him and would never, never forget what he had done for him. Oblonsky's look and smile showed Levin that he understood him rightly.

'Then it's not time to die yet?' asked Oblonsky with feeling, pressing Levin's hand.

'N-n-n-oo!' said Levin.

Dolly too, when saying good-bye to him, spoke as if congratulating him, saying: 'I am so glad you and Kitty have met again. We must value old friendship.' Levin did not like her remark. She did not understand how high and unattainable for her all this was, and she should not have dared to refer to it. Levin took leave of them but, not to remain alone, he fastened on to his brother.

'Where are you going?'

'To a Town Council meeting.'

'Well, I'll come with you. May I?'

'Why not? Let us go,' answered Koznyshev, smiling. 'What has happened to you to-day?'

'To me? Happiness is with me,' said Levin, letting down the window of the carriage in which they were driving. 'You don't mind? It is so stuffy here. Happiness is with me. Why have you never got married?'

Koznyshev smiled.

'I am very glad, she seems a fine gi . . .' he began.

'Don't, don't, don't speak!' exclaimed Levin, seizing the collar of his brother's fur-coat and lapping it over

his face. 'She is a fine girl' were words so ordinary, so insignificant, so inappropriate to his feelings.

Koznyshev laughed merrily, a thing he rarely did.

'Anyhow I may say I am very glad.'

'You may say that to-morrow, to-morrow, but nothing more! Nothing, nothing, silence . . .' said Levin, and again wrapping the collar round his brother's face he added: 'I am very fond of you! Will they really let me in to the meeting?'

'Of course you can come.'

'What are you speaking on to-night?' asked Levin not ceasing to smile.

They arrived at the Council, and Levin listened to the secretary haltingly reading an official report which he evidently did not understand himself, but from his face Levin saw what a nice, kind, and splendid fellow he was. That was plain from the confused and embarrassed manner in which he read the report. Then followed the discussion. They were debating the grant of some money and the laying of some pipes, and Koznyshev spoke about something for a long time in a triumphant tone and stung two of the members; another member, having noted something on a bit of paper, started timidly, but went on to answer him very venomously and neatly. And then Sviyazhsky (he too was there) also said something very finely and nobly. Levin listened to them and clearly saw that neither the sums of money nor the pipes had any real existence, there was nothing of the kind, and he saw also that they were not at all angry but were all very kind and estimable fellows, and that it was all very good and pleasant. They were doing no one any harm, and everybody was pleased. What seemed remarkable to Levin was that they were all perfectly transparent to him that day, and that by means of little signs which he had never noticed before he recognized the soul of each and clearly saw that they were all kind and, in particular, were all extremely fond of him. That was quite evident from the way they spoke to him, and the tenderness and affection with which they all, even strangers, looked at him.

'Well, are you contented?' asked Koznyshev.

'Quite. I never thought it would be so interesting. Fine! splendid!'

Sviyazhsky came up and asked Levin to come home with him and have some tea. Levin could not at all think or remember why he had ever felt dissatisfied with Sviyazhsky or what he had thought lacking in him. He was an intelligent and remarkably kind fellow.

'I shall be very pleased,' said Levin, and asked about Sviyazhsky's wife and sister-in-law. And by a strange connection of ideas, as that sister-in-law was connected in his fancy with the idea of marriage, it appeared to him that he could not tell anybody of his happiness so appropriately as Sviyazhsky's wife and sister-in-law, and he was very glad to go and see them.

Sviyazhsky questioned him about his affairs in the country, as usual disbelieving in the possibility of devising anything that had not already been discovered in Western Europe: but now Levin did not consider this at all unpleasant. On the contrary he felt that Sviyazhsky was right, and that the whole business was insignificant, and he noticed the wonderful gentleness and delicacy with which Sviyazhsky avoided saying that he was right. The ladies were especially nice; it seemed to Levin that they already knew all about it and sympathized with him but did not mention it out of delicacy. He remained at the house two or three hours, talking about different matters, but thinking only of the one thing that filled his soul and not noticing that they were dreadfully weary of him and ought long ago to have been in bed. Sviyazhsky, yawning, showed him to the hall and wondered at the strange state his friend was in. It was past one. Levin returned to the hotel and the thought of how with his impatience he would spend the remaining ten hours frightened him. The attendant on duty lighted his candle and was going away, but Levin stopped him. Egor, the attendant, of whom Levin had taken no notice heretofore, turned out to be a very intelligent, good, and above all very kind man.

'I say, Egor, don't you find it difficult to keep awake?'

'What's one to do? Our work is of that sort. It is easier in a gentleman's house, but one earns more here.'

It turned out that Egor had a family, three boys and a girl who was a seamstress and whom he wanted to marry to an assistant in a harness business.

Levin took this opportunity to express to Egor his

opinion that in marriage the chief thing is—love, and that when there is love there will always be happiness, because happiness lies always within oneself.

Egor listened very attentively and evidently quite understood Levin, but in confirmation of it remarked, quite unexpectedly to Levin, that when he was in the service of nice people he was always satisfied with his masters and that he was satisfied with his present master although he was a Frenchman.

'A wonderfully kind man!' thought Levin.

'And you, Egor, when you married, did you love your wife?'

'How can one help it?' answered Egor.

And Levin saw that Egor too was in an exultant state and wished to tell him all his most intimate feelings.

'My life too was very curious. From a child I . . .' he began with shining eyes, evidently infected by Levin's exultation as men get infected by others' yawning.

But at that moment a bell rang; Egor went away and Levin remained alone. He had scarcely eaten anything at dinner and had refused both tea and supper at Sviyazhsky's, but could not think of eating. He had not slept the night before but could not think of sleep either. The room was cool, but he felt suffocated with heat. He opened the little window [1] and sat down on a table in front of it. Beyond a snow-covered roof he could see a gilt fretwork cross adorned with chains on the dome of a church and above it the three-cornered constellation of the Charioteer with the bright yellow star Capella. He looked now at the cross, now at the star, and inhaled the fresh frosty air which flowed with a regular current into the room, following, as in a dream, the images and memories that arose in his fancy. Towards four o'clock he heard steps in the corridor and looked out. It was the gambler Myaskin whom he knew, returning from the club. He passed dejectedly, frowning and coughing. 'Poor, unfortunate fellow!' thought Levin, and tears of affection and pity for the man filled his eyes. He wished to speak to him and comfort him, but recollecting that he had nothing over his shirt he changed his mind and again sat down in front of the little window to bathe in

[1] The *fortochka*, or small inset window customary in Russia, which allows of fresh air being let into the room in winter without cooling it too much.

the cold air and to gaze at that beautifully-shaped silent cross, full of meaning for him, and at the ascending bright yellow star. When it was past six o'clock he began to hear the floor-polishers, and the church bell ringing for service, and felt he was beginning to grow cold. He shut the little window, washed, dressed, and went out into the street.

CHAPTER XV

The streets were still empty. Levin went to the Shcherbatskys' house. The front door was locked, everybody was still sleeping. He went back to his room in the hotel and ordered coffee. The day-waiter, not Egor this time, brought it to him. Levin wished to have a talk with him, but the bell rang and the waiter went away. Levin tried to drink a little coffee, and put a piece of roll into his mouth, but his mouth could do nothing with it. He took the piece out of his mouth, put on his overcoat and went out to walk about again. It was past nine when he reached the Shcherbatskys' porch a second time. The inmates of the house were only just up, and the cook was going out to buy provisions. It would be necessary to live through another two hours at least.

All that night and morning Levin had lived quite unconsciously, and felt quite outside the conditions of material existence. He had not eaten for a whole day, had not slept for two nights, had spent several hours half-dressed and exposed to the frost, yet he felt not only fresher and better than ever before, but quite independent of his body: he moved without his muscles making any effort, and felt capable of anything. He was sure that he could fly upwards or knock down the corner of a house, were it necessary. He spent the rest of the time walking about the streets, looking at his watch, and gazing around.

And what he then saw he never saw again. Two children going to school, some pigeons that flew down from the roof, and a few loaves put outside a baker's window by an invisible hand touched him particularly. These loaves, the pigeons, and the two boys seemed creatures not of this earth. It all happened at the same

time; one of the boys ran after a pigeon and looked smilingly up at Levin; the pigeon flapped its wings and fluttered up, glittering in the sunshine amid the snow-dust that trembled in the air; from the window came the scent of fresh-baked bread and the loaves were put out. All these things were so unusually beautiful that Levin laughed and cried with joy. After a long round, through the Gazetny Street and the Kislovka, he returned to the hotel, put his watch in front of him, and sat down waiting till it should be twelve. In the next room they were saying something about machines and fraud, and coughing as people do of a morning. They did not realize that the watch hand was drawing nearer to twelve. The hand reached twelve. Levin went out into the porch. The *izvoshchiks* evidently knew all about it. With joyful faces they surrounded Levin, disputing among themselves, and offering him their services. Trying not to offend the others, and promising to let them too drive him later on, he hired one and told him to drive to the Shcherbatskys'. The *izvoshchik* was charming with the white band of his shirt showing from under his coat and clinging closely to his full, red, sturdy neck. That *izvoshchik's* sledge was high and comfortable and never after did Levin drive in one like it, and the horse was a good one too and tried its best to trot fast, but did not move from the place. The *izvoshchik* knew the Shcherbatskys' house, and rounding his elbows in a manner specially respectful to his fare, called 'Whoa!' and stopped at the porch. The Shcherbatskys' hall-porter certainly knew everything. That was evident from the smile in his eyes and the tone in which he said:

'It's long since you were here last, Constantine Dmitrich!'

Not only did he know everything, but he evidently rejoiced and made efforts to hide his joy. Glancing into his kind old eyes, Levin felt something new even in his happiness.

'Are they up?'

'Come in, sir! Won't you leave it here?' he said, when Levin turned back for his cap. That meant something.

'Whom shall I announce you to?' asked the footman.

The footman was young, of the new-fashioned kind,

and a dandy, but a very kind and good fellow, and he too understood it all.

'The Prince . . . The Princess . . . The young lady . . .' said Levin.

The first person he met was Mlle Linon. She was passing through the dancing-hall and her curls and her face shone. He had scarcely begun to speak to her when he heard the rustle of a dress outside the door, his eyes no longer saw Mlle Linon, and the joyful terror of the nearness of his happiness seized him. Mlle Linon hurriedly left him and went toward the other door. As soon as she had gone out he heard the sound of very, very rapid light steps on the parquet floor, and his joy, his life, his own self, the best in himself, that which he had sought and yearned for so long, advanced very, very rapidly towards him. She did not walk but was borne toward him by some invisible force.

He saw nothing but her clear, true eyes, frightened by the same joy of love which filled his own heart. Those eyes beamed nearer and nearer to him, dazzling him with their glow of love. She stopped so close that she touched him. Her arms rose and her hands dropped on his shoulders.

She had done everything she could—she had run up to him and given herself entirely, shyly, and joyfully. He put his arms round her and pressed his lips to her mouth that was waiting for his kiss.

She too had not slept all night and had waited for him the whole morning.

Her mother and father had definitely given their consent and were happy in her happiness. She had waited for him. She had wished to be the first to announce to him his and her joy. She had prepared herself to meet him alone, and had rejoiced at the idea, yet had felt timid and bashful and had not known what she would do. She had heard his step and his voice and had waited behind the door for Mlle Linon to go. Mlle Linon had gone away. Without thinking or asking herself what next, she had come to him and acted as she had.

'Come to Mama!' she said, taking him by the hand. For some time he could not say anything, not so much because he feared that words might spoil the loftiness

of his feelings, as because every time he wished to speak he felt that, instead of words, tears of joy would come. He took her hand and kissed it.

'Can it be true?' he said at last in a smothered voice. 'Dear, I cannot believe that you love me.'

She smiled at the word 'dear,' and at the timid look he gave her.

'Yes!' she said significantly and slowly. 'I am so happy!'

Without letting go of his hand, she entered the drawing-room. The Princess, on seeing them, breathed quickly and immediately burst into tears, then she at once laughed and ran up to them with energy such as Levin never expected from her, and putting her arms round his head kissed him and wetted his cheeks with her tears.

'Then it's all finished! I am so glad. Love her. I am so glad . . . Kitty!'

'Well, you've settled it quickly!' said the old Prince, trying to be indifferent; but Levin noticed that his eyes were moist when he addressed him. 'I have long, I have always wished it!' said the old Prince, taking Levin's hand and drawing him nearer. 'Even at the time when this scatterbrain intended . . .'

'Papa!' exclaimed Kitty and closed his mouth with her hands.

'Well, well, I won't!' he said. 'I am very, very . . . plea . . . Oh, how stupid I am!'

He embraced Kitty, kissed her face, her hand, then her face again, and made the sign of the cross over her.

And Levin was seized with a new feeling of affection for this man who had been strange to him before, when he saw how Kitty long and tenderly kissed his fleshy hand.

CHAPTER XVI

The Princess sat in her armchair silently smiling, and the Prince seated himself beside her. Kitty stood close to her father's chair, still holding his hand. No one spoke.

The Princess was the first to break the silence and bring all their thoughts and feelings back to the practical

side of life, and for the first moments this seemed strange and even painful to them all.

'When is it to be? There is the betrothal, and cards must be sent out. And when is the wedding to be? What do you think, Alexander?'

'Here he is,' said the old Prince, pointing to Levin. 'He is the principal person concerned.'

'When?' said Levin, blushing. 'To-morrow! If you ask me—the betrothal to-day and the wedding to-morrow!'

'Oh, don't, *mon cher*! What nonsense!'

'Well then, next week.'

'He seems quite mad.'

'Why not?'

'What an idea!' said the mother with a pleased smile at his haste. 'And the trousseau?'

'Is it possible that there must be a trousseau and all that sort of thing?' Levin thought, horror-struck. 'However. . . . As if a trousseau and a betrothal ceremony and all that could spoil my happiness! Nothing can spoil it!' He looked up at Kitty and noticed that the thought of a trousseau did not in the least upset her; so he thought, 'It is necessary, evidently.'

'Well, you see, I don't know at all; I only expressed my wish,' he said, to excuse himself.

'Then we will decide. We can have the betrothal, and send out the cards at once. That will be all right.'

The Princess went up to her husband, kissed him and was about to go away, but he stopped her, embraced her, and tenderly, like a young lover, kissed her several times, with a smile. The old couple seemed to have become confused for the moment, and not to know whether it was they who were again in love or only their daughter. When they had gone Levin came up to his betrothed and took her hand. He had now mastered himself and was able to speak, and there was much he had to say to her; but what he said was not at all what he had intended.

'How well I knew it would happen! I never dared hope, yet in my soul I was always certain,' said he. 'I believe it was predestined.'

'And I,' she said. 'Even when . . .' she stopped, and again went on, her truthful eyes looking into his

face resolutely, 'even when I drove my happiness from me I always loved you only, but I was carried away. I must ask you: can you forget it?'

'Perhaps it was all for the best. You have much to forgive me. I must tell you. . . .'

He referred to one of the things he had decided to tell her. He meant to confess, from the first, about two matters: that he was not as pure as she, and that he was an agnostic. It was painful but he thought he ought to tell her both these things.

'No, not now, later!' he said.

'All right, later; but certainly tell me! I am afraid of nothing. I must know everything. Now it's settled. . . .'

He finished the sentence. 'It is settled that you will have me, whatever I may be. . . . You will not reject me. . . . Yes?'

'Yes, yes!'

Their conversation was interrupted by Mlle Linon, who with a feigned yet affectionate smile came to congratulate her favourite pupil. Before she had gone out, the servants entered with their congratulations. Afterwards relatives arrived, and that beatific tumult began which did not cease until the day after the wedding. All that time Levin felt uncomfortable and bored, but the stress of his joy went on increasing. All that time he felt that many things he did not know were expected of him, but he did all he was told, and it all gave him joy. He had thought that his courtship would be quite unlike any other, that the ordinary conditions of courtship would spoil his peculiar happiness; but he ended by doing what others do, and his happiness was thereby only increased, becoming more and more peculiar to him, unlike anyone else's was or is.

'Now we shall eat some sweets,' said Mlle Linon, and off went Levin to buy sweets. 'I am very pleased indeed,' said Sviyazhsky, 'I advise you to go to Fomin's for the flowers.'—'Are they necessary?' and off he went to Fomin's. His brother told him he ought to borrow some money because he would have a lot of expense: there would be presents. . . . 'Are presents required?' and off he rushed to Fulda, the jeweller's.

At the confectioner's, florist's, and jeweller's, he noticed

that they were expecting him, that they were pleased to see him, and triumphed in his happiness just like everyone else with whom he had anything to do at that time. It was extraordinary that not only was everybody fond of him, but all the hitherto unsympathetic, cold, or indifferent persons were delighted with him, gave way to him in everything, treated his feelings with delicate consideration, and shared his own opinion that he was the happiest man on earth because his betrothed was the height of perfection. Kitty felt just the same. When the Countess Nordston took the liberty of hinting that she had hoped for something better, Kitty got so heated and proved so convincingly that no one on earth could be better than Levin, that the Countess had to admit it, and thereafter never encountered Levin in Kitty's presence without a smile of delight.

The confession he had promised her was the one painful episode of that time. He consulted the old Prince, and with his permission gave Kitty his diary, which contained the facts that were tormenting him. He had written the diary with the intention of showing it to his future bride-elect. The confession of his agnosticism passed without a remark. She was religious and had never doubted the truth of her religion, but the lack of external religion in him did not affect her at all. She knew, through her love, his whole soul, and saw in it what she desired, and the fact that that spiritual condition is called agnosticism was quite indifferent to her. The other confession made her weep bitterly.

Levin had not handed her the diary without an inward struggle. He knew that between him and her there could and should be nothing secret, and therefore he decided that it was his duty; but he had not considered how the confession might affect her: he had not put himself in her place. Only when he came that evening, before going to the theatre, and entered her room to see in her tear-stained face the misery caused by the irremediable sorrow he had brought about, did he realize from that sweet, pathetic face what an abysm separated his tainted past from her dovelike purity, and he was horror-struck at what he had done.

'Take, take those dreadful books back!' she cried, pushing away the note-books that lay on the table before

her. 'Why did you give me them? . . . But no—it was best after all,' she added, pitying the despair on his face. 'But it is dreadful, dreadful!'

His head drooped and he remained silent, unable to speak.

'You will not forgive me?' he whispered.

'Yes, I have forgiven you, but it is dreadful!'

However, his happiness was so great that this confession did not impair it, but only gave it a new tinge. She forgave him, but after that he felt yet more unworthy of her, morally bowed still lower before her, and valued still more highly his undeserved happiness.

CHAPTER XVII

INVOLUNTARILY reviewing the impressions left on his mind by the conversations at dinner and after, Karenin returned to his solitary room. What Dolly had said about forgiveness had merely vexed him. Whether or not to apply the Christian principle to his own case was too difficult a question to be lightly discussed, and Karenin had long since answered it in the negative. Of all that had been said the words of the silly good-natured Turovtsyn had sunk deepest into his mind—'*He acted like a brick, challenged the other man, and killed him.*' Evidently everybody had agreed with that, though they were too polite to say so. 'However, that point is settled and not worth thinking about,' said Karenin to himself; and with nothing in his mind but his impending journey and his work of inspection, he went to his room and asked the doorkeeper, who followed him, where his valet was. The man replied that the valet had just gone out. Karenin ordered tea, sat down at a table, took up a time-table, and began planning his journey.

'Two telegrams,' said the valet, entering. 'Excuse me, your Excellency—I had only just gone out.'

Karenin took the telegrams and opened them. The first contained the news that Stremov had obtained the very appointment Karenin had been hoping for. He threw down the telegram and flushed. Rising, he began to pace the room. '*Quos vult perdere dementat*,' he thought, *quos* being those who had had a hand in

making the appointment. He was vexed, not so much at having missed that post himself and at having been obviously passed over, as at the incomprehensible and surprising fact that they did not realize how much less suitable than anyone else was that voluble windbag, Stremov. How was it they did not see that by giving him that post they were ruining themselves and their own prestige?

'Something else of the same kind,' he thought bitterly, as he opened the second telegram. It was from his wife, and *Anna*, written in blue pencil, was the first word he saw. '*I am dying. I beg and entreat you, come! I shall die easier for your forgiveness*,' he read. Smiling contemptuously, he threw down the telegram. His first thought was that beyond doubt it was only falsehood and cunning.

'She would not hesitate at any deception. She was going to be confined; perhaps that is the illness. But what can they be aiming at? To legitimize the child, compromise me, and prevent a divorce?' he reflected. 'But there is something about dying. . . .' He re-read the telegram, and was suddenly struck by the direct meaning of the words. 'Supposing it is true?' he said to himself. 'If it is true, and at the moment of suffering and approach to death she is sincerely repentant, and I, believing it to be false, refuse to come? It would not only be cruel and everybody would condemn me, but it would be stupid on my part.'

'Peter, keep the carriage! I am returning to Petersburg,' he told the valet.

He decided to go back to Petersburg and see his wife.

If the news of her illness were false, he would go away again saying nothing; but if she were really ill and dying, and wished to see him before her death, he would, should he find her still living, forgive her; and should he arrive too late he would perform his last duty to her.

While on his way he did not again think about what he should do.

With the sense of fatigue and want of cleanliness resulting from a night spent in a railway carriage, Karenin drove through the fog of a Petersburg morning, along the deserted Nevsky, looking straight before him and not thinking of what awaited him. He dared not think of

it, because when he imagined what would happen he could not drive from his mind the thought that her death would at once dissolve all the difficulties of the situation. Bakers, the closed shops, night *izvoshchiks* and men sweeping the pavements passed before his eyes, and watching all this he tried to stifle the thought of what lay before him and of what he dared not desire and yet could not help desiring. The carriage stopped at the porch. A carriage, with a coachman asleep on the box, and an *izvoshchik* were standing at the entrance. As he entered the hall Karenin dragged forth his resolve as it were from a remote corner of his brain, and conned it over. It said: 'If it is all a fraud, then calm contempt and leave again; if true, keep up appearances.'

The door was opened by the hall-porter before Karenin had time to ring. The porter, Petrov, otherwise Kapitonich, looked strange in an old coat without a tie, and in slippers.

'How is your mistress?'

'Safely delivered yesterday.'

Karenin halted and turned pale. Now he clearly realized how much he had desired her death.

'And her health?'

Korney, wearing his morning apron, came running downstairs.

'Very bad,' he said. 'There was a consultation yesterday and the doctor is here now.'

'Take my things,' said Karenin; and somewhat relieved by the news that there was still some hope of her dying, he entered the ante-room. On the hall-stand was hanging a military coat, and he noticed it.

'Who is here?'

'The doctor, the midwife, and Count Vronsky.'

Karenin passed on to the inner apartments.

There was no one in the drawing-room, but the midwife, with lilac ribbons in her cap, came out of Anna's boudoir. She approached Karenin, and with a familiarity bred by death's approach took him by the hand and led him toward the bedroom.

'Thank God you have come! She talks only about you and nothing but you,' said she.

'Be quick and bring the ice!' came the authoritative sound of the doctor's voice from the bedroom.

Karenin entered the boudoir. Beside the table, sitting with his side toward the back of a low chair, was Vronsky, his hands covering his face, weeping. At the sound of the doctor's voice he jumped up, uncovered his face, and saw Karenin. But at sight of her husband he was filled with such confusion that he again sat down, drawing his head down between his shoulders as if trying to become invisible. Then, making an effort, he rose and said:

'She is dying. The doctors say there is no hope. I am entirely in your hands . . . but allow me to remain here, please! . . . However, I am in your hands. I . . .'

The sight of Vronsky's tears made Karenin aware of the approach of that mental perturbation which other people's visible sufferings always aroused in him, and turning away his head he went toward the door without heeding what Vronsky was saying. Anna's voice, talking about something, came from the bedroom. It sounded cheerful and animated, and its articulation was extremely distinct. Karenin entered and went up to the bed. She lay with her face toward him. Her cheeks were rosy red, her eyes glittered, and her little white hands, from which the cuffs of her dressing-jacket had been pushed back, toyed with the corner of the blanket, twisting it.

She appeared not only fresh and well but in the best of spirits. She spoke rapidly, in a ringing voice with extraordinarily accurate intonations, full of feeling.

'Because Alexis . . . I am speaking of Alexis Alexandrovich—how strange and terrible that they are both called Alexis, is it not?—Alexis would not have refused me. I should have forgotten and he would have forgiven. . . . But why does he not come? He is kind, he himself does not know how kind he is. Oh God! What weariness! Give me some water, quick! Oh, but it will be bad for her, for my little girl! Well, all right—well, let her have a nurse. Well, I agree, it will be better so. He will come back and it will pain him to see her. Take her away!'

'Anna Arkadyevna, he has come! Here he is,' said the midwife, trying to draw Anna's attention to Alexis Alexandrovich.

'Oh, what nonsense!' Anna went on, taking no notice

of her husband. 'But let me have her, let me have my little girl! He has not come yet. You say he won't forgive me, because you don't know him. No one knew him, only I, and even for me it has become hard. One must know his eyes. Serezha's are just the same—that's why I can't bear to see them. Have they given Serezha his dinner? Don't I know that everybody will forget? He would not forget. Serezha must be moved into the corner room, and Mariette must be asked to sleep with him.'

Suddenly she recoiled, became silent and frightened, and put her arms before her face as if in expectation of a blow; she had seen her husband.

'No, no!' she began again. 'I am not afraid of him. I am afraid of death. Alexis, come here! I am in a hurry, because I have no time. I have not long to live, I shall soon become feverish and then I shall no longer understand anything. Now I understand, understand everything and see everything!'

Over Karenin's drawn face came a look of suffering; he took her hand and was about to say something, but could not speak. His lower jaw trembled; he struggled with his agitation, every now and then glancing at her. And every time he did so he saw her eyes looking at him with such tender and ecstatic emotion as he had never before seen in them.

'Wait a bit—you don't know . . . Wait, wait! . . .' she paused as if to collect her thoughts. 'Yes,' she continued, 'yes, yes, yes! This is what I wished to say. Don't be surprised at me; I am still the same. . . . But there is another in me as well, and I am afraid of her. She fell in love with that other one, and I wished to hate you but could not forget her who was before. That other is not I. Now I am the real one, all of me. I am dying now, I know I am; ask him. Even now I feel it. Here they are, my hands and feet and fingers, whole hundredweights are on them. My fingers, see how enormous they are! But all this will soon end. . . . I only want one thing: forgive me, forgive me completely! I am dreadfully bad, but the nurse told about the holy martyr—what was her name?—she was worse. And I shall go to Rome, there is a wilderness there and then I shall be in nobody's way. I shall only take Serezha

and the little girl. . . . No, you cannot forgive me! I know that I cannot be forgiven. No, no, go! You are too good!' With one hot hand she held his, while with the other she pushed him away.

The perturbation in Karenin's soul went on increasing and reached a point where he gave up struggling against it. Suddenly he felt that what he had taken for perturbation was on the contrary a blissful state of his soul, bringing him joy such as he had never before known. He was not thinking that the law of Christ, which all his life he had tried to fulfil, told him to forgive and love his enemies, but a joyous feeling of forgiveness and love for his enemies filled his soul. He knelt with his head resting on her bent arm, which burnt through its sleeve like fire, and sobbed like a child. She put her arm round his bald head, moved closer to him, and looked up with an expression of proud defiance.

'Here he is; I knew! Now good-bye to all, good-bye! . . . They have come again, why don't they go away? . . . Oh, take these furs off me!'

The doctor moved her arms and carefully drew the bedclothes over her shoulders. She meekly lay down on her back and gazed with radiant eyes straight before her.

'Remember that the only thing I want is your forgiveness, I wish for nothing else. . . . Why does he not come in?' she cried, calling to Vronsky on the other side of the door. 'Come, come! Give him your hand.'

Vronsky came to her bedside and, on seeing Anna, again hid his face in his hands.

'Uncover your face! Look at him! He is a saint,' said she. 'Uncover, yes, uncover your face!' she went on angrily. 'Alexis Alexandrovich, uncover his face! I want to see him.'

Karenin took Vronsky's hands and moved them away from his face, terrible with its look of suffering and shame.

'Give him your hand. Forgive him. . . .'

Karenin held out his hand, without restraining the tears that were falling.

'Thank God, thank God!' she cried. 'Now everything is ready. Only stretch out my legs a little. That's right—now it's splendid. How badly those flowers are drawn, not a bit like violets,' and she pointed to the

wallpaper. 'Oh, my God, my God! When will it all come to an end? Doctor, give me some morphia! Oh, my God, my God!' And she began to toss in her bed.

The doctor and his colleagues said it was puerperal fever, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred ended fatally. All day she was feverish, delirious, and unconscious. At midnight she lay insensible, with hardly any pulse.

The end was expected every moment.

Vronsky went away, but came again in the morning to inquire. Karenin met him in the ante-room and said: 'Remain here: she may ask for you,' and himself showed him into Anna's boudoir. Toward morning she had become excited and animated, and her thoughts and words flowed rapidly; but again this state lapsed into unconsciousness. On the third day she was just the same, and the doctors gave some hope. That day Karenin went out into the boudoir where Vronsky sat, and having locked the door took a seat opposite him.

'Alexis Alexandrovich,' said Vronsky, feeling that an explanation was coming. 'I am unable to think, unable to understand. Spare me! However painful it may be to you, believe me it is still more terrible for me.'

He was about to rise, but Karenin took him by the hand and said:

'I beg you to hear me; it is necessary. I must explain to you my feelings, those that have guided me and will guide me in future, so that you may not misunderstand me. You know that I resolved on a divorce and had even taken steps toward obtaining it. I will not conceal from you that when I took action I was in a state of indecision; I suffered, and I confess that I was haunted by a desire for vengeance. On receiving the telegram I came here with the same feelings—more than that, I wished for her death. But . . .' He stopped and reflected whether he should reveal his feelings or not. 'But I saw her and forgave her. And the joy of forgiving has revealed my duty to me. I have wholly forgiven—I want to turn the other cheek—I want to give my cloak because my coat has been taken. I only pray God that the joy of forgiving may not be taken from me.'

Tears filled his eyes, and their clear calm expression struck Vronsky.

'That is my position. You may trample me in the mud, make me the laughing-stock of the world,—I will not forsake her and will never utter a word of reproach to you,' continued Karenin. 'My duty is clearly defined: I must and will remain with her. If she wishes to see you I will let you know; but now I think it will be best for you to leave.'

He rose, and sobs broke his voice. Vronsky got up at once, and stooping before him looked up into his face without unbending his back. He could not understand Karenin, but felt that here was something high, and inaccessible to one with his outlook on life.

CHAPTER XVIII

After his conversation with Karenin Vronsky went out on to the Karenins' porch and then stopped, recalling with difficulty where he was and where he ought to go. He felt ashamed, humiliated, guilty, and deprived of the possibility of cleansing himself from his degradation. He felt himself knocked quite out of the rut along which he had hitherto trodden so proudly and so lightly. All the apparently solid habits and rules of his life suddenly seemed false and inapplicable. The deceived husband—who up till now had appeared a pitiful creature, an accidental and rather ridiculous obstacle to his happiness—suddenly recalled by her and raised to a pedestal that inspired the utmost respect, that husband in his lofty elevation turned out to be, not only not cruel, false, or absurd, but kind, simple, and dignified. Vronsky could not help being conscious of this. They had suddenly exchanged rôles. Vronsky felt Karenin's greatness and his own humiliation, Karenin's rightness and his own wrongdoing. He felt that the husband in his sorrow was magnanimous, while he himself was mean and trivial in his deceptions. But the consciousness of his degradation toward the man whom he had unjustly despised accounted for but a small portion of his grief. He was unspeakably miserable because his passion for Anna, which he imagined had of late begun to cool, had become

even stronger now that he knew her to be lost to him for ever. During her illness he had learnt to know her thoroughly, had seen into her very soul; and it seemed to him that he had never loved her before. And just now, when he knew her and loved her in the right way, he had been humiliated before her and had lost her for ever, leaving her nothing but a shameful memory of himself. But most terrible of all was the ridiculous, shameful figure he had cut when Karenin was pulling his hands from before his shame-suffused face. He stood in the porch of the Karenins' house as one in a maze, and did not know what to do next.

'Shall I call an *izvoshchik*?' inquired the hall-porter.

'Yes, an *izvoshchik*.'

Returning home after the three sleepless nights, Vronsky did not undress but lay down prone on a sofa, with his head on his folded arms. His head was heavy. Fancies, memories, and most strange thoughts followed one another with extreme rapidity and clearness: now he saw himself pouring out medicine for the patient and overfilling the spoon, then he saw the midwife's white hands, or Karenin's curious pose as he knelt on the floor by her bedside.

'To sleep, to forget!' he said to himself with the calm certainty of a healthy man that being tired and in want of sleep he would at once fall asleep. And in fact in a moment his thoughts grew confused and he began to fall into the abyss of forgetfulness. The waves of the sea of unconscious life were beginning to close over his head when all at once he felt as if he had received a violent electric shock. He started so violently that his whole body was thrown upwards on the springs of the sofa, and leaning on his hands he rose to his knees in fear. His eyes were wide open as if he had not slept at all. The heaviness of his head and the langour of his limbs, of which he had been aware a moment previously, had suddenly vanished.

'You may trample me in the mud,' he seemed to hear Karenin saying; and he saw Anna's feverishly flushed face and brilliant eyes gazing, not at him but at Karenin; he saw his own, as it seemed to him, stupid and ridiculous figure when Karenin was drawing his hands away from his face. He stretched out his legs and again threw

himself upon the sofa, in the same position as before, and shut his eyes.

'Sleep, sleep,' he kept repeating to himself. But with his eyes closed he could see yet more distinctly Anna's face, as he had seen it on that memorable evening before the race. 'All that is ended and never will be again, and she wishes to efface it from her memory. I can't live without it. Then how can we be reconciled—how can we be reconciled?' said he aloud, and went on unconsciously repeating those words. This reiteration prevented other images and memories which were thronging his brain from arising But the repetition of those words did not long hinder his imagination from working. Again, following each other with great rapidity, his happiest moments rose in his fancy; and with them his recent humiliation. 'Take away his hands,' Anna's voice is saying. Karenin pulls away his hands and he is conscious of the shame-suffused and stupid expression of his own face.

He still lay trying to fall asleep, though he had lost all hope of succeeding, and kept repeating in a whisper random words connected with disjointed thoughts, in order to prevent other images from rising. He listened and heard repeated in a strange mad whisper the words, 'Unable to value, unable to enjoy; unable to value, unable to enjoy.'

'What is this? Am I going mad?' he asked himself. 'Perhaps! What else makes people go mad? What makes them shoot themselves?' he replied to his own thought; and opening his eyes he was surprised to see, close to his head, an embroidered cushion worked by Varya, his brother's wife. Fingering a tassel of the cushion, he tried to think of Varya as he had last seen her. But to think of anything extraneous was painful. 'No, I must sleep!' He moved the cushion and pressed his head against it, but his eyes would not remain closed without effort. He jumped up and sat down. 'That's at an end for me,' he thought, 'I must think over what I must do, what is left me.' His thoughts glided quickly over his life unconnected with his passion for Anna.

'Ambition? Serpukhovskoy? Society? The Court?' he could not dwell on any of these things. He rose from the sofa, took off his coat, loosened the strap, and, baring

his shaggy chest to breathe more freely, walked across the room. 'That's how one goes mad,' he said again, 'and how one shoots oneself so as not to be ashamed,' he concluded slowly. Going up to a door he closed it, then with fixed gaze and tightly clenched teeth, approached the table, took up his revolver, examined it, turned it to a loaded chamber, and pondered. For a minute or two he stood motionless with bowed head, a strained expression of effort on his face, holding the revolver in his hand. 'Of course!' he said to himself, as if led to a definite conclusion by a logical, continued, and clear line of reasoning. In reality that convinced 'Of course!' was merely the outcome of the repetition of a round of fancies and recollections similar to those he had already gone over dozens of times in the last hour. They were the same memories of happiness lost for ever, the same thoughts of the senselessness of all that life had in store for him, and the same consciousness of his humiliation. And they followed in the same rotation. 'Of course!' he said again when thought returned a third time to that point in the enchanted circle of memories and ideas; and placing the revolver against the left side of his chest, with a strong movement of his whole hand as if to clench the fist, he pulled the trigger. He did not hear the sound of a shot, but a powerful blow on the chest knocked him off his feet. He wished to steady himself by the table, dropped the revolver, reeled, and sat down on the floor, looking about him in astonishment. He did not recognize his room as he looked up at the curved legs of the table, and at the waste-paper basket and the tiger-skin rug. The quick step of his servant, coming through the drawing-room, brought him to his senses. He made an effort and understood that he was on the floor, and, seeing blood on the tiger-skin and on his hand, realized that he had tried to shoot himself.

'Stupid! . . . Missed,' he muttered, feeling with his hand for the revolver. It was close to him but he sought it further away. Continuing his search he leaned over to the other side, and unable to keep his balance, fell down bleeding.

The elegant servant with the whiskers, who often complained to his friends about the weakness of his nerves, was so upset when he saw his master lying on the floor,

that he left him to bleed to death and ran away to get help. In an hour's time Varya arrived, and with the assistance of three doctors whom she had summoned from every quarter, and who all arrived at the same time, she got the wounded man to bed, and then stayed in the house to nurse him.

CHAPTER XIX

THE mistake Karenin had made when, preparing to see his wife, he had not considered the possibility either of her repentance being real or of her recovery, faced him in all its significance two months after his return from Moscow. But this mistake was not entirely caused by his omitting to consider that contingency, but also by the fact that, up to the day when he was face to face with his dying wife, he had not known his own heart. By his sick wife's bedside he had for the first time in his life given rein to that feeling of tender sympathy which the suffering of others evoked in him and which he had till then been ashamed of, as of a weakness; and his pity for her, remorse at having wished for her death, and above all the joy of forgiving, in itself gave him not only relief from suffering but inward peace such as he had never before experienced. Suddenly he felt that the very thing that had been a source of suffering to him had become a spiritual joy, and that what had seemed insoluble as long as he indulged in censure, recriminations, and hatred, had become simple and clear when he forgave and loved.

He forgave his wife and pitied her for her sufferings and remorse. He forgave Vronsky and pitied him, especially when reports of Vronsky's desperate action reached him. He pitied his son too, more than he had done before, and reproached himself for not having paid more attention to him. But for the newborn little girl he had a peculiar sentiment, not of pity alone but even of tenderness. At first commiseration alone drew his attention to the delicate infant, not his daughter, who had been neglected during her mother's illness and would certainly have died then had it not been for his solicitude; and he himself hardly knew how he grew fond of her. Several times a day he went to the nursery, and remained

there so long that the nurses, who had been shy in his presence, became quite used to him. Sometimes he would sit for half an hour gazing at the saffron and red downy, wrinkled little face of the sleeping infant, watching the movements of the frowning little forehead and the plump little hands with the bent fingers and palms that rubbed the tiny eyes and nose. At such moments especially Karenin felt quite calm and at peace with himself, seeing nothing exceptional in his position and nothing that ought to be altered.

But as time went on he saw more and more clearly that, however natural his position might appear to him at the time, he would not be allowed to remain in it. He was conscious that, beside the good spiritual force which governed his soul, there existed a coarse power, as potent if not more so; and that this power would not grant him the humble peace he desired. He felt that everybody looked at him with questioning surprise without understanding him, expecting something from him; and especially he was aware of the insecurity and artificiality of his relation to his wife.

When the softened mood caused by the nearness of death had passed, Karenin began to notice that Anna feared him, was oppressed by his presence, and avoided looking him straight in the eyes. It was as if she wished, yet could not make up her mind, to say something, and foreseeing that their present relation could not continue, expected something from him too.

At the end of February Anna's newborn daughter, also named Anna, happened to fall ill. Karenin had been in the nursery that morning, and having given orders to send for the doctor, had gone to the Department. Toward four o'clock, having finished his work, he returned home. On entering the ante-room he saw there a handsome footman in gold-braided livery with a bearskin cape, holding a cloak lined with white fur.

'Who is here?' asked Karenin.

'Princess Elisabeth Federovna Tverskaya,' answered the footman with a smile,—as it seemed to Karenin. All through that difficult time Karenin noticed that all his worldly acquaintances, especially the women, displayed a particularly lively interest in him and his wife. He noticed in all these acquaintances a kind of joy, which they

suppressed with difficulty, like the joy he had noticed in the lawyer's eyes and again just now in the footman's. Everybody seemed elated, as if they were giving some one in marriage. When they met him they inquired with scarcely hidden pleasure about Anna's health.

The presence of Princess Tverskaya and the memories associated with her, coupled with the fact that he had never liked her, was unpleasant to Karenin, and he went straight to the nursery. In the front nursery Serezha, lying with his chest on the table and his legs on a chair, was drawing something and chattering merrily. An English nursery governess, who since Anna's illness had replaced the French governess with the boy, sat doing some crochet-work. She hurriedly rose, curtseyed, and nudged Serezha.

Karenin passed his hand over his son's hair, answered the governess's inquiry about Anna's health, and asked what the doctor had said about baby.

'The doctor says there is no danger and has ordered baths, sir.'

'But she is still suffering,' remarked Karenin, listening to the crying child in the next room.

'I think the nurse is unsuitable, sir,' said the Englishwoman with decision.

'Why do you think so?' he asked, stopping short.

'The same thing happened in Countess Paul's case. The baby was medically treated and then it turned out to be merely hungry and nothing more. The nurse has no milk, sir.'

Karenin reflected a moment and then entered the other room. The little girl lay with her head thrown back, wriggling in the wet-nurse's arms, and would neither take the breast nor cease screaming, despite the hushing of two nurses who were bending over her.

'Still no better?' asked Karenin.

'Very restless,' said the head-nurse in a whisper.

'Miss Edwards says that perhaps the nurse has no milk,' he said.

'I think so too, Alexis Alexandrovich.'

'Then why did you not say so?'

'Whom could I speak to? Anna Arkadyevna is still ill . . .' said the old nurse in a dissatisfied tone.

The nurse was an old family servant, and in her

simple words Karenin thought he noticed a hint at his position.

The baby screamed louder, catching her breath and growing hoarse. The old nurse with a gesture of vexation came up and took her from the wet-nurse, and began pacing up and down, rocking the baby in her arms.

'The doctor must be asked to examine the nurse,' said Karenin.

The healthy-looking wet-nurse in her finery, evidently afraid of being dismissed, muttered something to herself as she covered her well-developed breast, and smiled contemptuously at the idea of her not having sufficient milk. In that smile also Karenin thought he saw himself and his position ridiculed.

'Unfortunate child!' said the nurse, hushing the baby and continuing to walk up and down with it. Karenin sat down on a chair and with a look full of suffering and weariness watched the nurse as she paced the room. When the child was pacified and laid in her deep cot, and the nurse after smoothing the little pillow went away, Karenin rose, and stepping with difficulty on tiptoe approached the infant. For a moment he stood silent, regarding the child with the same weary expression; but suddenly a smile, wrinkling the skin on his forehead and making his hair move, lit up his face, and he quietly left the room.

He rang the bell in the dining-room and told the servant to send for the doctor once more. He was vexed with his wife for not troubling about the charming baby, felt disinclined to go in and see her while in that frame of mind, and also disinclined to meet the Princess Betsy; but his wife might think it strange if he did not come in as usual, and so he mastered himself and went to her bedroom. Stepping on the soft carpet, as he approached the door he involuntarily overheard a conversation which he had no wish to hear.

'If he had not been going away I should understand your refusal and his too. But your husband must be above that,' Betsy was saying.

'It is not for my husband's sake but for my own that I don't wish it. Don't talk about it,' answered Anna in an excited voice.

'Yes, but you can't but wish to say good-bye to a man who tried to shoot himself for your sake. . . .'

'It's just for that reason that I don't wish it.'

Karenin, with a frightened and guilty face, stopped short and thought of returning unnoticed; but coming to the conclusion that this would be undignified he turned, coughed, and went toward the bedroom door. The voices were silent and he entered.

Anna, in a grey dressing-gown, with her black hair cropped short but already growing again like a thick brush over her round head, sat on a couch. As usual when she saw her husband all her animation vanished from her face; she bowed her head and glanced uneasily at Betsy. Betsy, dressed in the very latest fashion, her hat soaring high above her head like a little chimney coronet over a lamp, in a dove-coloured dress with very pronounced diagonal stripes going one way on the bodice and the other way on the skirt, was sitting beside Anna, her flat tall figure very erect and her head bent. She met Karenin with an ironical smile.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, as if in surprise, 'I am so glad you are at home. I have not seen you since Anna's illness. I have heard everything . . . all about your attentiveness. Yes, you are a wonderful husband!' she said with a significant and affable expression, as if she were conferring on him an Order of Highmindedness for his conduct toward his wife.

Karenin bowed coldly, and kissing his wife's hand asked about her health.

'I think I am better,' she said, avoiding his eyes.

'But your face looks feverish,' said he, emphasizing the word *feverish*.

'We have been talking too much,' said Betsy. 'I know it was selfish of me and I am going.'

She rose, but Anna, suddenly blushing, quickly seized her hand.

'No, please stay! I must tell you . . . you, I mean,' and she turned toward her husband, the colour spreading over her neck and forehead. 'I don't wish to hide anything from you.'

Karenin cracked his fingers and bowed his head.

'Betsy says Count Vronsky wanted to come and say good-bye before leaving for Tashkend.' She was not

looking at her husband, and evidently was in a hurry to get through what she meant to say at any cost. 'I said I could not receive him.'

'You said, my love, that it would depend on Alexis Alexandrovich.' Betsy corrected her.

'Oh no! I can't receive him, and it would lead . . .' She stopped suddenly and glanced inquiringly at her husband, who was not looking at her. 'In a word, I don't wish . . .'

Karenin drew nearer and was going to take her hand.

Her first impulse was to draw away her hand from his moist one with the thick swelling veins, that was seeking hers; but with evident effort she pressed it.

'I am very grateful for your confidence, but . . .' he began in confusion, feeling with vexation that what he could so clearly decide within himself he was unable to discuss in the presence of the Princess Tverskaya, who appeared to him the personification of that coarse power which would rule his life in the eye of the world, and which prevented him from yielding to his feelings of love and forgiveness. He stopped and looked at the Princess.

'Well, good-bye, my precious!' said Betsy, rising again. She kissed Anna and went out. Karenin followed her.

'Alexis Alexandrovich! I know you to be a really high-minded man,' said Betsy, stopping short in the little sitting-room and once again pressing his hand with peculiar warmth. 'I am only an outsider, but am so fond of her and respect you so much that I will take the liberty of advising you. Receive him! Alexis Vronsky is honour personified, and besides he is leaving for Tashkend.'

'Thanks for your sympathy and advice, Princess! But the question whom my wife will and whom she will not receive she will decide for herself.'

He said this from force of habit, with a dignified raising of his eyebrows, but immediately remembered that whatever he might say there could be no question of dignity in his position, and saw the confirmation of this in the suppressed cruel and ironical smile with which Betsy glanced at him when he had spoken.

CHAPTER XX

KARENIN took leave of Betsy when they reached the dining-room and returned to his wife. She was lying down, but on hearing his step she quickly sat up in her former place and glanced at him with apprehension. He saw that she had been crying.

'I am very grateful to you for your confidence,' he repeated in Russian what he had said in French in Betsy's presence. When speaking Russian to her he called her 'thou,'[1] and that always irritated her. 'And I am very grateful for your decision. I too think that, as he is going away, there is no need whatever for Count Vronsky to come here. However . . .'

'But I have already said so! Then why repeat it?' Anna suddenly interrupted him, with an irritation she could not repress. 'No need whatever,' she thought, 'for a man to come and take leave of a woman he loves, for whose sake he wanted to die and has ruined himself, a woman who cannot live without him! No need whatever!' And she pressed her lips together and lowered her glistening eyes, looking at his hands with their swollen veins, which he was slowly rubbing together.

'Let us say no more about it,' she added more calmly.

'I left it to you to decide the matter, and am very glad to see . . .' began Karenin.

'That my wish coincides with yours,' she rapidly completed his sentence, exasperated by the slowness with which he spoke, and knowing beforehand what he would say.

He assented. 'Yes, and Princess Tverskaya's intrusion into this most difficult family matter is entirely out of place. . . . Especially as she . . .'

'I don't believe anything they say about her,' Anna put in quickly. 'I know that she is sincerely fond of me.'

Karenin sighed and paused. She was agitatedly toying with the tassels of her dressing-gown, glancing at him with that tormenting feeling of physical repulsion for which she blamed herself, but which she could not overcome. The one thing she was longing for was to get rid of his obnoxious presence.

[1] In Russian as in French and other languages the second person singular is used in conversation between intimates and also in speaking to inferiors.

'I have just sent for the doctor,' said he.

'I am quite well—why should I need the doctor?'

'Yes, but the little one keeps screaming, and they say the nurse has not enough milk.'

'Then why would you not let me nurse her, when I entreated you to? She is a child anyhow' (he understood what she meant by that *anyhow*) 'and they will kill her.' She rang, and ordered the baby to be brought. 'I asked to be allowed to nurse her, and I wasn't; and now I am blamed.'

'I don't blame . . .'

'Yes, you are blaming me! Oh God, why did I not die?' and she began to sob. 'Forgive me, I am upset! I am unjust,' she went on, controlling herself. 'But go . . .'

'No, it can't go on like that,' he told himself with conviction after leaving his wife.

Never before had his impossible situation (as the world thought it)—his wife's hatred, and the strength of that coarse power which, in direct opposition to his inward mood, dominated his life and demanded fulfilment of its decrees and a change in his relation to his wife—never before had the impossibility of his position appeared so evident. He saw clearly that the world and also his wife were demanding something from him, but exactly what this something was he did not comprehend. All this was arousing a feeling of animosity in his soul, spoiling his peace of mind and depriving his achievement of all value. He considered it better for Anna to break off her relations with Vronsky; but if everyone thought this impossible, he was even ready to allow those relations to be renewed, so long as no slur was thereby cast on the children, he was not deprived of them, and his position was not altered. Bad as this would be, it would be preferable to a complete rupture, which would place her in a hopeless and shameful position, and deprive him of all he loved. But he felt powerless; he was aware in advance that everybody would be against him and that he would not be allowed to do what now seemed so natural and good, that he would be obliged to do what was wrong but what seemed to them necessary.

CHAPTER XXI

BEFORE Betsy had passed out of the dining-room Oblonsky, who had just come from Eliseyev's, where newly-arrived oysters were to be had, met her in the doorway.

'Ah, Princess! What a pleasure to meet you,' he began. 'And I have been at your house.'

'We meet only for a moment, as I am just going,' said Betsy, smiling and putting on her glove.

'Wait a little, Princess, before putting on your glove! Let me kiss your hand! There is nothing for which I am more thankful than for the revival of the old custom of hand-kissing,' and he kissed Betsy's hand. 'When shall I see you again?'

'You are not worth it,' said Betsy, smiling.

'Yes, I am well worth it, because I have become the most serious of men. I not only settle my own, but other people's family affairs,' said he with a significant glance.

'Oh, I am very glad!' said Betsy, at once understanding that he referred to Anna. She returned to the dining-room with him and they stood together in a corner. 'He will kill her,' said Betsy in a significant whisper. 'This is impossible, impossible. . . .'

'I am very glad you think so,' returned Oblonsky, shaking his head with an expression of grave, woebegone commiseration. 'That is why I have come to Petersburg.'

'The whole town is talking of it,' she said. 'It is an impossible situation. She is fading away, fading away! He does not understand that she is one of those women who cannot play with their feelings. One of two things must happen: either he must take her away, acting energetically—or he must divorce her. But all this is stifling her.'

'Yes, yes . . . exactly!' said Oblonsky, sighing. 'I have come because of that—I mean, not entirely because of it. . . I have been made Chamberlain, and had to tender my thanks. But the chief thing is to get this affair settled.'

'Well then, may God help you,' said Betsy.

Having seen her down to the hall and again kissed her hand, a little above the glove just where the pulse

beat, and having told her some rubbish so daring that she did not know whether to be angry or to laugh, Oblonsky went to his sister's room. He found her in tears.

Though he was overflowing with high spirits Oblonsky immediately fell into a sympathetic and romantic mood suited to hers, inquired after her health and asked how she had spent the morning.

'Very, very badly. This afternoon and morning and all other days, past and future,' she replied.

'I think you give way to melancholy. You should rouse yourself, and look life straight in the face. I know it is hard, but . . .'

'I have heard it said that women love men for their very faults,' Anna began suddenly, 'but I hate him for his virtues. I cannot live with him. Try and realize it: even his looks have a physical effect on me and drive me beside myself. I cannot live with him! What am I to do? I was unhappy and thought it impossible to be more so; but I could never have imagined such a terrible position as I am now in. Will you believe it? Knowing that he is a kind and generous man—that I am not worth his little finger—nevertheless I hate him! I hate him for his generosity. And there is nothing left for me but . . .'

She was going to say 'death,' but he did not let her finish.

'You are ill and excited,' said he. 'Believe me, you are greatly exaggerating the case. There is nothing so very terrible about it.'

Oblonsky smiled. No one else in his place, having to deal with such despair, would have permitted himself to smile, for a smile would have appeared callous. But in his smile there was so much kindness and almost feminine tenderness that it was not offensive, but soothing and pacifying. His soft comforting words and smiles had as soothing and calming an effect as almond oil, and Anna soon felt this.

'No, Steve,' said she. 'I am lost, quite lost! And even worse than lost. I am not lost yet; I cannot say "all is finished": on the contrary, I feel that all is not yet finished. I am like a tightly-strung cord which must break. But all is not yet finished . . . and it will end in some dreadful manner.'

'Oh no! One can loosen the string gently. There is no situation from which there is no escape.'

'I have been thinking and thinking. Only one . . .'

Again he understood from her frightened face that she considered death to be the only escape, and did not let her finish.

'Not at all!' he replied. 'Listen. You can't see your position as I can. Let me tell you my frank opinion.' Again he smiled his almond-oil smile. 'I will begin at the beginning: you married a man twenty years older than yourself. You married without love and without having known love. That was a mistake, I grant.'

'A dreadful mistake!' said Anna.

'But again I say that is an accomplished fact. Next, let us admit that you had the misfortune to fall in love, not with your husband. That is a misfortune, but that too is an accomplished fact. Your husband has accepted that and forgiven you.' He paused between each sentence, expecting her to make objections; but she made no answer. 'That is so? Now comes the question: Can you go on living with your husband? Do you wish it? Does he wish it?'

'I don't know at all.'

'But you yourself say you cannot endure him?'

'No, I did not say so. I take back those words. I know nothing, I understand nothing.'

'Yes, but let me . . .'

'You can't understand. I feel that I am flying headlong over some precipice but must not even try to save myself. And I can't.'

'Never mind, we'll spread out something to catch you. I understand that you cannot take it upon yourself to express your wishes and feelings.'

'I have no wishes at all . . . except that everything were at an end.'

'And he sees that and knows it. Do you think it weighs on him less than on you? You suffer and he suffers; what can come of that? While a divorce would solve the whole problem,' said Oblonsky not without difficulty expressing his main idea, and looking at her significantly.

She replied only by shaking her cropped head; but by the expression of her face, suddenly illuminated with

its old beauty, he saw that the only reason she did not wish for this solution was because it seemed to her an impossible happiness.

'I am dreadfully sorry for you both! How happy I should be if I could arrange it,' continued Oblonsky, now smiling more boldly. 'Don't, don't say a word! If only God helps me to say what I feel! I shall go to him.'

Anna looked at him with dreamy, shining eyes, but said nothing.

CHAPTER XXII

Oblonsky, with the same rather solemn expression with which he was wont to take the chair at Council meetings, entered Karenin's study. Karenin, with his arms crossed behind him, was pacing up and down, meditating on the very subject that his wife and Oblonsky had been discussing.

'I am not disturbing you?' asked Oblonsky, experiencing at the sight of his brother-in-law a feeling of embarrassment quite unusual with him. To hide that embarrassment he took out a cigarette-case with a new kind of fastening which he had only just bought, smelt the leather of which it was made, and took out a cigarette.

'No. Do you want anything?' Karenin answered reluctantly.

'Yes. I wished . . . I must have . . . I must have a talk with you,' said Oblonsky, surprised at his own unaccustomed timidity.

That timidity was so unexpected and strange that Oblonsky could not believe it was his conscience telling him that what he was about to do was wrong. He made an effort and conquered it.

'I hope you believe in my affection for my sister and my sincere attachment and respect for yourself,' said he, flushing.

Karenin stopped. He made no reply, but the expression of submissive self-sacrifice on his face struck Oblonsky.

'I intended to talk to you about my sister and your mutual position,' said Oblonsky, still struggling with his unwonted timidity.

Karenin smiled sadly, looked at his brother-in-law,

and without replying went to the table and took from it an unfinished letter which he handed to him.

'I think about that subject incessantly, and this is what I have begun to write, as I think I can put it better in writing, and my presence is distasteful to her,' he said, holding out the letter.

Oblonsky took the letter, looked with perplexed amazement at the dull eyes fixed on him, and began reading:

'I see that my presence is distasteful to you. Hard as it was for me to assure myself of this, I see that it is so, and there is no help for it. I do not blame you, and God is my witness that when I saw you ill, I resolved with my whole soul to forget everything that had come between us and to begin a new life. I do not repent and never shall repent of what I did, as my only desire was for your welfare, the welfare of your soul; but now I see that I have not succeeded. Tell me yourself what would give you real happiness and peace of mind! I submit myself entirely to your wishes and sense of justice.'

Oblonsky returned the letter and went on looking at his brother-in-law with the same amazement, not knowing what to say. That silence was so disconcerting to both that Oblonsky's lips twitched painfully as he silently and fixedly gazed at Karenin's face.

'That is what I wanted to tell her,' said Karenin as he turned away.

'Yes, yes!' said Oblonsky, tears choking him and preventing his reply. 'Yes, yes, I understand you,' he brought out at last.

'I must know what she wants,' said Karenin.

'I am afraid she does not understand her position herself. She is no judge of it,' replied Oblonsky, growing more composed. 'She is crushed, literally crushed by your generosity. If she reads this letter she will not have the strength to say anything—she will only hang her head lower than ever.'

'Yes, but under these circumstances how is an explanation to be arrived at? . . . How am I to find out what she wishes?'

'If you will permit me to express my opinion, I think it is for you to say what you think should be done in order to put an end to this state of affairs.'

'Then you think that an end should be put to it?'

Karenin interrupted him. 'But how?' he added, moving his hands before his eyes in a manner unusual with him. 'I don't see any possible way out.'

'There is a way out of every situation,' said Oblonsky, rising and growing excited. 'There was a time when you wished to break with her. . . . Should you be now convinced that you cannot make each other mutually happy . . .'

'Happiness can be defined so differently! However, I am ready to agree to anything—I want nothing at all. What way out is there, in our case?'

'If you wish to know my opinion,' said Oblonsky with the same soothing, almondy-tender smile with which he had addressed Anna—a kindly smile so convincing that Karenin, conscious of his own weakness and yielding to it, was involuntarily ready to believe anything Oblonsky should say,—'she would never say so, but there is one way out, one thing she might wish! It would be, to terminate your relations and everything that reminds her of them. As I look at it, in your case it is necessary to clear up your newly-arisen relation to one another. And this new relation can only be established when both are free.'

'Divorce!' Karenin interrupted with disgust.

'Yes, divorce, I think. Yes, divorce,' Oblonsky answered, reddening. 'That would be the most reasonable way, from every point of view, with a couple placed as you are. What is to be done if they find out that life together has become impossible, as might happen anywhere?'

Karenin sighed heavily and closed his eyes.

'There is only one thing to consider: does either party wish to remarry? If not, it is very simple,' went on Oblonsky, gradually overcoming his embarrassment.

Karenin, his face drawn with distress, muttered something to himself and made no reply. He had considered a thousand times all this which appeared so simple to Oblonsky, and it seemed to him not only far from simple but altogether impossible. An action for divorce, with the details of which he was now acquainted, seemed impossible, because a feeling of self-respect and his regard for religion would not allow him to plead guilty to a fictitious act of adultery, and still less to allow the wife

he had forgiven and whom he loved to be indicted and disgraced. For other and yet more important reasons also, divorce seemed out of the question.

In case of a divorce, what would become of his son? To leave him with his mother was not possible; the divorced mother would have another, an illegitimate family, in which the position and education of a stepson would in all probability be a bad one. Should he keep him himself? He knew that would be revengeful and he did not wish for revenge. But besides all this, what made divorce seem to Karenin more impossible than any other course was that by consenting to it he would by that very act ruin Anna. What Dolly had said in Moscow, to the effect that in considering a divorce he was thinking of himself and not of Anna, who would then be irretrievably lost, had sunk into his heart. And having connected these words with his forgiveness and with his attachment to the children, he now understood them in his own way. To agree to a divorce—to give her her freedom—would mean, as he looked at it, to deprive himself of the only thing that bound him to life, the children he loved; and to deprive her of the last support on the path of virtue and cast her to perdition. As a divorced wife she would form a union with Vronsky which would be both illegal and criminal, because according to the law of the Church a wife may not remarry as long as her husband is living. 'She will form a union with him and within a year or two he will either abandon her or she will unite with someone else,' thought Karenin; 'and I, by consenting to an illegal divorce, shall be the cause of her ruin.' Hundreds of times he had thought it over and had come to the conclusion that a divorce was not merely less simple than his brother-in-law considered it, but quite out of the question. He did not believe a word of what Oblonsky was saying, and for all his arguments had scores of refutations ready; yet he listened, feeling that those words expressed that coarse and mighty power which overruled his life and to which he would have to submit.

'The only question is, on what conditions you will agree to a divorce. She does not want anything, does not ask for anything, but leaves all to your generosity.'

'O God, O God! How have I deserved this?' thought

Karenin, recalling the particulars of a divorce-suit in which the husband took all the blame on himself; and with the same ashamed gesture with which Vronsky had covered his face, he hid his own in his hands.

'You are upset. I quite understand. But if you consider . . .'

'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also . . . and if any man will take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also,' thought Karenin.

'Yes, yes!' he cried in a shrill voice. 'I will take the disgrace, and even give up my son . . . but . . . but had we not better let it alone? However, do as you like!' and turning away so that his brother-in-law should not see his face, he sat down on a chair by the window. It was very bitter, and he felt ashamed; yet mixed with the bitterness and the shame he felt a sense of joy and emotion at the greatness of his own humility.

Oblonsky was touched. He remained silent for a while.

'Alexis Alexandrovich! Believe me, she will esteem your generosity,' said he. 'But evidently it was God's will,' he added, and having said it felt how silly it was and could hardly help smiling at his own stupidity.

Karenin would have answered, but could not for his tears.

'It is a fatal disaster and has to be faced. I regard this disaster as an accomplished fact and am trying to help both you and her,' Oblonsky went on.

When he left his brother-in-law's room Oblonsky was touched, but this feeling did not spoil his contentment at having successfully arranged the matter, for he was certain that Alexis Alexandrovich would not go back on his word. To his contentment was added an idea that had just occurred to him. When the affair was all settled he would ask his wife and intimate friends a riddle: 'What is the difference between me and a chemist?' Answer: 'A chemist makes solutions which do not make anyone happy, but I have made a *dis*solution and made three people happy!' Or, 'Why am I like a chemist? . . . When . . . However, I will improve on it later,' he said to himself with a smile.

CHAPTER XXIII

ALTHOUGH Vronsky's wound had missed the heart it was dangerous, and for several days he lay between life and death. When he was first able to talk again his brother's wife Varya was alone with him.

'Varya!' he said looking sternly at her, 'it went off accidentally! Never speak of it, please, and tell everybody else that. Or else it would be too stupid.'

Without saying a word Varya bent over him and looked in his face with a joyful smile. His eyes were clear and no longer feverish, but their expression was stern.

'Well, thank God!' she exclaimed. 'You are not in pain?'

'A little, here,' and he pointed to his chest.

'Then let me change the bandage.'

He looked at her silently, his broad jaws set, while she bandaged him. When she had finished he said:

'I am not delirious. . . . Please arrange so that no one shall say that I shot myself on purpose.'

'But no one does say so. Only I hope you will not go letting it off accidentally any more,' said she with an inquiring smile.

'I expect I shan't, but it would have been better . . .' and he smiled gloomily.

Despite these words and that smile, which greatly perturbed Varya, when the inflammation left him and he became convalescent he felt that he had rid himself entirely of one part of his grief. By his action he seemed to have washed off the shame and degradation he had previously felt. Now he could think quietly about Karenin, fully realizing his generosity without being humiliated thereby. Besides that, he got into his old rut again. He found he could look people in the face once more, and he was able to live in accord with his former habits. The one thing he could not tear out of his heart, although he continually struggled against it, was a regret bordering on despair at having lost Anna for ever. That now, having atoned for his guilt toward her husband, he would be obliged to give her up and never place himself

between her with her remorse and her husband, was clear to his mind; but he could not eradicate from his heart a regret for the loss of her love—could not efface from his memory the moments of happiness he had known with her, moments he had valued so lightly, but the image of which with all their charm pursued him still.

Serpukhovskoy thought out a post for him in Tashkend and Vronsky accepted the proposition without the least hesitation. But the nearer the hour for his departure approached the harder seemed the sacrifice he was making to what he considered his duty. His wound was quite healed and he went about making preparations for his journey to Tashkend. 'Only to see her once more, and then to bury myself, to die!' he thought, as he was making a round of farewell calls, and he expressed this thought to Betsy. It was with this message that Betsy went to Anna, and she brought him an answer in the negative.

'So much the better,' thought Vronsky when he heard it. 'It would have been a weakness—would have taken away all the strength I have left.'

Next day Betsy herself came and announced that she had received, through Oblonsky, the definite news that Karenin consented to a divorce and that therefore Vronsky might see Anna. Without so much as taking the trouble of seeing Betsy to the door, or of asking when he could see Anna and where her husband was, Vronsky, in spite of all his resolutions, at once went to the Karenins'. Without seeing anyone or anything he ran up the stairs and entered her room with hurried steps—almost at a run. Without thinking, or considering whether they were alone or not, he embraced her and covered her face, hands, and neck with kisses.

Anna had prepared herself for this meeting and had thought about what she would say to him; but she had no time to say any of it, seized by his passion. She wished to calm him and herself, but it was too late. His passion communicated itself to her. Her lip trembled so that for a long time she could not speak.

'Yes, you have taken possession of me and I am yours,' she brought out at last, pressing his hands to her bosom.

'It had to be!' said he. 'As long as we live it will have to be. Now I am sure of it.'

'It is true,' she said, growing paler and paler, putting her arms about his head. 'Still, there is something terrible in this, after what has been.'

'It will pass, it will all pass, and we shall be so happy. If our love could be stronger, there being something terrible in it would make it so,' he said, raising his head with a smile that showed his fine teeth.

She could not help smiling in answer, not to his words but to his enamoured eyes. She took his hand and stroked with it her cold cheek and cropped hair.

'I don't know you with this short hair! You have improved so, you little boy!—But how pale you are!'

'Yes, I feel very weak,' she said with a smile, and her lip trembled again.

'We will go to Italy and you will soon get well,' said he.

'Is it possible that we shall be like husband and wife, alone, a family, you and I?' she said, looking closely into his eyes.

'I am only surprised that it could ever have been otherwise.'

'Steve says *he* will agree to anything, but I cannot accept *his* generosity,' she said dreamily, gazing past Vronsky's face. 'I don't want a divorce. Nothing matters to me now. Only I don't know what to decide about Serezha.'

He was quite unable to understand how she could, at the moment of their first reunion, think about her son and divorce. As if all that were not immaterial!

'Don't talk and don't think about it' he said, playing with her hand and trying to draw her attention to himself; but she continued to gaze past him.

'Oh, why did I not die? It would have been best!' she said, the tears streaming noiselessly down her cheeks, but unwilling to pain him, she tried to smile.

To refuse the flattering offer of a post at Tashkend, which was a dangerous one, would have seemed disgraceful and impossible according to Vronsky's former views. But now without a moment's hesitation he did refuse it and, observing that his superiors frowned

upon his action, at once resigned his commission. A month later Karenin and his son were left alone in the house, and Anna went abroad with Vronsky—not only without getting a divorce but having resolutely refused it.

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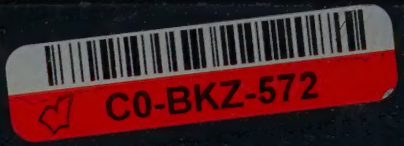
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